

Collier's

OCTOBER 16, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

ON LOCATION
WITH

**Marilyn
Monroe**



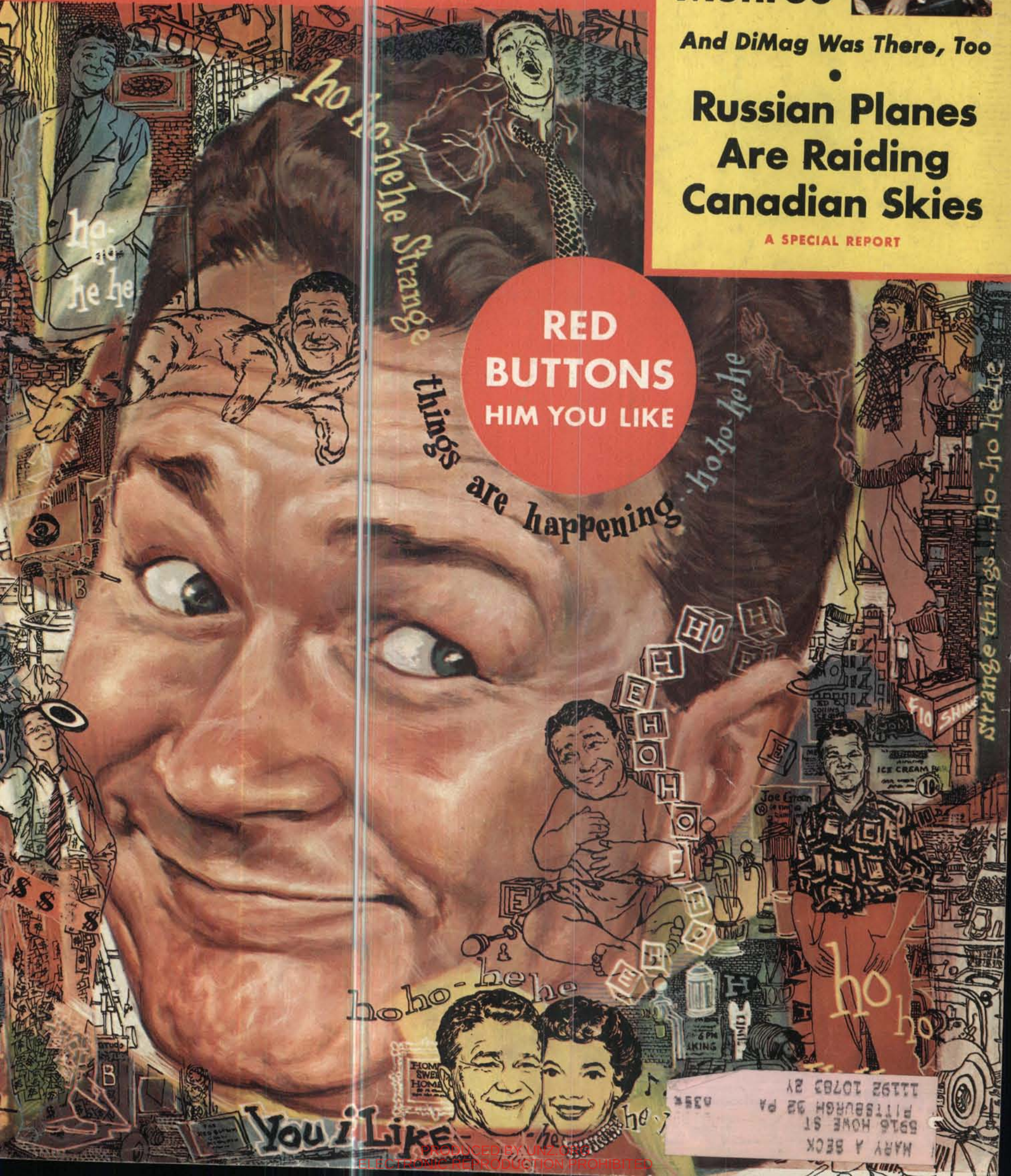
And DiMag Was There, Too

Russian Planes Are Raiding Canadian Skies

A SPECIAL REPORT

**RED
BUTTONS**
HIM YOU LIKE

things
are happening



You i Like



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MARY A BECK
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Lord Calvert invites you to meet

Mr. Roger Kenna

Man of Distinction...

President of Marlin Firearms Co.



At 17, Roger Kenna made \$700 selling fireworks—which paid for business school. He was Marlin's first razor blade salesman, rose to manager, then began learning the intricacies of gun making. In his Harrison, N. Y., home (above) he still experiments with refinements.



Mr. Kenna became president of Marlin in 1948. He bought the L. C. Smith shotgun plant, developed new high-powered rifles, and the only over-and-under single-trigger shotgun made in the U. S. A fine rifle shot, he would rather shoot under his usual 93 at golf.



Today, Marlin sales are eight times greater than when Mr. Kenna took over. A traveler, with intimate knowledge of foreign manufacturing, he's sought as an after-dinner speaker. To sportsmen's groups he reminds: "Whiskey and guns do not mix. Drinking adds to gracious living when the hunting day is over."



It is for men who, like Mr. Kenna, are distinguished by good taste and keen judgment of quality, that Lord Calvert is *Custom Distilled*. It has an exceptionally light body and mellow flavor, unmatched in any other whiskey in the world. So jealously is Lord Calvert's custom character guarded that each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. We hope you'll try *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert soon. You'll find that it costs a little more, tastes a little better and adds a little more pleasure to living.



LORD CALVERT... *Custom Distilled for Men of Distinction*

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY



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... if something happens to you!

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College can make such a difference in your boy's life. It will not only help develop all the best that is in him—it will make it easier for him to get the kind of job he wants, and rise in his career. Surveys

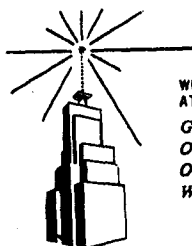
show that men who go to college earn *twice as much* over a lifetime as men who don't!

If you want to *guarantee* your son a college education, life insurance is the *best* way to do it. And no company can offer you better life insurance for your money than Mutual Of New York. Behind every MONEY policy you buy stands the strength of one of the largest mutual companies in the world, *and* the counsel of trained representatives. Mail this coupon today for further information.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

"Take the High Ground!" is to the training camp what the memorable "Battleground" was to the shooting war. It comes to you from the same great studio, M-G-M — and from the same famed producer, Dore Schary. And it is a picture not merely of distinction but of many distinctions.



This is the glorious, frequently uproarious story of the finest weapon ever forged for freedom—the guts, the grin, the gun of America's infantryman. He comes from backwoods and street corners, mill shifts and high schools, shacks and penthouses. And he goes into the ranks and into the hands of such men as Sergeant Ryan whose task it is to toughen him, harden him, make him an unbeatable fighting man.

Once you've seen Richard Widmark as Sergeant Ryan, you'll see why no one else could have so filled this rugged role to the brim. Ryan is a man that many raw recruits yearned to kill but learned to love. How this happened, how one real pro soldier made men from boys, is the blood and sand and magnificence of "Take the High Ground!"—and probably the most astounding story to come out of our times.

"Take the High Ground!" is tense, fierce and full of fight. But it bristles with free and easy fun—and boasts a torrid love scene played in the crimson light of a neon sign that may well be the most inflammable episode ever to appear on the screen. New-star Elaine Stewart is the girl-with-a-past in this smoldering romantic interlude.

Filmed in the realism of Ansco Color and filled with shining youth, "Take the High Ground!" introduces a whole platoon of ingratiating characters to the screen in addition to such dependables as Academy Award winning Karl Malden, Carleton Carpenter and Russ Tamblyn.

To the stirring strains of the theme song that gives its title to the picture, you march with them out of pale-faced, thin-chested boyhood into full fighting manhood. It's all here and you share it with them... the lives, loves and 24-hour leaves, the belly-laughs and brawls, the gripes and glories of the lads who will be America's strength tomorrow!

P.S. For more about "Take the High Ground" see the announcement on page 11.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in color by Ansco "TAKE THE HIGH GROUND!" starring RICHARD WIDMARK, KARL MALDEN, CARLETON CARPENTER, RUSS TAMBLYN and ELAINE STEWART. Story and Screen Play by Millard Kaufman. Directed by Richard Brooks. Produced by Dore Schary.

Collier's

OCTOBER 16, 1953

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ARTICLES

RED BUTTONS—HIM YOU LIKE	Gilbert Millstein	23
YOU'LL BE HEARING ABOUT ENZYMES	J. D. Ratcliff	27
MARILYN ON THE ROCKS	John Florea	54
HOW TO BE A WALL STREET FINANCIER ON \$10 A WEEK	Donald I. Rogers	60
CUT-RATE COPS ARE BAD BARGAINS	Albert Deutsch	74
(Concluding The Plight of the Honest Cop)		
THE BATTLE OF BEETLEBUNG CORNERS	Collier's Color Camera	84
NOW SALAMI IS DELICATE EATIN'	Murray Robinson	110

SPECIAL

RUSSIAN PLANES ARE RAIDING CANADIAN SKIES	William A. Ulman	32
---	------------------	----

SHORT STORIES

A FIGHTING CHANCE (The Short Short Story)	Roderick Lull	10
TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT	Virginia and Edwin Gilbert	30
HONG KONG DECISION	William L. Worden	46
WHY THE EARTH WAS NOT INVADED	Henry Gregor Felsen	70
MOUSE INTO MAN	J. Malcolm Morris	90

SERIAL

THE SHADOWS OF THE IMAGES	William E. Barrett	96
(Part Two of Five Parts)		

FEATURES

COLLIER'S CREDITS	Gurney Williams	8
48 STATES OF MIND	Walter Davenport	14
LETTERS		18
EDITORIALS		114

THE COVER Louis S. Glanzman

"Ho-Ho," chants Red Buttons. "Strange things are happening." But few stranger things have happened in the entertainment world than this comedian's overnight jump to top TV billing. Artist Glanzman depicts some of the numerous

facets of Red's personality and, at bottom of the painting, shows the actor with his wife. For the full story of Buttons' meteoric rise to television fame, read Gilbert Millstein's article in this issue. It begins on page 23

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Publishers of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



The "man in a hurry" on a slippery road may never get there! *Adjust your speed to highway conditions. Brake carefully. Arrive safely!*

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HOW CAN STATE FARM MUTUAL offer sound insurance protection and top service at low rates? Here's part of the answer. Instead of trying to insure every car on the road—*State Farm aims to insure only careful drivers.*

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If your own careful driving entitles you to State Farm's low-cost "careful driver" insurance, it will pay you to talk to your local State Farm agent. Phone him today. He's listed under "State Farm Insurance" in your classified phone book.

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4. *Established leadership.* Since 1942 more motorists have insured their cars with State Farm than with any other company. Today over 2,700,000 members are in the auto company alone. And new applications for State Farm insurance are coming in on an average of 2,000 every working day! *Look to State Farm for Life and Fire Insurance, too. See your agent!*

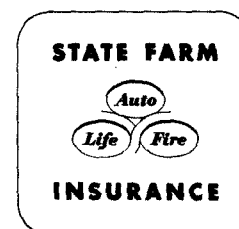
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Hear "Cecil Brown News Commentaries," Saturdays and Sundays over Mutual Broadcasting System stations. Check local radio listings.

LINES TO A LINEMAN

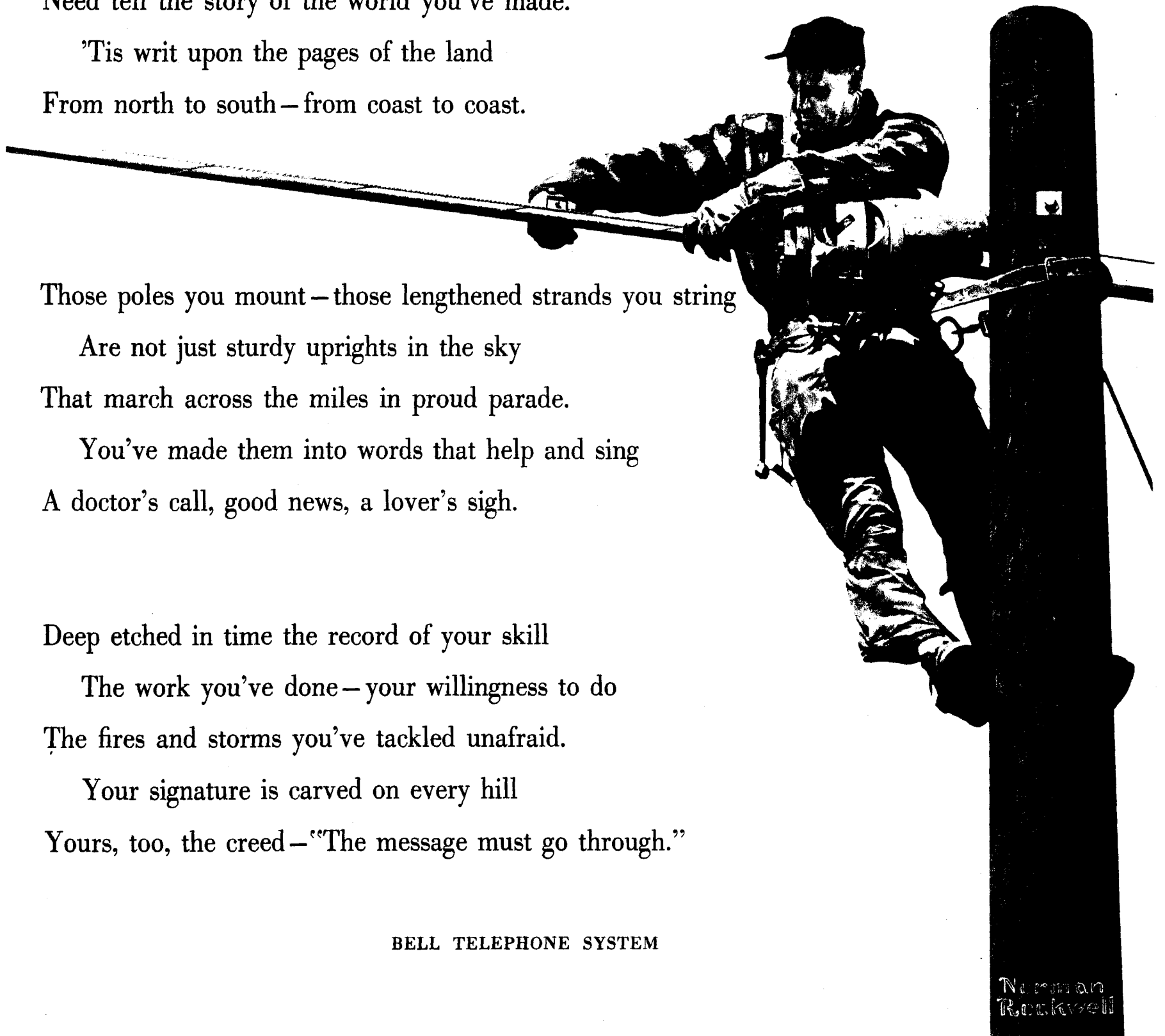
ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

No word of pen or stroke of artist's hand
No flowered phrase or oratory's boast
Need tell the story of the world you've made.
'Tis writ upon the pages of the land
From north to south—from coast to coast.

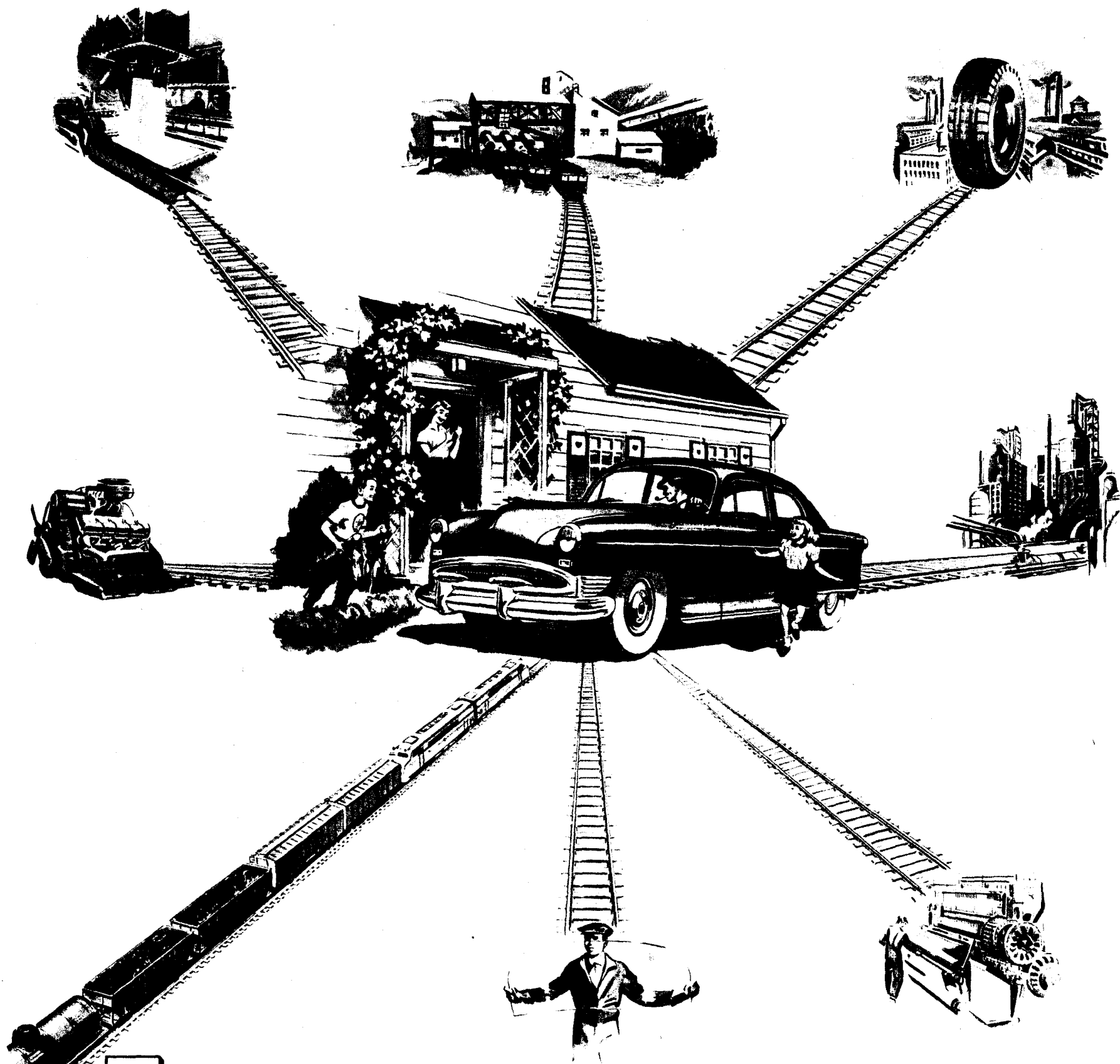
Those poles you mount—those lengthened strands you string
Are not just sturdy uprights in the sky
That march across the miles in proud parade.
You've made them into words that help and sing
A doctor's call, good news, a lover's sigh.

Deep etched in time the record of your skill
The work you've done—your willingness to do
The fires and storms you've tackled unafraid.
Your signature is carved on every hill
Yours, too, the creed—"The message must go through."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Norman
Rockwell



The assembly line that's 225,000 miles long... ends at your front door!

Remember how proud you were when you drove that bright, shiny, new car up to your front door for the first time? And the family came flocking, and maybe a wistful neighbor or two?

Well, the railroads had a part in that pride, too. For over their 225,000-mile assembly line of steel rails they moved the raw materials required for making the 15,000 parts that go into an auto. Then they moved finished parts—frames, engines, tires, fabrics, glass — from factories all over America to the auto assembly plants.

And just as railroads helped build your family car, they help make possible almost everything else you use in your daily life and work...the food you eat, the clothes you wear, the house in which you live.

In doing this, railroads move more tons of

freight more miles than *all* other forms of transportation combined. And, important to you when it comes to the prices you pay for things, railroads do this huge job of hauling at charges which average less than those of *any* other form of general transportation.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.



You'll enjoy
THE RAILROAD HOUR
every Monday
evening on NBC.

Something new's been added...

**NOW WAKES YOU
TO RECORDS
TOO!**



**CLOCK-
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..World's most useful radio!



Model
546

Once again General Electric gives you more for your money than any other clock-radio. Now—at not a penny increase in price—the General Electric Clock-Radio comes complete with a phono-jack so you can attach your record player. Now it will wake you up or lull you to sleep to your favorite recordings—as well as to music or news from the radio. And only General Electric gives you this great extra service plus your choice of four colors at no extra cost. So see your G-E radio dealer today.

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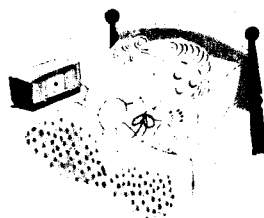
G-E Clock-Radio prices start at \$26.95.
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General Electric Comedy Theatre presents
RAY MILLAND

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You can put your confidence in—

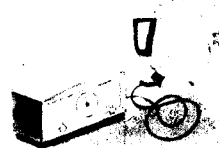
GENERAL ELECTRIC



Lulls you to sleep...
shuts itself off!



Wakes you to music or news!



Turns appliances on or off
...automatically!



Richards and space aces

ABOUT the picture above: Timmy Richards (12) and brother Henry (7) wander into their father's New Canaan, Connecticut, studio occasionally to see what he (Walter Richards, age unknown) is up to. Usually they take one look and blast off, especially when the artist is at work on a romantic fiction job. ("Junk," says Timmy. "Mush," says Henry.) Once in a while, though, the boys spend almost as much time leaning over the drawing board as Pop does. It happened recently when illustrator Richards was dreaming up the drawing for page 70. Space-travel-wise, Timmy and Henry made suggestions—and then Dad really listened.

"IMUST say," reads a lugubrious memo from West Coast confrere John Florea, "that the Monroe assignment (pages 54 and 55) was a toughie. Between Jasper and Banff I blew a tire and almost went over a cliff. Then I took a dirt road for 110 miles. The first day on location I was stung on the hand by a spider and couldn't hold a camera. After that my helper suffered a matchbox explosion in one eye, the sight of which undoubtedly was saved by castor oil administered by a nurse on location. I keep wondering who was more on the rocks—Monroe or me." Welcome back, pal.

WHEN Gil Millstein, who so ably reports herein the mental and physical workings of Red Buttons, landed in Las Vegas at five o'clock one morning, he found the town wide awake and roaring. Red, he says, was right with it, so the preliminary interview began approximately at sunrise.

"The all-night ramble suits Red fine," Millstein discloses. "He goes to bed at eight A.M., avoids sunshine, hates golf and thinks swimming pools are strictly for the goldfish. Alongside tanned comedian Phil Silvers, his color emulates that of a mushroom. And here's an unusual trait about Red. When he's with a bunch of gag-flipping companions, he laughs like any of his army of fans, but he never tries to top anybody's story. Unlike most comedians, who make with the funnies at every opportunity Red is really 'off' when he's not 'on.'"

IN MATTERS scientific, Jack Ratcliff is tops. His current report, concerning enzymes, moved us to phone him for a Credits tidbit, and that simple act led us on an air-mail trail that wound up in a place called Santa Margherita, Ligure, Italy, from (and about) which we have the following presentment:

"Last fall my wife and I were having cocktails before dinner. 'Here we sit,' she said, 'having cocktails. We do it

**COLLIER'S
CREDITS..**

every evening. We go to Martha's Vineyard the day school is out, and return the Saturday before Labor Day. We have roast beef on Friday. Can't we do something different?" On the spur of the moment I suggested we go to Italy. To my amazement she agreed, so we bundled up our four children and here we are. You may not know Santa Margherita, but for my dough it's the most beautiful town in Europe. On the Italian Riviera 18 miles south of Genoa. We have a magnificent villa and formal garden, all looking down to the sea. Perhaps I shouldn't mention this. I've been trying to give editors the idea we're living in a fisherman's shack and that my wife does the washing down at the creek. On rereading this, I find I haven't said anything about enzymes. Enzymes are wonderful." They are. See page 27.

UNTIL he started investigating our defense setup for his article beginning on page 32, Bill Ulman wondered why part of the air protection for the New York-New Jersey area was based near the tip of Cape Cod, Massachusetts. This distance, in terms of a car driver, is around 300 miles.

"Riding in an F-94C fighter-interceptor," Ulman told associate editor Jerry Korn, "gave me an answer. As the jet-propelled crow flies, the air base is only about 200 miles east from a prime enemy target; and at 47,000 feet the pilots whoosh from Provincetown to Sandy Hook, New Jersey, just south of Manhattan, in thirteen and one-half



Assoc. editor Korn, writer Ulman

minutes. When our fliers reach that height they latch onto jet streams, which can on occasion add as much as 200 miles to ground speed. A jet stream is comparable to the familiar tail wind, except it's up to four times faster in the upper atmosphere. Anyway, at that altitude cities and states become mass geography and any previous concepts of time, space and direction are knocked for a loop.

"Something else—and this is personal. When we climbed nearly nine miles and started hitching along at about 800 per, I had the odd feeling that the millions of invisible fellow citizens below me were about as important as bugs on a windshield."

Who—us?

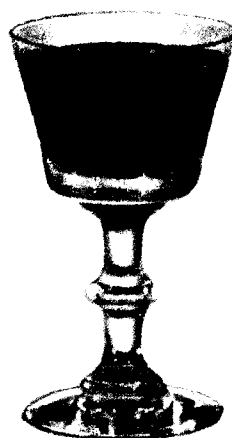
—GURNEY WILLIAMS

Collier's for October 16, 1953

"There is nothing better in your Highball



...your Manhattan

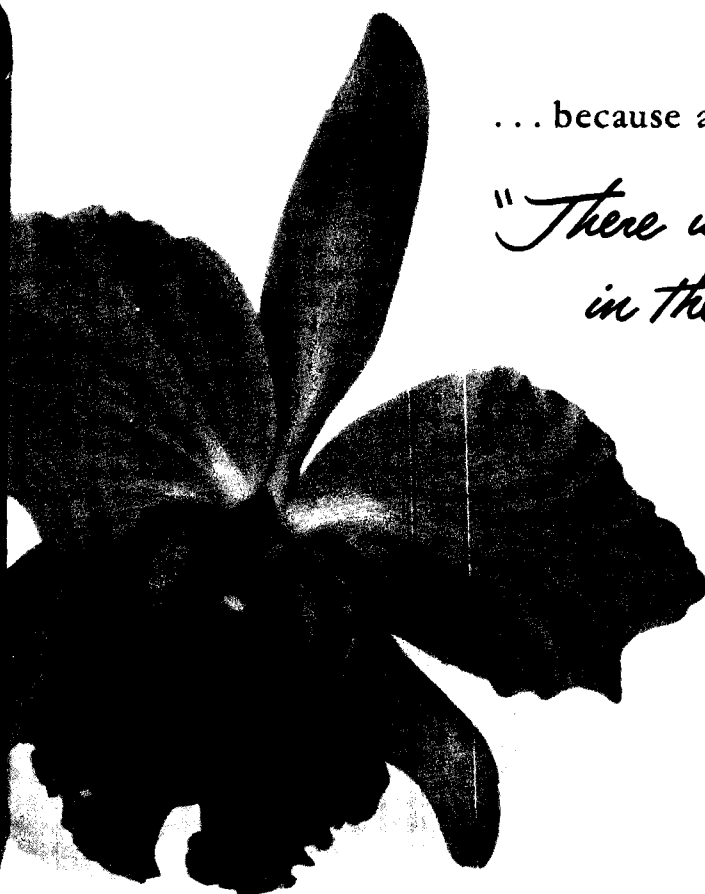


...or your Old Fashioned...



... because as it says on the label:

*"There is nothing better
in the market"*



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY



The duck was close to shore now, plenty close for a shot. But there was no shot; instead, the gun remained slung across Jack's shoulder

A Fighting Chance

By RODERICK LULL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

HARRIS FIELDING, the man in the cold duckblind, was very tall; his blue eyes were dark. He remembered when mallard and pintail and teal had come here in thousands, waking the day with their voices and their wings. There had been no bag limits then, and he had shot until he no longer had the heart to add to the piles of dead birds.

Now the limit was six, and often the best shots went home empty-handed. That would be the case this morning. There had been only a few birds in the faraway skies. He had not fired a shot; nor had his son, who was in the next blind a hundred yards up the lake.

Fielding broke his gun and stood up. He pulled off his gloves and lighted a cigarette; his fingers were blue-white with cold. He smiled contentedly as he took his first puff of smoke. Then he thought of his crippled son in the adjacent blind, and the smile went quickly away.

Fielding had hoped desperately that Jack would bag some ducks. Jack had been keen. "Look here, Dad," he'd said, "I'm not so useless. There wasn't a day in those Army hospitals when I didn't think about duck hunting. So let's get going."

Well, it had been a failure: there were no ducks this morning, and there wouldn't be. Maybe it had been much worse than just a failure; maybe, even, it had been a tragedy. To a man no longer whole, whose legs had been shot away, it might be a fatal defeat. Later on, perhaps, when Jack had got used to the artificial legs and had made whatever awful adjustments a person in his position had to make, it might have been all right. But not now, not for a long time.

The wind had risen; the gusts must be hitting thirty or forty miles an hour, and the car was a half mile away. They had walked from the car to the blinds, Jack with his two crutches, and his ill-balanced, ever-twisting body, and the shotgun slung across his shoulders. He'd insisted on carrying it himself. It had taken an eternity. It would take still longer to go back.

"Damn them!" Fielding said aloud. "Damn them!" He was denouncing all the stupidity of wars. But this he could not let himself think about. He ought to be thinking about the miracles that the Army medical people had performed in saving Jack, and the Lord knew how many other young men like Jack. You had to be thankful for what there was to be thankful for.

Well, it was time to get moving. He got his gun from the blind. He thought of Cary, his wife, waiting for them at home. She had been even more against the duck shoot than he had been: all she could see for Jack was care and mothering and protection against a wantonly destructive world. Fielding had overcome her objections finally. He'd pointed out how good it would be for Jack's morale if he came home with a limit of fine ducks. It would be very hard to tell Cary the trip had been a failure.

Fielding turned and walked toward his son's blind with lowered head and shoulders, keeping his balance in the wind. It was gusty, erratic, cold, mean. In the open it had to be met with all the physical resources a man possessed. What would it do to a man on artificial legs, with a pair of awkward crutches? "Damn them!" Fielding said again, but now his voice was low and weary, without conviction. He came to the other blind, stooped and went in.

Jack was as tall as his father, but wider and stronger through the body. He looked older than his twenty-three years, but at first glance he seemed as well and strong as anyone. But Fielding could think only of the ingenious metal contraptions that were his son's legs.

"They're scared of me," Jack said. "The news must have gone out on the duck radio. That's what comes of having a reputation."

Harris Fielding managed a laugh. "Sorry, but it's just one of those days," he said. "We'd better be getting along."

"Twenty more minutes," Jack said. "And then we'll go."

"There's no use," Harris said, "but if you want." He sat down at the far end of the hard plank

Collier's for October 16, 1953



THIS MAN

BECOMES A MOTHER THREE TIMES A YEAR!



Meet Sergeant Ryan. Every sixteen weeks he has delivered into his hands playboys from California, clerks from New York, coal miners from Kentucky, ranch hands from Texas—and it's his task to make them into America's fighting men. Is he really as tough as top-kicks are supposed to be...?

The glorious, uproarious answer is to be found in a picture that will make your heart proud, M-G-M's "Take The High Ground!" It comes to you from the same great studio that gave you the memorable "Battleground"—

and from the same famed producer, Dore Schary. What "Battleground" was to the shooting war, "Take The High Ground!" is to the training camps...

Filmed in the realism of Ansco Color, filled with the lives, loves and 24-hour leaves of tomorrow's infantrymen, "Take The High Ground!" teems with belly-laughs and brawls, gripes and gags and girls. To the stirring strains of the marching song that gives the picture its title, "Take The High Ground!" marches to new heights of entertainment greatness.



M-G-M presents in vivid, realistic color by ANSCO

"TAKE THE HIGH GROUND!"

Starring

RICHARD WIDMARK • KARL MALDEN

CARLETON CARPENTER • RUSS TAMBLYN and ELAINE STEWART

Story and Screen Play by **MILLARD KAUFMAN**

Directed by **RICHARD BROOKS**

Produced by **DORE SCHARY**

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TAKE THE HIGH GROUND!

M-G-M has many other outstanding entertainments on their way to you...and in COLOR!

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STARRING

**CLARK GABLE
AVA GARDNER**

Actually filmed in Africa.
Better than "King Solomon's Mines"!

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Technicolor!

"TORCH SONG"

STARRING

JOAN CRAWFORD

CO-STARRING

MICHAEL WILDING

Great new triumph for the glamor-star!
The romance of a sultry torch singer.

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"KISS ME KATE"

STARRING

KATHRYN GRAYSON

HOWARD KEEL

ANN MILLER

Broadway's sensational musical
spectacularly presented in

Ansco Color

PRINT BY *Technicolor!*

**"ALL THE BROTHERS
WERE VALIANT"**

STARRING

ROBERT TAYLOR

STEWART GRANGER

ANN BLYTH

Adventure that sweeps tempestuously
across the seven seas!

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*Cost less in the Long Run
—by the Month or by the Mile!*



*The RELAY, S-1434;
Burgundy heather calf,
Norwegian front, \$19.95*

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COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT continued

bench in Jack's blind and thought: What will happen to him? He's putting up a good front, sure; but it's just a front. He's half, two thirds, of a man. Once something tough comes up, he won't be able to cope. He'll be beaten.

Jack said, his voice urgent, "Mark!" Fielding started. He had been far away. "What?" he said.

"Keep down! Mark!" Fielding looked out of the narrow blind opening. He saw the duck, to his extreme left, over the lake and flying toward them. It was a mallard, and a big one. He glanced at Jack. The boy was ready, his hands holding the shotgun lightly.

Fielding watched the duck as if it were the last one he would ever see. Come in, he said to himself. Come close, give him a decent chance; come in, come in. He was demanding and imploring at the same time: Come in, come close.

The mallard was a hundred yards away now, on the same course—Seventy yards, sixty, fifty-five. Another second and it would be in range. Beside him, Jack's shotgun went off. It had been a very long shot—too long, Fielding thought.

"Got him," Jack said. "Look—he's dropping."

The duck was coming down, in a long, erratic circle. But it wasn't dead; it wasn't falling like a ball, the way a clean-killed bird fell. Then, ten feet or so above the lake, the duck steadied and flew on, for a quarter mile. Then it floundered down to the water and floated.

"He's hurt," Fielding said, "but not dead." This was when he needed a first-class retrieving dog. His last one had died more than a year ago, and he hadn't felt like getting another.

"Take it easy," Jack said. "Wait here, Dad."

ON THE lake the wind was at its most violent. The ground was soft and rough; it would be exceedingly hard going now, even for a man who was whole and strong.

"Look here, Jack," Fielding said, "you listen to me."

Jack smiled as he put the shotgun across his shoulders and gathered up his crutches. "You don't leave a wounded bird," he said. "You taught me that the first time we ever went hunting."

"I'll get the bird, Jack," Fielding said. "I—"

"I was the one who wounded it," Jack said, "so it's my job. Be seeing you."

Fielding sat down again on the bench and lighted a cigarette. The cigarette was finished before he looked out. The sight was heartbreaking. The boy's crutches were sinking inches deep with every twisted step. The shotgun was banging him across the back and shoulders. The wind was having its own cruel sport with him. Sometimes, it seemed, he made no progress at all; it was all he could do to hold his ground. The duck was only a speck on the water now. Jack would never make it. It was impossible. Fielding pulled his fleece-lined cap down across his face and left the blind.

Then he knew he could not go after his son. No matter how great the possibility of disaster, he could not go after him. Fielding braced himself and watched the boy struggle on, almost

falling again and again, but always catching himself. From here Fielding saw the crutches as toothpicks, the slung shotgun as a match across the bent back of a doll. Let him make it, Fielding said to himself. Let him make it by himself, on his own, that's all I'll ever ask.

He made himself count slowly to five hundred, before looking again. The duck was close to shore now, and then, with incredible suddenness its wings spread, and the tiny form lifted and was airborne. It turned, and Fielding would have sworn that it passed within fifteen or twenty yards of Jack. He waited for the shot. But there was no shot; the gun remained slung across Jack's shoulders. Then the duck was climbing fast, and in a moment it had disappeared.

So, once again, there had been failure—complete failure. Jack turned and began the long trek back. Fielding told himself he must wait. There was nothing to do but wait.

A LONG time passed; Fielding did not know or care how long. Then, at last, Jack was almost back. He was coming on steadily, fighting the ground with his crutches. He was only half a dozen yards away from Fielding when he stumbled and fell.

Fielding was moving instantly, ready to take his son by his shoulders and lift him. Then he stopped again. This was one more thing he could not do. He could not, must not, help his son to his feet. He stood there, waiting. There was no emotion in him any longer—slowly and painfully it had been all drained away.

Jack's voice came clear above the wind, "I could make better legs than these out of tin foil," he said. "One of the damn' joints locked." Slowly, tortuously, he got back on his feet—and he was laughing. "That was a nice little hike," he said. "Good for muscle tone. The deep thinkers in the hospital told me that I ought to take a lot of exercise."

Fielding said, "I'd have sworn that duck would never fly again. But he got away."

"He's quite the boy," Jack said. "Probably a pellet bounced off his iron head and made him punchy for a while. But he sure poured the coal on when he came to."

"I thought he came close to you," Fielding said, "plenty close for a shot."

"Hell," Jack said, "he came so close I could have grabbed him by a leg. I'll swear he gave me a mean look and a dirty word as he flew by. I couldn't do anything more to that duck. Let him go off and nurse his aching head—he's a duck with a future."

Jack laughed again. "Next time we're going to get limits," he said. "Mallards only—the biggest, plumpest mallards."

"I believe it," Fielding said. "A limit of mallards the next time, Jack; it's in the bag."

Then he was laughing too; he hadn't felt this good in the Lord knew how long a time. For he was a man without worries or troubles. The people he cared about were all right; they were wise and strong and sound. They'd do fine no matter how the cards turned.

"Well, let's go," he said. He was anxious to get home. He had a lot to tell Cary.

—RODERICK LULL

Collier's for October 16, 1953



THE DOLLAR THAT *buys more today*

THIS IS A VERY UNUSUAL DOLLAR —for these days, anyhow. It's a dollar that is actually worth more than it was in 1925. You see, it's the dollar you use to buy gasoline for your car.

Here are the facts:

1. Gasoline prices (exclusive of taxes) are only slightly higher than in 1925.
2. Gasoline has increased tremendously in quality. In fact, two gallons of today's fuel will do the work of three gallons of 1925 gasoline.

There are good reasons why you get such wonderful value for your gasoline money. For one thing, U.S. oil companies have spent millions of dollars developing new and better refining processes to produce more and more high octane gasoline. And, practically every oil company uses "Ethyl" antiknock compound to further step up octane ratings.

So, thanks to America's progressively managed petroleum industry, you get a bargain every time you drive into your service station and say, "Fill 'er up!"



OIL—at Your Service

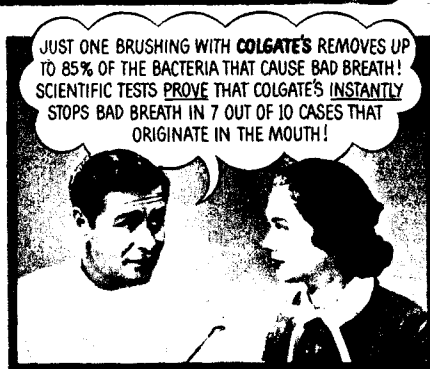
Because Americans have enjoyed a bountiful supply of petroleum products at low cost for so many years, the average person is likely to take for granted the wonderful service performed by the 2,000,000 men and women in the U. S. petroleum industry. To give this splendid record the recognition it truly deserves, this message is published by

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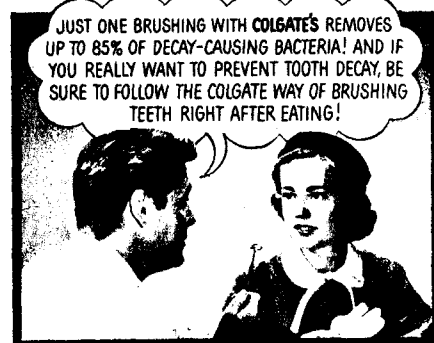
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used by refiners to improve gasoline.*



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**Now! ONE Brushing With
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
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**Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!**



**GIVES YOU A
CLEANER, FRESHER MOUTH
ALL DAY LONG!**

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Poring through the Sparta (Wisconsin) Herald we catch Don Radde saying that one of the first lessons children must learn at their mother's knee is not to snag her nylons.

★ ★ ★

Texas is slipping. Just got a report of a storm in Waco and Mr. Jacinto Jack McSween says the hailstones were

knife that automatically comes out and scrapes you off the windshield.

★ ★ ★

As a veteran spareribs lover we curtly reject a recipe for Spicy Glazed Spareribs. Think the author, Mr. Jay B. Rosensweig, of Lexington, Kentucky, should be ashamed of himself. We are prepared to slug it out with anyone who—like Mr. Rosensweig—suggests that we should slather currant jelly and horseradish mustard on the delicious things. Spareribs with sauerkraut and mashed potatoes is as far as we want to go.

★ ★ ★

We've just seen a photograph of an Arkansas young lady who's been chosen Miss Bald Knob of 1953. (Name of the town, of course.)

★ ★ ★

as big as baseballs. This is the first time since 1845 that they've been smaller than basketballs.

★ ★ ★

This farmer near West Enosburg, Vermont, took a good look at the landscape the summer's last lingering artist was painting. Wanted to know what the picture was. Said the artist: "Did you never see the polished turquoise of the lake in the glen, the mauve smoke curling from the village chimneys, the waning flames of the serene autumn flowers, the silvery patina of the spruce or hear the early requiem of the birds for the dying year?" The Vermonter shook his head. "Nope," said he. "Not lately anyways. Ain't been drunk in thirty-four years."

★ ★ ★

Naturally it had to happen sooner or later. Mr. A. Carl Stimson advises us from Houston, Texas, that twins have been born to a lady in that state. One has been named Video. The other got initials only: T. V.

★ ★ ★

Heard a lady ask the butcher whether the ham he was trying to sell her was the hog's right or left hip. Butcher was properly astonished too and wanted to know what difference it made. Whereat she told him that the left-side ham is tenderer. "Everybody ought to know," said she, "that hogs always sleep on their right, making the meat harder on that side." The butcher thanked her for the information and said that hereafter he'll buy hams only from hogs who slept on their backs.

★ ★ ★

That car-of-the-future that will moan along at a 130 miles an hour and stop on a dime plunged Daryle Feldmeir of the Minneapolis Tribune into a demand for further details. He reports that it will come equipped with a small putty

Convinced at last that well-regulated communities should have a jailhouse, the town of Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, bought a dandy three-celler, and moved it into the air-conditioned side of the city hall. When the word got around, the erstwhile quiescent criminal element promptly filled it to overflowing—showing what modern, humane penology can do.

★ ★ ★

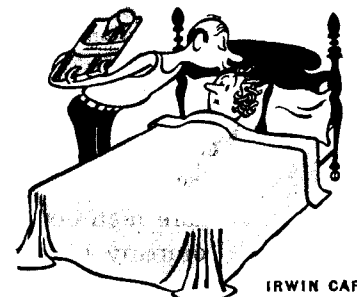
The young reporter assigned to the Kansas Society jamboree near Los Angeles asked an elderly merrymaker how old he was. The former Kansan said ninety-nine. And what, asked the inquiring young reporter, did he think of modern woman? "Afraid I can't help you, son," said the transplanted Topekan. "I quit thinking of women eight or nine months ago."

★ ★ ★

Seems we're forever running to the government with advice. Thankless job it is, too. But if Congress really wants to liquidate our national debt of \$272,-573,000,000 or so, all it has to do is request each American to donate about \$1,700. Simple.

★ ★ ★

If you stop in Atlanta and send your shirt to a certain laundry, it will be re-

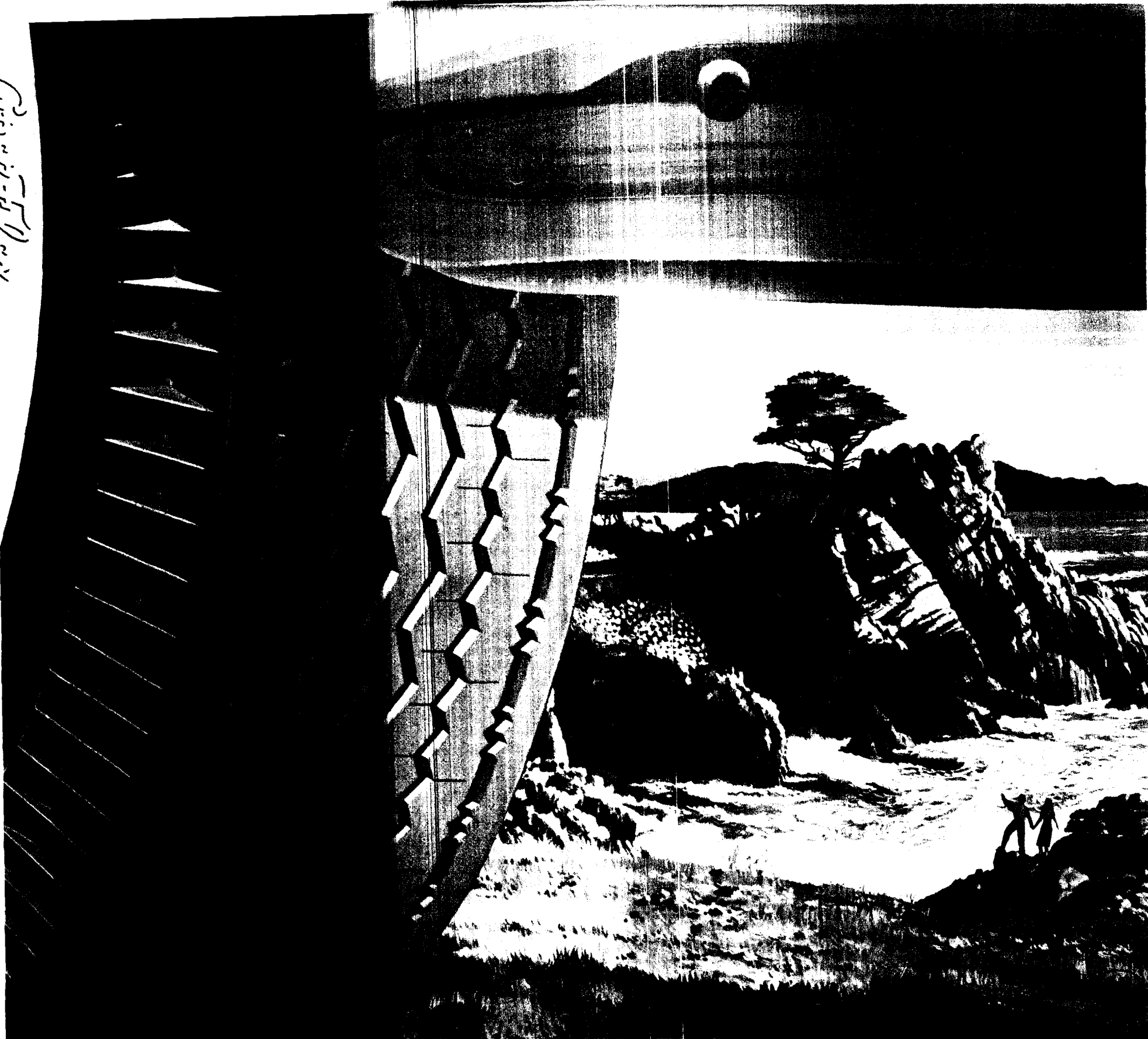


IRWIN CAPLAN

turned with a nice pink band around it. The band will read: "Have you kissed your wife this morning?"

Collier's for October 16, 1953

1111-1111-1111



FAM LIAE SIGHTS IN CALIFORNIA: SCENIC CYPRESS POINT...DEPENDABLE KELLY TIRES

Wherever you go...**GO WORRY-FREE ON KELLYS**



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GREATER SAFETY! Extra-strength body construction keeps you safe longer... special safety slots insure quick stops.

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PHILCO ANNOUNCES A OF HIGH FIDELITY

PHILCO HF-200 Golden Grid TELEVISION

World's First High Fidelity Television With Deep Dimension Picture!

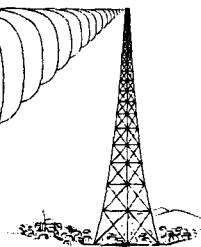
IN performance and picture quality, here—from the laboratories of Philco—is television perfected beyond anything known to the TV world.

No other receiver ever built so completely overcomes the obstacles of distance, interference and noise, or so completely solves the problems of picture stability, contrast and definition. It has no equal in distant or difficult areas. Everywhere it adds *new miles* to reception, new quality of *depth* to the picture. Now you see, not just part of the picture, with background detail lost in blur and diffusion, but *all* of the picture in *deep dimension*.

Philco HF-200 television is available in a whole series of striking new models in 27, 24, 21, and 17-inch screen sizes . . . luxurious combinations, consoles, and table models in the widest range of fine cabinetry ever offered. Your Philco dealer has them on display with all of Philco's new 1954 television, including famous Golden Grid models — first in public demand all over America — now offered at new low prices for 1954.

ADDS NEW MILES TO TV RECEPTION

**ADDS NEW
DEEP
DIMENSION
TO THE PICTURE**

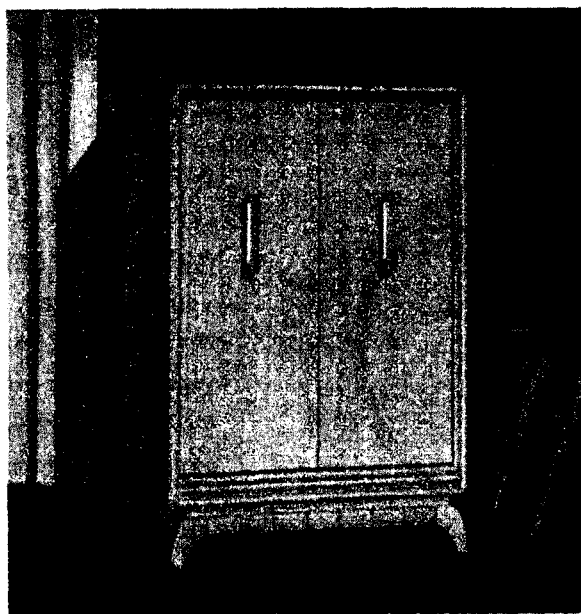


Every Philco is available with Philco's exclusive built-in All-Channel Tuner for UHF.

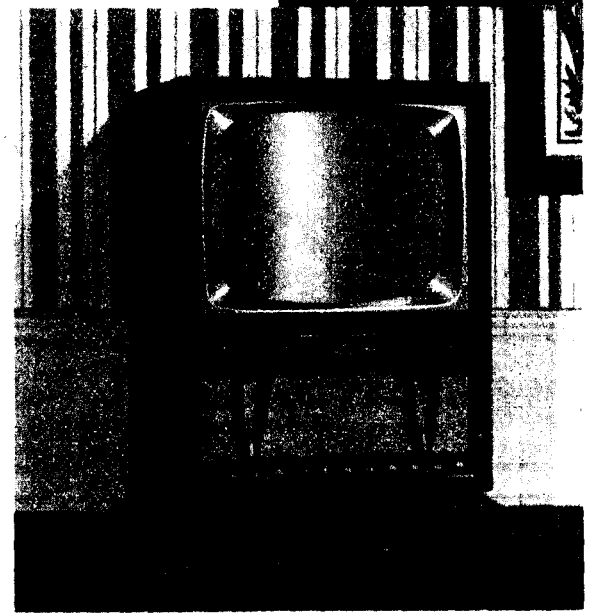
See your nearest Philco dealer now. 1954 Philco prices range from \$179.95 to \$1,000, including federal tax and warranty. Specifications subject to change.



PHILCO 4004, spectacular value in 21-inch table model with Philco's exclusive directional all-channel built-in aerial. Handsome mahogany finish cabinet of original design. Smart matching mahogany table also available.

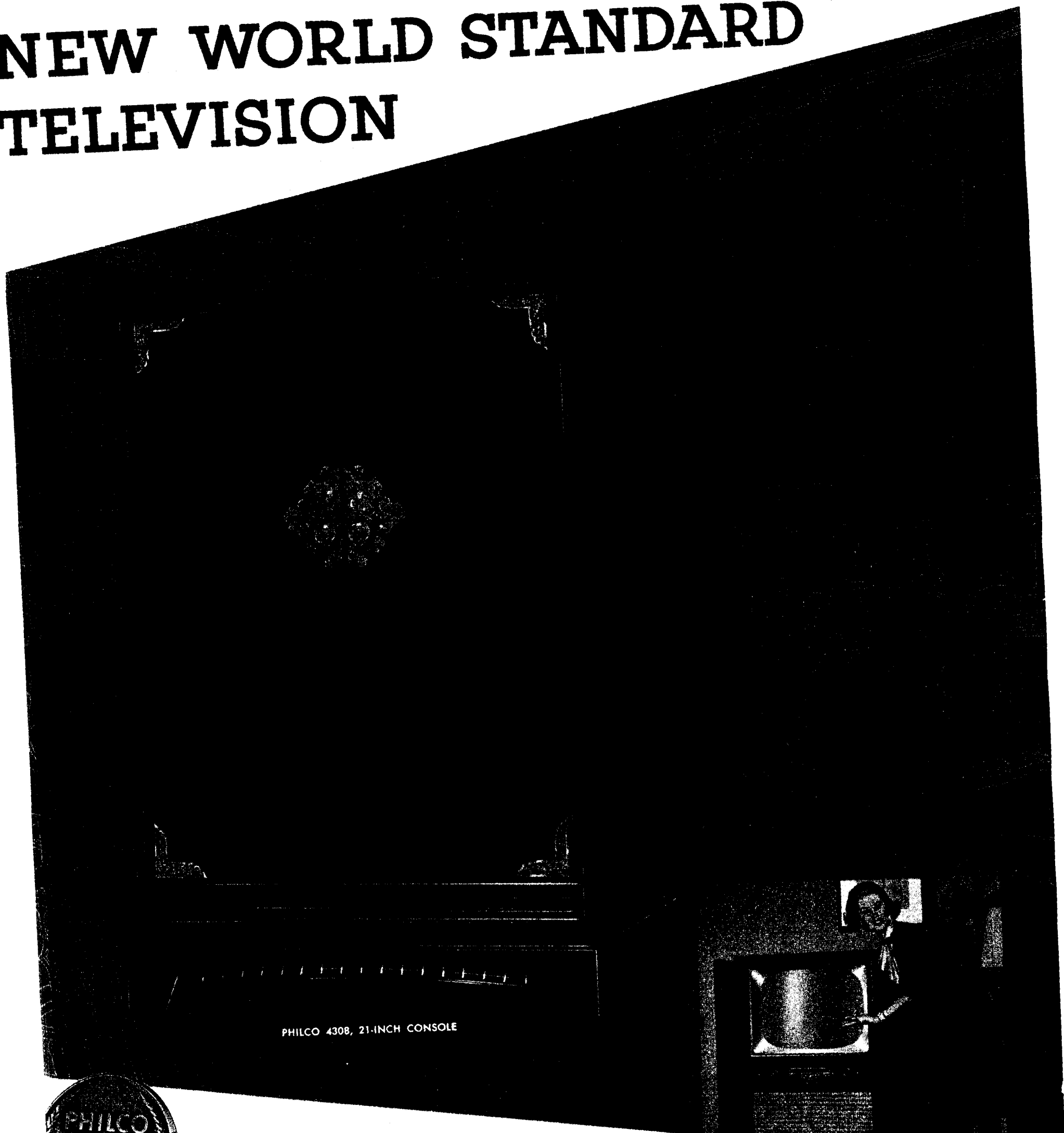


FAMOUS GOLDEN GRID television at new low prices for '54. This 21-inch blond oak console — the Philco 4306-L — is just one of many new and beautiful Philco consoles at your dealer's now.

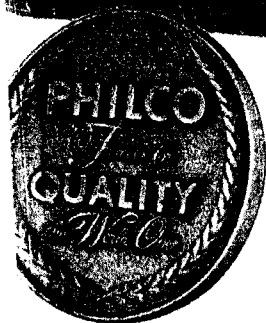


BIG 24-INCH SCREEN, 335 square inches of the finest picture in television . . . in no more room space than many 21-inch sets. Mahogany veneer cabinet on swivel casters. Philco 6106.

NEW WORLD STANDARD TELEVISION

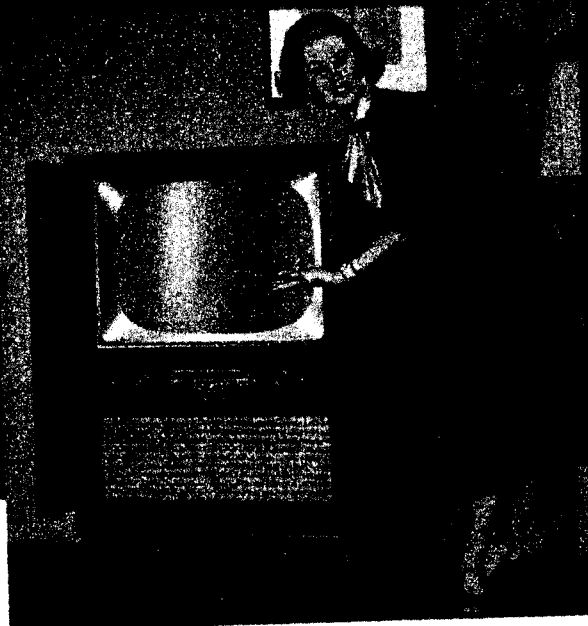


PHILCO 4308, 21-INCH CONSOLE



PHILCO.

Philco Factory Supervised Service, industry's largest organization of factory-trained TV specialists . . . available through your dealer. Philco Replacement Tubes improve the performance of any television or radio receiver. © PHILCO CORP.



THE 4308 21-inch console (open view). Imported English hardware. African mahogany veneers, deeply recessed doors typify its luxury. Television at its finest . . . in performance . . . in beauty.

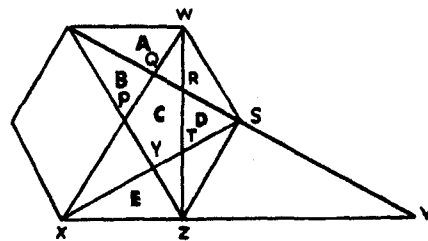
Letters...

Elusive Seventh

EDITOR: Not only excellent but truly outstanding is the way I would label Val Peterson's article Panic—The Ultimate Weapon? (Aug. 21st). What it says gives survival a new look and civil defense talk a tangible meaning. Also the test which accompanied the article was realistic.

But, re question 10 of the test's section II, my wife (a schoolteacher of no merely average ability) vehemently asserts there can be only six, not seven, triangles containing the letter E. In fact, she bets me a regular subscription to Collier's that the seven is in error.

DONALD A. HALLEDGE, Lakewood, Col.



For Mr. and Mrs. Halledge and several other readers who could find only six triangles, we have republished the diagram in question and, for clarity, added the letters, P, Q, R, S, T, V, W, X, Y and Z to the A, B, C, D, E of the original. The seven triangles containing E are as follows: XYZ, XPZ, XWZ, XSZ, XTZ, XSV and XQV.

Expert Rescuers

EDITOR: In her article The Park and I (Aug. 21st), Frances Judge states that a U.S. Army Rescue Team was flown in from Tacoma, Washington. Also that they were not trained in that type of rescue work. Here are the facts:

The members of the rescue team were from the 4th Air Rescue Squadron, McChord Air Force Base, Tacoma, Washington, which is a branch of the Military Air Transport Service, USAF. These men are highly trained and skilled in all types of rescue and disaster work. They are considered as experts in mountain, desert, arctic, jungle and/or water survival and rescue.

FRED E. STRANZENBACH (An ex-Rescue Man), Honolulu, T.H.

Mighty Mites

EDITOR: Congratulations to Collier's on its article on Midget Subs—the Navy's New Sneak Punch (Aug. 21st). This very interesting story of America's new weapon and the advancement of science, together with the magnificent cover and illustrations, make it outstanding.

This contribution is of inestimable value to the youth of America for its inspirational values and the constructive knowledge of what is being done in the interests of national defense.

ELSA RICH-HODGSON, Los Gatos, Cal.

... I am amazed that Collier's would publish for all to see, including our

clever enemies the Communists, the fact that midget submarines are being built by Fairfield Engine & Airplane Corporation in Farmingdale, New York, making it so easy to know where to place a spy so he can steal the blueprints.

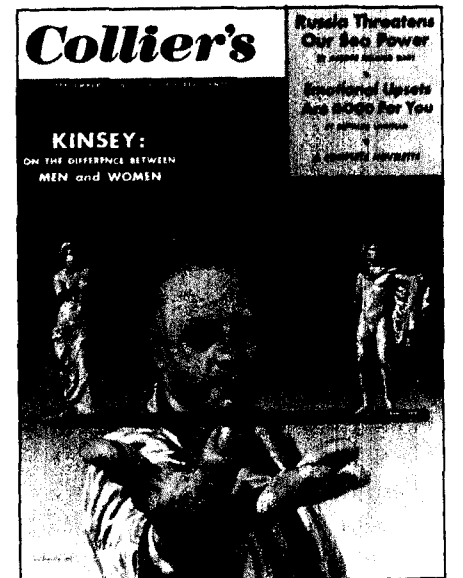
EDGAR F. LUDWIG,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

May we answer reader Ludwig by reprinting the explanation which Gurney Williams, anticipating just such familiar complaints as the above, included in his Collier's Credits column of Aug. 21st: "Every time we publish an authoritative piece on a new weapon or defense gimmick, a number of patriots march into the office or write in to ask why we insist upon babbling military secrets all over the lot. . . . We wish to make it clear that the several pages of art and text devoted to our new midget submarine were cleared for security by the Navy and Defense Departments. Uncle Sam is not worried."

Kinsey & Women

EDITOR: Just a word of praise for your September 4th cover. Arthur Lidov has put the sum total of the Kinsey Reports in his simple but stirring painting.

MRS. JOHN DRENNAN, JR.,
New Smyrna Beach, Fla.



... I want to commend you on your article, Kinsey: On the Difference between Men and Women (Sept. 4th).

I have been married 19 years, and my husband took at least half of those years to learn a few of the things Dr. Kinsey sets down so clearly.

Thank you for a fearless article and one which I am sure will help people. (Name deleted by editors),
De Kalb, Ill.

... I am no prude or saint, and Alfred C. Kinsey can publish his report on Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, but why your magazine should stoop to the low level of publishing a summary of this report is beyond me.

LOREN A. BATES, Jackson, Mich.

... It is to be hoped that the publication of the new Kinsey Report on fe-

Collier's for October 16, 1953

after the
big game

Triple-threat taste treat... great for after the game, or whenever good eating is your goal.

Snowy cream nougat, packed through with crisp, crunchy golden almonds and covered all over with thick milk chocolate.

What a dream team!

An All-American taste delight!

Enjoy a Mars Bar right now... get another for later.





Discover the pleasures
21 million
American families
now enjoy—

taste California wine tonight



Share a glass of California Port with friends

It's a way to lift entertaining out of the ordinary. For guests find a warmth of welcome in the rich-red color of California Port wine. And as they sip its gentle, velvety flavor—leisurely as they will—folks really and thoroughly enjoy themselves



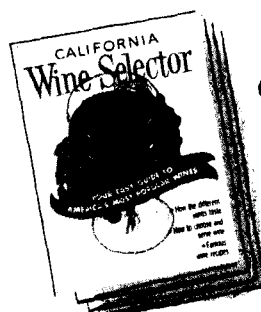
*Try a friendly glass
of California Sherry before dinner*

Relax for a while—ease off from tension—and enjoy the good you find in glowing-amber California Sherry wine: smooth, mellow flavor and a richness of taste that sets a nice pace for the dinner ahead



*See what California Burgundy and
Sauterne add to your mealtime pleasure*

It needn't be a party. It can be an everyday meal. But a bottle of wine adds wonderful new flavor to the eating... gives a nice lift to your dining. For example, see how a gay, red California Burgundy perks up a baked bean dinner. Or how a bright golden California Sauterne makes a fish dinner something special. And for just a few pennies a glass!



*Get this free from your wine dealer
during "Wine Discovery Month"*

To help you discover the many pleasures of wine, your wine dealer has special displays and special features of California wines this month. Plus this *California Wine Selector*—a color-illustrated handy guide to wines, wine serving and wine cooking. Ask for your free copy or write to Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California

EMERSON 21" "SPACE-SAVER" MODEL 740 IN MAHOGANY, BLONDE AND OTHER FINISHES.



Now! A TV Picture So Clear, So Sharp ...you'll think you're at the movies!

ANOTHER ENGINEERING MIRACLE BY EMERSON!

Big movie-perfect 21" picture in the most space-saving cabinet ever made.

THE SECRET?

The controls are on the side; the front is all screen. It's an extraordinary advance in television engineering...and it's exclusive with Emerson!



You've never seen anything like it outside a big movie theatre!

NO FADING, NO SHADOWS! Emerson's exclusive Dynapower Chassis blocks out interference; gives a movie-sharp picture even in cities or miles from a station!

IT'S STEADY AS A "MOVIE" PICTURE, TOO. No flickering, no blurring! The Miracle Picture Lock holds the picture steady all the time!

THE SOUND IS MOVIE-PERFECT! Whispers are clear, loud sounds don't boom, because of the amazing Miracle Tone Speaker.

Master crafted cabinets in gleaming mahogany and other rich woods. Built-in antenna. Every Emerson is ready for UHF.

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male sexual behavior will not find the reviewers, commentators, critics and readers displaying the same ignorance of modern sexology that was so blatantly revealed when the first Kinsey Report appeared.

GEORGE R. WEAVER, Pasadena, Cal.

No "Pay-off"

EDITOR: In your Pro Football's Brat story (Sept. 4th), you quote me as saying that once the game gets under way, Norm Van Brocklin "has an insane desire to win and collect his pay-off money. . . ." I think the commissioner of the National Football League would be happier if he knew I had said "play-off" money rather than "pay-off" money.

We hope, however, that the typographical error may not be as misleading as it looks and that the "pay-off" will be Norm getting the Los Angeles Rams into the league "play-off."

J. HAMPTON POOL, Head Coach, Los Angeles Rams, Los Angeles, Cal.

A typographical quarterback sneak got the misleading and erroneous "pay-off" past our editors. Fortunately, they tackled it before it had gone all the way, and Coach Pool's quote reads "play-off" in more than a million copies of the Sept. 4th issue.



Rams coach Hamp Pool

Holmes, the Hardy Perennial

EDITOR: Your footnote to the No Needle Watson letter (Aug. 21st) is accurate enough, except for its astounding reference to Sherlock Holmes's fictional life. "Fictional" forsooth: was a man ever so live, so real, so immortal?

Indeed, he is still to be consulted on bee culture, albeit slightly hard of hearing as the years advance, at Mycroft-Over-Moran, Sussex.

LESLIE MARSHALL, Chaplain, Baker Street Irregulars, Paterson, N.J.

. . . Just a note to express my appreciation of the wonderful series of Sherlock Holmes stories you are running.

However, the main reason for writing this letter is to ask if you plan to compile them in book form when the series is completed.

J. ARTHUR COVEY, Lancaster, New Brunswick, Canada

Collier's series of Holmes stories will be published by Random House in February, 1954.

More on Mr. O'D.

EDITOR: Congratulations on your unbiased article on Bill O'Dwyer (The Man Who Won't Come Home, Aug. 7th). In my opinion he is not guilty, but gullible. As one of the little people who O'Dwyer feels let him down, I would be willing to start a campaign to bring him home and help prove that there are still millions who believe in him. MRS. E. PERRY, Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . When a man whose career has been mostly that of a public servant, such as Bill O'Dwyer, feels the noose being slipped on by those (the public) he faithfully served, one cannot be surprised that the result is self-exile.

It is a blotch on the face of our society that it so readily overlooks integrity and honest endeavor and refuses to realize that it is its own cynicism which ostracizes from public service a man whose record is actually meritorious.

JAMES B. BRITTON, Condon, Ore.

. . . Not since I read Tom Sawyer have I read of a better job of whitewashing. Lester Velie will wait alone for the "more penetrating gaze of history" because even O'Dwyer must realize the futility of it.

J. G. JOHNSON, Gulfport, Miss.

. . . In reference to the piece about O'Dwyer there is no such dish as "arroz con polla" so far as I know after 15 years in various Spanish-speaking countries. "Polla" is a pullet or a girl.

The dish is "pollo con arroz." "Pollo" can be a chicken, hen or rooster. You don't say "eggs and ham" or "potatoes and steak" at home, why, then, put the vegetable ahead of the meat in Spanish?

HAL WALKER, Guadalajara, Mexico

We're sorry that we inadvertently substituted the pullet for the full-grown bird. But, as for "arroz con pollo," if reader Walker cares to visit us in New York, we can take him to any number of Spanish or Latin-American restaurants whose menus put the cereal before the fowl.

Brooklyn Hoosier

EDITOR: Your story All of Brooklyn Went to Bat for Him (Aug. 21st) states that Gil is a native of Princeton, Indiana. They said the same thing during the World Series last fall over radio and television, and I disagree. I am from Gil Hodges' home town and that happens to be a small town called Petersburg, Indiana, about 25 miles northwest of Princeton.

W. L. TRETTER, Goodlettsville, Tenn.

Gil was born in Princeton, which makes it his "native town." Petersburg is his "home town"—or at least it was before he moved to Brooklyn.



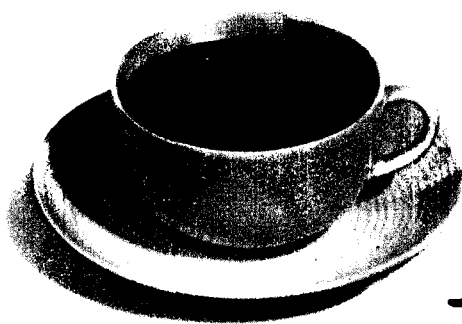
Gil, with his own and neighbors' children, at home—in Brooklyn

Collier's for October 16, 1953



THINK BETTER!...Minutes before air-time, newscaster Edward R. Murrow checks his script for CBS Television's *See It Now* — and takes a "Coffee-break"! Delicious, bracing coffee aids clear thinking. A cheerful cup can clear *your* mind for action, too. Whatever your job, keep yourself alert — give yourself a "Coffee-break"!

—give
yourself
a
"Coffee-break"!



WORK BETTER!...TV production is exacting work. That's why *See It Now's* director and cameraman break... for coffee! Coffee's gentle stimulation makes hard work seem easier. Make a "Coffee-break" part of *your* working day.



FEEL BETTER!... The whole family enjoys Edward R. Murrow's thrilling TV show, and fragrant coffee adds the final touch. Relax often — with coffee "all around." With family, friends, or all by yourself — take a "Coffee-break"!

There's a welcome lift in every cup!

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Will Make **YOUR CAR** Perform Better!

Champion spark plugs are specially developed for the car and truck of today. No matter what make or model it may be, try a set—you will never again be satisfied with ordinary spark plugs.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

*Better by Far for **EVERY CAR** Regardless of Make or Year*

RED BUTTONS

Him You Like

By GILBERT MILLSTEIN

A year ago he was almost unknown. Today, he's one of television's top comics. Strange things are happening? His fans don't think it strange

THE club car of the Congressional Limited is a reasonably hushed refuge on the way to Washington for people intent on serving America or negotiating a government contract. Late one afternoon last spring, the car's occupants were roused abruptly from their concerns by the remarkable behavior of the conductor, a large man full of years and honors. The conductor cupped a hand to an ear and began to dance with the delicate, gravely abstracted air of a child possessed.

"Ho-Ho," the conductor said. "Hoo-Hoo. Strange things are happening." In his rich, portentous Pennsylvania Railroad baritone, he then reproduced a monologue that had been broadcast the night before over 90 television stations and into the homes of about 26,000,000 viewers. The conductor's audience was assailed less by astonishment than by the shock of recognition, no member of it more pleasurably than the previous night's broadcaster, Red Buttons, a small, taut and compact comedian of thirty-four, with graying brown hair and the bland, unredeemed expression of a newly washed and lately underprivileged settlement-house boy. Buttons and the conductor congratulated each other warmly on their performances and the Limited proceeded, without further incident, to the capital, where Buttons received additional recognition, none of it in the form of imitations, from the National Press Club, whose members he entertained that night at a dinner.

Although he is now in only his second television season, Buttons stands in a fair way to become the country's most extravagantly adored comedian. He also is very likely the most professional "boy" in show business, a state of affairs which he finds gratifying but not without its hazards. One night, after a particularly endearing performance, a lady wrestler rumbled backstage, kissed him noisily on both cheeks and swung him around her head until both Buttons and her maternal passion were exhausted.

He has been named the "favorite" Big Brother of the Year by the boys of the Big Brother movement (Governor Earl Warren of California, a grownup, was picked officially as just the plain Big Brother), and cited by the Boys Clubs of America for his "service to the youth of America, in furnishing them wholesome entertainment." Together with Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, Bernard Baruch and James A. Farley, among others, he was recently given an award by Junior Achievement, Inc., as a man who best exemplified to teen-agers



NICK LAZARNICK



"the kind of Americans they would like to grow up to be."

He was also singled out this year as one of the most distinguished alumni of Evander Childs High School in the Bronx, from which he was graduated in 1937. At Evander, Buttons was a thinker of negligible dimensions. He was a fine soccer player, however, and is remembered by the wife of one of his teammates as the forward who "kept a good soccer team from operating efficiently" by breaking the boys up with quips, cracks, wanton wiles and one-line jokes in the huddles.

A Booster for Coffee and Dog Food

In addition, he won the fourth annual Michael award of the Academy of Radio and Television Arts and Sciences for being television's "newest comedy star"—a designation the Baltimore Advertising Club obviously felt to be too parochial, since it honored him as the "outstanding television personality of 1952-53." By the end of last season, he had achieved a Trendex rating, one of the occult statistical formulas by which the industry measures its basic insecurity, of 40.3 (the percentage of viewers tuned in to the Buttons show in the 10 cities sampled by Trendex), and had risen to third place among television's 10 best shows, right behind *I Love Lucy* and Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts. He had also been renewed for 39 weeks by his sponsor, the manufacturer of both a powdered coffee, which Buttons drinks on every possible occasion, and a dog food, which he has never tried, but is morally certain is equally good.

To the wide, unblinking eye that watches television, Buttons is the veritable image of Peck's Moderately Bad Boy, an ingratiating quasi-juvenile delinquent with a heart of gold, a hole in his pants, five fingers in someone else's pocket (just to be cute) and the other five to his nose, generally aimed in the direction of constituted authority. "You got to be for him," an associate of his told a friend not long ago. "How could Red miss with that million-dollar kid's kisser? Besides, the gimmick is we never let him steal the warden's watch in the end."

Every attempt has been made by Buttons' writers and advisers, even when his scripts permit him to be an adult, to invest him with as much humility as the program will stand without making it sound like *Bertha, The Sewing-Machine Girl*.

"Fundamentally," one producer connected with the show remarked the other day in an extended discussion of his charge, "Red Buttons is for people and against sin. You notice he isn't trying to knock anyone's head off—ever. Another comic may give himself eight minutes of great screams and then throw a nasty for ten seconds, and he will destroy himself with an audience. Not Buttons. You get a feeling he is one of the people. He came from nowhere to success. Most of us came from nowhere."

"It's the old identification-nostalgia bit, and it doesn't matter whether it's the lower East Side in New York, where Red *did* come from, or a street in Broken Bow."

"That's a universal reaction, of course, but it doesn't make stars. Luckily, Red's got the talent to carry it, and he *is* funny, and he probably is humble. Anyway, the humble business got to the point around the studio where we were getting known as the Humble-Lovable Hour."

A good many of Buttons' public characteristics were pretested long before he first went on the air. The Columbia Broadcasting System generally puts its prospects through an audience analysis and Buttons was no exception. Seventy-eight people from various parts of the country were set down before a pilot show and told to press red buttons when

they liked something and green buttons when they didn't. They were then interviewed and their remarks recorded by a stenographer.

Overlooking no possibilities, CBS then sternly required them to fill out cards. Of the 78 people, 84 per cent found Buttons "very enjoyable," 13 per cent "mildly enjoyable" and only 3 per cent a drag. They saw him as "homey," "All-American," "clean-cut," "like the boy next door," as the "average type of man who may have had a rough go of it at some time," and, as might have been expected, "humble," "believable" and "lovable."

Upon being informed of the results of the analysis, the combination All-American-boy-next-door thanked the Columbia Broadcasting System's television research director humbly, and asked permission to telephone his wife. "You'd have thought," the research director said later, "that I made up the answers myself."

Nothing that has happened in the past year has caused either CBS or the viewing audience to alter their original judgment. Children now put his picture in frames and wear buttons with his face on them in their lapels. (Roughly 100,000 of each have been distributed to Buttons' admirers, some of whom have organized fan clubs without formal urging.) A boy in Jeffersonton, Kentucky, exhibited a rare filial spirit on Father's Day by giving his parent a picture of Buttons.

It has become customary in the Red Bank, New Jersey, high school, when two pupils pass each other in the hall, for one to say, "Ho-Ho," and for the other to answer, "Hoo-Hoo." In the nearby East Orange high school, "Strange things are happening" is deemed sufficient. Both of these are Buttons' trade-marks and have the same cabalistic significance that "Wanna buy a duck?" had in the case of the late Joe Penner and as "Good night, Mrs. Calabash" has for admirers of Jimmy Durante, and "Away we go" for lovers of Jackie Gleason. The significance may be even greater for some of Buttons' partisans: An obviously overstimulated young lady from Worcester, Massachusetts, wrote to tell Buttons that if he ever stopped saying "Ho-Ho" she thought she would faint. The ultimate tribute he has received to date, however, was probably a terse line from a schoolgirl in Battle Creek, Michigan. "We are," she wrote, "as crazy as you some of the time."

Some Touches of Luxurious Living

About the only perceptible effect all of this adulation has had on Buttons is to endow him with a baby-blue Cadillac convertible, whose de luxe mechanical arrangements baffled him briefly the day his wife drove it up to the TV theater to surprise him; a decorator-furnished apartment on New York's swank Sutton Place; a wardrobe stitched together by ex-President Truman's tailor, Irving Heller; and a series of philosophical reflections on the tides of fortune, stitched together by Red Buttons.

"The Red Sea opened up," he said recently, permitting himself a tiny pun. "This is mass love. A guy can be the biggest heel in the world, but a little bit of this love has got to rub off." He went on, with a fast switch, in the language of Rocky Buttons, the punch-drunk prizefighter whose great heart is matched only by his cauliflower ears, and who is one of Red's four basic television characterizations. "It's like getting a shot at the champ, walking in and knocking him out and staggering around in a daze after. I'm completely sane and rational . . . I think. Still, every once in a while I check myself. Just like my sister Ida said, 'No kidding, it's still hard for me to believe this is my brother.'"

The fact is that while Buttons had been in show business since he was a tender sixteen, he was spectacularly unknown at large before his TV debut. He had made himself a commendable but otherwise unnoteworthy living before admiring but

Collier's for October 16, 1953

"Hoo-Hoo." Buttons winds up for a new verse of his hit song, Strange Things Are Happening

explains why: "We never let him steal the warden's watch"

not especially loving audiences in burlesque, in which he spent more than three years, and in Catskill Mountain resorts, night clubs, conventions, fraternal organizations, wedding parties and *bar mizvahs*, or Jewish confirmation ceremonies.

"There was an aura of unhappiness about Red in those days," a representative of the William Morris Agency, which handles Buttons, remembers. "He never had a feeling he wouldn't make it some day. It was just, when *would* he make it?" Buttons made it overnight on television, which replaced his aura of unhappiness with a nervous stomach. A half hour before he was to go on the air with his second show, he fainted and was hastily replaced with an old motion picture. (He was still so obscure that one viewer wrote to the network, saying, "Dear CBS: I tuned in on the Red Buttons show last night. I didn't know he looked like Guy Kibbee.")

By the time he had acquired a sponsor, he had recovered to the point where he was merely unable to eat dinner on the night of a show.

Burlesque Techniques Adapted to TV

Psychosomatic symptoms aside, however, it is now agreed in the industry that Buttons' rise symbolizes the most successful fusion thus far of such essentially untoward elements as burlesque, the club date and the night club, with television. Buttons produces an effect of a kind that might have been achieved by the late Mike Sachs, one of the gamiest and most revered of burlesque comedians, reciting from *The Five Little Peppers* and *How They Grew*.

As television comedy programs go, the Red Buttons show is put together with a minimum of heartburn. His five writers assemble calmly on a Tuesday afternoon (at which time Buttons is generally lying in a pleasant trance in his apartment after the Monday-night performance) and throw ideas, one-line jokes and situations at one another, keeping firmly in mind all the while the four basic Buttons they have to sew on.

The first of these characterizations is the Kupke Kid, a child laborer who, Buttons likes to think, represents the Jekyll side of his nature: brash, but sympathy-provoking. The Kupke Kid always wears a stocking cap (*kupke*, in Yiddish). The cap is one of the few props the comedian brought with

As Mugsy Buttons—one of four basic roles—Red is a laugh-provoking juvenile delinquent

ZINN ARTHUR



him from burlesque. He left all of his double meanings behind. He is now so clean, as a matter of fact, that when Abe Lastfogel, the head of the William Morris Agency, brought a movie producer to Las Vegas to see Buttons perform in a night club, he induced the comedian to drop from his repertoire a fairly antiseptic routine called *Let's Bring Back Burlesque* to New York. It mentioned strippers.

The second characterization is Mugsy Buttons, the juvenile delinquent, or Buttons' Hyde side. The third is Rocky Buttons, the addled pugilist, who has been described as an interesting combination of Marlon Brando and Maxie Rosenbloom; and the fourth is Keeglefarven, a German dialectician created by Buttons to prove to himself that he was still capable of slapstick (or what the burlesque trade calls hoke or stationhouse) humor.

By Thursday, the script has been written and presented hopefully to Buttons. At these conferences, Buttons placidly raises whatever objections he may have and alterations are made in the script, which usually includes two monologues and two situation sketches. This season, Red is being cast in more half-hour sketches, in the belief that not enough has been made of his talents as an actor, but he will not appear as a married man, as he did last year. The role made him uneasy. "I never felt funny doing a married guy," Buttons says in retrospect. "It wasn't natural and I don't think the people wanted to see me as a married man. Too much of a transition from the Kupke Kid. The kid's got a long way to go before he gets to the altar."

Rehearsals for the Buttons show begin on a Friday afternoon in a bleak building on the West Side of Manhattan, continue there over the week end and are transferred on Sunday to the theater from which the show will be broadcast the following night. (It is broadcast live to 42 stations and kinescoped later to 64 others.)

It is estimated by those around Buttons that roughly 15 per cent of the bits of business he uses are dredged up at rehearsals—pried out of his subconscious, compounded of the small disasters and lumps on the head acquired in a youth spent on New York's Lower East Side and in the Bronx, pulled slightly out of focus for the purpose of comedy and made universal by the strange freemasonry that exists among children of all ages. When Buttons says, "You I like and you I don't like," his audiences twang like a banjo string. He jabs with index finger and pinky and says, "I'll give you the horns," and they break up. He has even made the blasé tingle with such ancient rhymes as "Blue-coat, bluecoat, can't catch a nannygoat," and "Three, six, nine, a bottle of wine; I can lick you any old time."

Rehearsals are usually accomplished in an atmosphere of signal quiet. "People don't believe our last day in the theater," Burt Shevelove, the director of the show, says. "No panic, no rushing around. Nobody killing anybody. Actors take a break, come back and find the script still reads the same way. Unbelievable."

Four Seasons of His Cockeyed Year

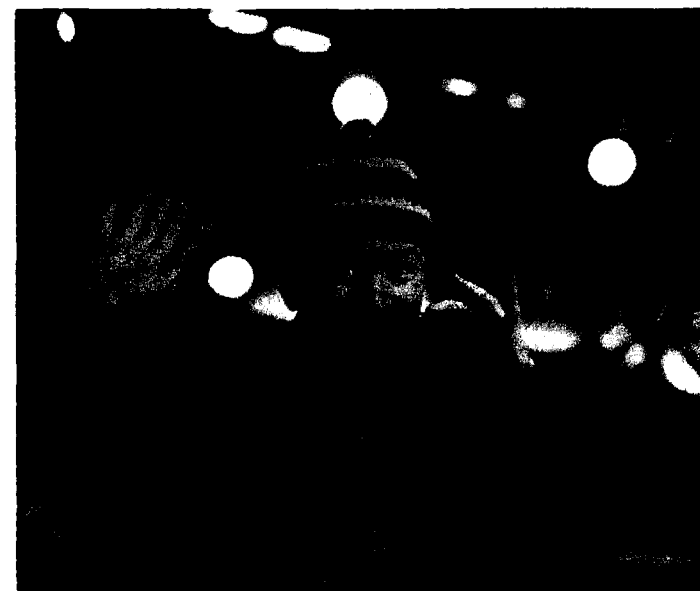
Buttons, an introspective type, has an altogether different version. "My week begins on January 1st," he told a friend morosely, "and ends on December 31st." He then gave vent to what was, for him, an unusual flight of poetic fancy. "The budding of the idea takes care of spring. Autumn is those four days of rehearsal. Summer is the fulfillment. Winter is the over-all tension and pressure." He paused reflectively. "I see my year runs cockeyed."

"Anyway, Friday is the day we would swear someone picked to be the end of the world and it's a miracle it ever arrived. Saturday, I'm looking around for a good job in the garment district. Sunday is the one day of rest all over the world,



IRVING HABERMAN

Rocky Buttons is a punch-drunk prize fighter with a heart as big as his cauliflower ears



ZINN ARTHUR

Buttons' Kupke Kid is a brash but likable child laborer who gets in hilarious scrapes



IRVING HABERMAN

Red's only bow in direction of old burlesque days is German dialect creation, Keeglefarven

except for this one tragic, lonely little figure: I'm looking up train schedules, getting ready to pack and sneak out of town. I don't.

"Monday is *rigor-mortis* day. I get up at 8:00 A.M.—and get out of bed at 2:00 P.M. My ribs are pallbearers. They're burying my stomach. So I'm out of bed at 2:00 P.M. and make my peace with my God and walk to the chair. Every time I get to the theater on Monday, I expect someone to walk up and give me a medal for just being there. The tension really hits me between 8:30 and the warm-up. I tighten up like a drum. I get a nervous kind of throb in my stomach. If the show pays off, Tuesday is flushed-with-victory day. If it doesn't, it's wear-dark-glasses day.

"Where did anybody ever hear of a show business where you get four days to break something in?"

An Hour of Panic Before Show Time

An hour before show time, Buttons may be found wandering backstage with his mind in another, darker world, or slumped tragically in an armchair in his dressing room. He shoots his cuffs, licks his lips and vanishes within himself. "Red scares me Monday nights," says his secretary, a pretty red-haired girl named Francine Schenkel. "He doesn't make sense." In the words of another colleague, Buttons is merely "disconnected." "Until he gets his feet wet," this man added, "Red's nothing but ectoplasm." Occasionally Buttons can be seen moving his lips. One man, overcome with curiosity, tailed him into the wings and discovered that he was mumbling, "Will it pay off?"

Promptly at 9:15 Buttons gets connected up again and bounces out on the stage to make his set preshow speech.

"People," he says to the theater audience, "this is the only show where the audience warms up the comic. Kids, I love you. I want you to laugh and applaud if you see anything funny, because the Lord knows this is a comedy show. But please don't talk back to me, because I haven't got any time to answer you. You promise? Yes?" (Pause, while the audience shouts.) "There you are—you just talked back to me."

The extent to which his talents have paid off for Buttons may be measured by the fact that this year he will earn about \$150,000, or roughly three times as much as he did in the palmiest era of his club-date life. His record of *Strange Things Are Happening* and the *Ho-Ho Song* has sold more than half a million copies since it was issued in April, and is said by Mitch Miller, the director of popular recordings for Columbia Records, to be the only hit record made by a comedian in his generation.

Red has been approached to lend his name and face to shirts for men and boys; pajamas for children; beachwear, luggage and delicatessen; a game resembling tiddlywinks (involving, naturally, the use of red buttons), household furniture, sportswear, jackets, hats, scarves, sweaters, and a soft drink which will be known as Ho-Ho.

Such peripheral sources of income are known as residual rights, and they have assumed such potentially profitable proportions that Buttons' man of affairs, an earnest, affable theatrical lawyer named Jonas Silverstone, first had Red change his name legally from Aaron Chwatt and then had him incorporated in the state of New York as Red Buttons Enterprises, Inc. Both Buttons and CBS have an interest in the residual rights.

"I think," Jonas Silverstone remarked to an acquaintance not long ago, "Red may have been a trifle confused when he found out he was an enterprise."

It was as Aaron Chwatt, however, that Buttons was born, at no par value, on February 5, 1919, in a tenement house on Third Street between Avenues B and C, a Manhattan neighborhood which furnished *Murder, Inc.*, a more sinister enterprise, with a generous share of its workmen.

"In our neighborhood," runs one of Buttons'

routines, "you either grew up to be a judge or you went to the electric chair." At the various public schools he attended in Manhattan and later in the Bronx, Buttons proved a desultory scholar, and was the subject of numerous parent-teacher conferences. "Mom and Pop went to school as often as I did," he says. "They should have graduated with me."

Buttons' first recorded public appearance was on the stage of a Bronx movie house. He was dressed in a sailor suit, called himself Little Skippy, and won an amateur contest with his childish piping of a song called *Sweet Jennie Lee*. By 1935, when he was attending high school, he had acquired both his first paying job and his name: he was taken on as a combination bellhop and singer at a City Island gin mill known as Ryan's; all bellhops are traditionally known as Buttons, and at that time Red's hair was red.

That summer, Buttons' father, a millinery worker, got him his first job on the Borscht Circuit, a group of Catskill Mountains hotels of which



"This is the only show where the audience warms up the comedian," Red tells live viewers before program begins

Grossinger's is perhaps the best known. Buttons was employed at a somewhat more obscure hostelry, as a singer. Within three weeks, however, the proprietor, who may have been a lover of music, turned him into a comedian.

"I was third banana," Buttons says, using the show-business vernacular in which billing is expressed in terms of the tropical fruit. "Custard pies, Seltzer bottles, I didn't know from nothing."

Discovered by a Minsky Talent Scout

Three years later, a Minsky talent scout saw Buttons at a resort called Livingston Manor and put him in burlesque. "He did *Sam You Made the Pants Too Long*," recalls Hank Henry, one of the greatest of the burlesque comedians. "He kept it clean as a whistle and stopped the show."

Buttons knew he had arrived in burlesque when the late Rags Ragland, a noted toiler in the vineyard who later went on to legitimate stage and screen success, took him out between shows one afternoon in Union City, New Jersey, and got him drunk. The comedian, who was assured that this was the equivalent of being made a junior partner in Morgan Stanley & Company, has no recollection of doing an evening performance. Possibly his most succinct impression of burlesque was, as he says, that he was "the only comedian who had

his own teeth." In 1940, he married a statuesque lady named Evelyn Glickman who stripped professionally as Roxanne. The marriage was annulled a couple of years later.

Late in 1941, Buttons had a small part in a play called *The Admiral Had a Wife*, a naval comedy which never opened in New York. He appeared in a turkey called *Vickie*, replaced the comedy lead in *Wine, Women and Song*, and was tapped for the services on August 30, 1943.

Buttons' Army career was vivid if not exactly fraught with danger. He was assigned to the wartime Air Force show, *Winged Victory*, and soon became a corporal—for being, he says, "a tail gunner on the Lexington Avenue local. I got my stripes for thirty missions to the Gaiety Delicatessen. Never loused up an order."

His behavior otherwise might be called peccable. Once, denied a week-end pass, he picketed the adjutant's office, carrying a sign which read, "Unfair to Organized Enlisted Men." The sign convulsed the officer of the day, and Buttons got his pass within a half hour. "I got away with murder," he says cheerfully. "The colonel thought I was an idiot." He was with *Winged Victory* from September, 1943, until May, 1945, in both the stage and movie versions, and was then transferred to another entertainment unit in Europe.

On the "Suspense" TV Show

Buttons was discharged from the Army in February, 1946, and lived thereafter on club dates, theater and night-club engagements and similar odds and ends, and also appeared in a musical called *Barefoot Boy with Cheek*. Television became aware of him in October, 1951, when he did a dramatic sketch on a show called *Suspense*, in which he depicted night-club performer Joe E. Lewis, a well-known entertainer who was slashed by Chicago hoodlums vying for his services during prohibition.

After the *Suspense* show, Red was offered to CBS by the William Morris Agency. Several months of dickering followed, and CBS finally signed him to a contract late in July, 1952. He became a hit in his very first (unsponsored) month.

Under the contract arrangement, Buttons controls the writers, actors and musical direction of his program, and CBS has his exclusive services for three years. He has turned out to be one of the more inexpensive packages in television. His show cost about \$21,000 a week to produce last season and will run no higher than \$25,000 this year.

The usual price of a comparable show with a like rating is anywhere from \$35,000 to \$50,000.

Basically, little has changed in Buttons' life since the war except his income, his address and the fact that he got married four years ago to an attractive former beautician named Helayne McNorton, who came from Toledo, contrived to get herself introduced to Buttons in Lindy's, the famous Broadway restaurant, and, as she says, "ran after him until he caught me." They have no children.

For all his general appeal, Buttons is fundamentally a provincial, a Broadway man with a marked distaste for sunlight, for getting to bed early and for regular habits.

"I'm in the arts," he argues; "I got to play handball? Why dissipate myself? Besides, there's something about the night; I just dig it a little better than I do the daytime. I can sit down and get my kicks any place for hours. Before I was married, I practically lived in Lindy's. It was like being on a house party, only you paid for it. You'd be surprised how many lives Lindy's has saved, keeping guys from being by themselves."

Buttons' insularity probably reached its finest moment last summer when he played an engagement at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. Taken out of doors at a relatively early hour to view the mountains, he remarked to his wife: "Honey, doesn't it look just like the bottom of the hill at Grossinger's?"

Collier's for October 16, 1953

You'll Be Hearing about **ENZYMES**

Nature's mysterious chemists are working miracles for industry and medicine. Someday one of these miracles may save your life



IKE VERN
Enzyme-produced penicillin is fermented in steel tank

By J. D. RATCLIFF

ENZYME. We're just entering the enzyme age and you'll be hearing that word from now on. Mark it well. The dazzling possibilities of this miraculous performer have industry jumping right now, and medical researchers are no less excited. They hope to find in enzymes the answer to many heretofore insoluble disease riddles.

What are enzymes? Research men aren't altogether sure. Most enzymes probably are proteins. They occur in *all* living substances—plants, animals, men, fungi, bacteria. As "nature's chemists," they promote the chemical reactions on which all life depends.

"Life," says one eminent chemist, "is just one enzyme reaction after another."

Enzymes turn sliced potatoes and apples brown once they are exposed to air. They ripen bananas—cold stops enzyme action, that's why you never put bananas in the refrigerator;

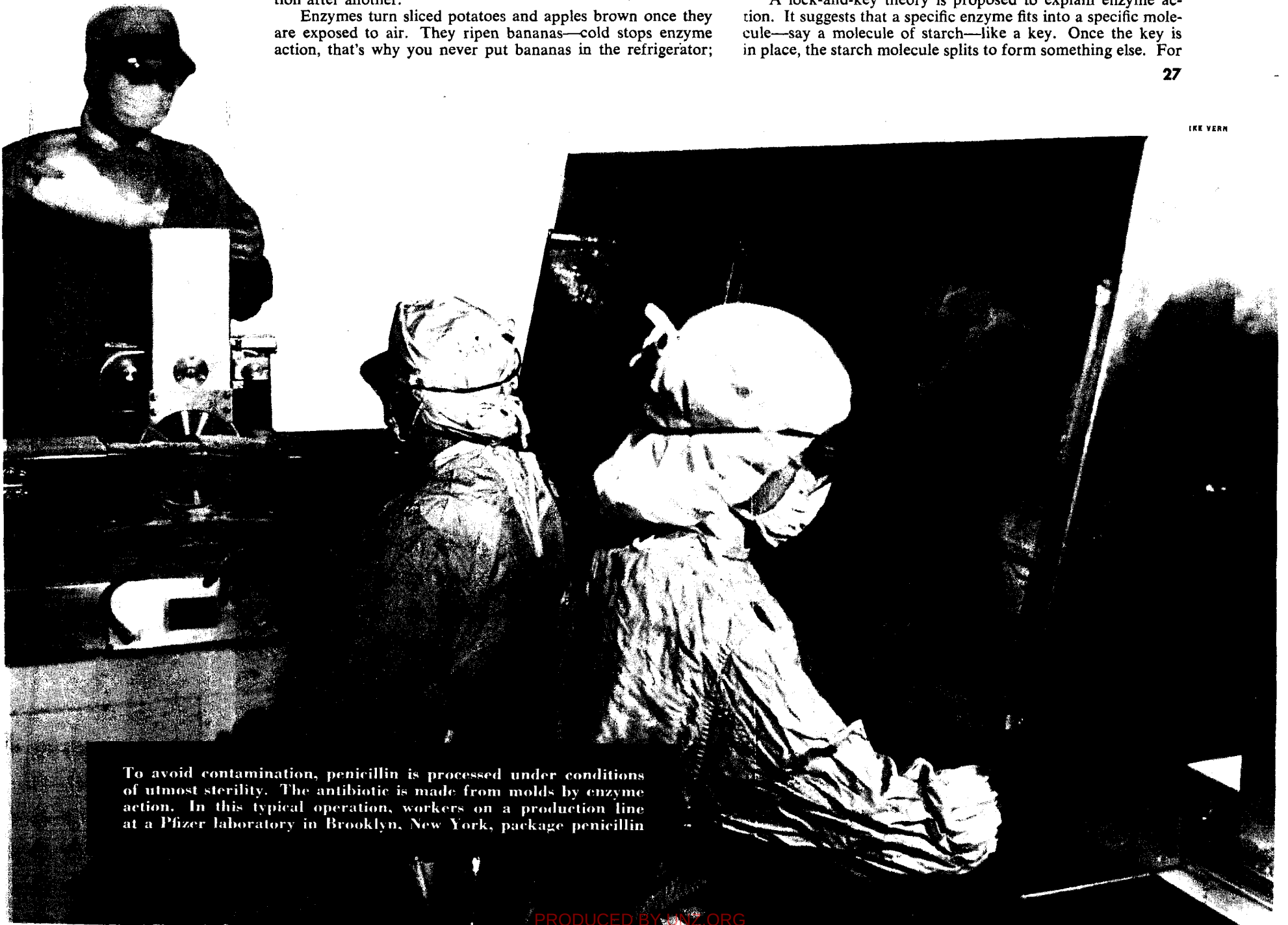
they ferment grape juice into wine, ripen and mellow cheese, digest your dinner for you. They even light up fireflies.

Without enzyme action we could gorge ourselves with food, yet starve. Beefsteak, a delight to the palate, is useless as food until enzymes in the digestive tract break it down into amino acids which can be utilized by the body. Enzymes do similar jobs with other foods—breaking them into component parts which stoke the fires of life.

How can enzymes do this work? Again, little is known. It's pretty much a mystery how they convert cornstarch into sugar, grain mash into whisky, castor oil into perfume. Apparently, they act as catalysts—*promoting* reactions without taking part in the reactions themselves.

A lock-and-key theory is proposed to explain enzyme action. It suggests that a specific enzyme fits into a specific molecule—say a molecule of starch—like a key. Once the key is in place, the starch molecule splits to form something else. For

27



To avoid contamination, penicillin is processed under conditions of utmost sterility. The antibiotic is made from molds by enzyme action. In this typical operation, workers on a production line at a Pfizer laboratory in Brooklyn, New York, package penicillin

example, when we chew bread the starch is converted to sugar by ptyalin, the enzyme in our saliva.

Once an enzyme has done a job, it is freed for more work. Given proper conditions, enzymes are prodigious workers. One molecule of catalase, an enzyme in body tissue, will split 80,000 hydrogen peroxide molecules in a second! Thus the familiar foaming action. And invertase, an intestinal enzyme, will break up a million times its weight of sugar—with no noticeable loss of activity!

The big news about enzymes is that they are becoming industry's darlings. Swiftly and easily they do jobs difficult or impossible to do by other means. They have been put to work providing stronger cloth, better leather, clearer beer and cleaner wine, lighter bread, and a brilliant array of lifesaving drugs, some so new that initial clinical trials are just getting under way.

But for enzymes we wouldn't have had the synthetic rubber so crucial during the wartime emergency. Nor meat tenderizers, prepared custards, vitamins, efficient spot removers, solvents and a host of other products. Industry has become so awake to its latent possibilities, it is spending tens of millions of dollars on enzyme plants. "This," says one famed industrialist, "is the bare beginning."

In dozens of industrial plants over the country I've seen enzymes at work in vast stainless-steel tanks—converting cheap, readily available materials into intricate chemicals.

Chemical Reactions Difficult to Obtain

How do we get enzymes? For some jobs, enzymes are extracted from plant and animal tissue and applied as powder or liquid to the raw material to be converted. For other chores, such as antibiotic production, an enzyme-containing organism—a mold or bacteria strain—is used the way it's found. A pinch of mold can set up a chain of reaction in a 500-gallon tank of raw material.

The ability to promote intricate chemical reactions difficult or impossible to duplicate in the laboratory is one of the greatest attractions enzymes hold for industry. They can change cornstalks into natural gas; change wood into sugar and sugar into fat; convert inexpensive molasses into valuable citric acid, to flavor cakes, candies, soft drinks.

Most chemical industry relies on heat and pressure—often inferno heat and tremendous pressure—to tear molecules apart. This is especially true in petroleum and natural gas chemistry. After molecules are torn apart, they are fitted together in new patterns to make nylon, plastics, solvents. The beauty of enzyme reactions is that, usually, they dispense with these difficult requirements. They take place at room temperature, without pressure.

Enzymes are finding jobs, too, almost everywhere in the beverage industry. To keep cider from getting muddy and going off taste, it had to be pasteurized. But cloudy apple sediments, which had to be filtered out, were held in a gummy mass by the presence of pectins, the starchy chemicals present in almost all fruits. Rohm & Haas, in Philadelphia, found enzymes which would digest the pectins. Now the sediments can be filtered out for pasteurization and cider stays sparkling clear.

The same enzymes have proved a blessing to the wine industry. It, too, was plagued by pectin-congealed sediment which took months, sometimes years, to settle out of wine. Enzymes digest the pectins and the sediment can be filtered in a few days—leaving a clear, fresh-tasting wine.

You may recall that only a few years ago chilled beer usually was unappetizingly cloudy. Reason: chilling precipitated proteins. But beer chemists digested these proteins with enzymes. Today your beer comes from the refrigerator crystal clear. Brewers had another problem, too. If canned or bottled beer stood in stores too long, it developed a stale taste caused by tiny amounts of oxygen unavoidably trapped when the cans or bottles were sealed. A minute pinch of enzyme uses up the oxygen.

Enzymes are proving similarly valuable in the baking industry, where large starch molecules in flour were a problem. They fermented poorly when yeast was added and crystallized rapidly after bread was baked, causing it to go stale. Now enzymes attack large starch molecules and convert part of them to sugar to produce superior bread. The dough handles more easily, and the bread has better texture and lasts longer.

The textile industry, also, capitalizes on this ability of enzymes to convert starch to sugar. In order to be handled by weaving machinery, cotton and other textiles must be heavily starched, or sized. But after weaving, size becomes a problem. It must be removed before dyeing or printing—or dye would cling to the starch and flake off at the first washing. Formerly, cloth had to be treated with hot acid to remove starch—a costly batch process that weakened fibers. Then enzymes came to the rescue. By breaking down starch size, which is simply washed away, they permit weaving and dyeing in a continuous operation, thus saving money and protecting the fabric.

And the paper industry has benefited from the enzymes' attack on the starch molecules. Coated papers—glossy papers on which most magazine color illustrations are printed—have a fine covering layer of starch. But when papermakers boiled starch, it solidified and couldn't be handled by paper-making machinery. With enzymes to break up large starch particles, the boiling mass remains liquid and is easily handled by the paper mills.

Chas. Pfizer & Company, of Brooklyn, New York, through its work with molds has probably done as much to tame enzymes and put them to work as any other U.S. company. A \$100,000,000-a-year business is based almost entirely on enzyme reactions. Pfizer's operations are typical of the concerns dedicated to developing the enzyme. Like the others, Pfizer maintains a large enzyme bank in which enzyme-containing molds are pampered, under guard, in an air-conditioned vault, because a good enzyme strain can be worth millions of dollars. Extraordinary precautions are taken to prevent contamination which, at best, can make operation uneconomical and, at worst, can poison an entire batch of mold.

The companies guard against contamination by maintaining conditions of sterility that would do credit to the operating room of a hospital. The room where enzyme broths are prepared for ultimate use in seeding giant fermentation tanks is as sterile as human ingenuity can make it. The air circulating in the room is washed, filtered and passed through ultraviolet tunnels to kill floating

microbes. Workers enter through a system of locks—leaving street clothes in one, donning sterile gowns, boots and caps in another.

But even while mass-producing mold-developed enzymes, Pfizer and the other firms continue research. The job is not usually one of initial discovery, however; most enzymes have long been known to science. The big job is finding out what they will do.

Pfizer's first 10-strike came with the discovery in 1919 that certain mold-produced enzymes would convert molasses into citric acid—one of the most widely used flavorings. Formerly extracted from lemons, citric acid was imported from Italy; it was scarce and costly. The Pfizer process changed that overnight. The company became the world's largest producer of the acid, and the U.S. became an exporter instead of an importer.

Know-how gained from citric acid led Pfizer to develop a vast array of fermentation processes. Enzymes contained in molds brought about cheaper and more effective methods of producing industrial acids, among them gluconic acid which has proved a valuable aid to medicine. By passing hard-to-dissolve iron salts through a solution of gluconic acid, an iron compound is formed which is soluble enough to be taken internally for the treatment of anemia. Calcium salts, too, are transformed into a soluble calcium compound in the same manner to counteract rickets and build strong bones.

Pfizer also found enzymes which produce vitamin C, the antiscorvy vitamin, formerly obtained only through a long, costly synthesis. And the firm's experience with enzyme reactions in molds led to the discovery of a method of mass-producing penicillin and streptomycin; then, after experimenting with 100,000 soil samples containing enzyme-producing molds, it discovered Terramycin.

Important discoveries of further uses for the enzyme are being made daily by industrial outfits. One of the most versatile enzymes is papain—derived from the papaya plant. Long ago, explorers noted that South Sea Islanders wrapped fresh-killed meat in leaves of the papaya tree, with a tenderizing result. It took years for the U.S. Department of Agriculture to find why that was so: the papaya plant produces the enzyme papain, whose protein-digesting properties break down tough connective tissue in meat.

S. B. Penick & Company, of New York, the world's largest botanical drug house, started its own investigation into papain's commercial possibilities, and imported papaya juice containing the enzyme from Ceylon, Tanganyika, Kenya and else-

Chemist at Squibb labs in New Brunswick, New Jersey, purifies an enzyme by mixing it with charcoal and pouring it into a filtration tank. Squibb uses enzymes in drug manufacturing



may even wipe out cancer

where. It proved valuable wherever protein was a problem—in “bating” leather, for example, a process in which hairs and meat remnants must be removed from hides. Papain dissolves them easily. Elaborate washing once was required to remove gum from natural silk. Papain liquefies this gum quickly and efficiently. The enzyme is even being used to remove the itch from long underwear—it destroys irritants in the tiny wool filaments that tickle the skin. But perhaps papain’s best-known use is its oldest: it is the basis of the new meat tenderizers—which make chuck steak as easy to chew as tenderloin.

Random jobs for enzymes are appearing on all sides. Take the enzyme spot remover. Stains made by eggs and other proteins have always been a headache for the housewife and the dry cleaner, since they aren’t dissolved by usual solvents. Protein-splitting enzymes remove them instantly.

Prepared custard desserts now on most pantry shelves owe their existence to the enzyme rennin, which coagulates milk. Another enzyme simplifies the lives of beauty-parlor operators. When hair is bleached with peroxide, traces are apt to remain, no matter how carefully the hair is washed. This residual peroxide continues the bleaching process after the wash, and the result is streaky hair. A peroxide-destroying enzyme, added to rinse water, takes care of this problem.

Some of the more bizarre possibilities of the enzyme were demonstrated by the Germans during the last war. Terribly short of fats, German chemists sought and found enzymes which would convert sawdust into sugar, and enzymes which would change that sugar into fat. Soon, Germany’s linden trees replaced pigs as a source of fat.

But the Germans didn’t stop there. If such enzyme conversions could work in industry, German scientists asked, why couldn’t they be duplicated inside human beings? The human digestive tract is unable to utilize the cellulose in wood. But cellulose is composed of glucose (simple sugar) and starch, both of which possess nutritive value. Why not have men swallow enzymes followed by cellulose and let the human body convert it into food? The experiment was tried—with fair success.

Enzymes Accomplish Valuable Achievements

Today enzymes are accomplishing their most impressive achievements in the field of medicine—doing a number of jobs so dramatically that even the industrial miracles are overshadowed.

Take the enzyme hyaluronidase. Body cells are “cemented” together by hyaluronic acid and hyaluronidase dissolves this cement. Hyaluronidase is found in the male glands of animals, including man, where it appears to play a vital role in the process of fertilization. The female egg has a tough, jellylike coat which the feeble male sperm could never penetrate but for the fact that the sperm carries hyaluronidase. The enzyme weakens the shell so the sperm can enter and fertilize the egg.

Hyaluronidase is finding wide use in many cases of shock, resulting from severe injury. In such cases, the veins often collapse. When that happens the quickest and easiest highways for conveying such life-giving fluids as saline, glucose and plasma through the body are blocked off. Hyaluronidase has proved a boon to doctors in those situations. It permits them to bypass the veins and inject directly into the tissues. The cell cement, which slows up absorption, is attacked by the enzyme and quickly dissolves. The fluids are then sucked into the blood stream almost as rapidly as they are when introduced directly into the veins.

Not long ago research men at the Upjohn Company, the Kalamazoo, Michigan, pharmaceutical house, hit upon a striking use for enzymes. Cortisone, the antiarthritis drug, is one of the most difficult medicines to make. Initially, it was extracted from cattle bile—and it took 40 head of cattle to

Collier’s for October 16, 1953



Potency of enzyme Varidase is tested by technician at the Lederle Laboratories in Pearl River, New York. Varidase has had outstanding success cleaning up badly infected wounds

produce enough bile to treat a single arthritis patient for one day. In addition, 37 chemical steps were required to process it into cortisone. Several of the most critical steps concerned shifting an oxygen atom in the molecule. Upjohn found a mold-produced enzyme which did the job with ease. Company researchers further discovered that cortisone manufacture didn’t have to start with scarce cattle bile at all. With the help of enzymes, they found it could be made from far more plentiful materials, like soy beans and Mexican yams.

Enzymes have another lifesaving use. Suppose a person has been badly injured in an accident, crushing his leg. Formerly, in treating such wounds doctors frequently had to rely on a drastic measure—*débridement*. *Débridement* means cutting away all dead and potentially dangerous tissue. Unless it’s done, the dead tissue is apt to become a focal point for flaming infection which cannot be reached by sulfas and antibiotics because the dead tissue has no blood-supply system to transport the drugs.

Researchers at several institutions—notably Lederle Laboratories, of Pearl River, New York, and The Armour Laboratories of Chicago—thought enzymes might do a better job than surgeons in cleaning the wounds. Why not use enzymes to dissolve wound debris so it could be drained off? But the enzymes would have to be highly selective, attacking only the dead tissue, not the healthy.

Not long ago Lederle came up with Varidase, a combination of two bacteria-produced enzymes, and Armour with trypsin, found in animal pancreas. In many cases, these enzymes have worked almost miraculously. They do attack only dead tissue—juices in living tissue inactivate them. In days they have cleaned up wounds that persisted for months, producing healthy tissues that healed rapidly.

In one series of cases, patients who had deep cysts and abscesses removed were out of the hospital in half the usual time. In another series, doctors at Michigan, Duke and Columbia medical schools tried Varidase on a variety of severe wounds, from gunshots, auto accidents and other causes. In 80 of 85 cases, the wounds cleaned up promptly. These enzymes have been used to sweep away dead and infected tissue resulting from tooth extractions; to clear choking pus from bronchial tubes during slowly resolving pneumonia.

The new enzymes have been particularly valuable in treating empyema—infections of the chest cavity. Often, such infections leave massive, cheesy deposits in the chest which cannot be drained away; the chest must be opened and the

deposit cleaned out by surgical means. Performed on people already gravely ill this drastic surgery inevitably resulted in a high operative mortality rate. The new enzymes have performed brilliantly in such cases. Flushed into the chest they liquefy the curd, which is then easily drained off.

But enzymes don’t always serve science well. Sometimes, in their eagerness to work, they become too aggressive and promote undesirable reactions. Such an example takes place when you eat sugar. Enzymes in your mouth convert sugar into acid; and this acid, most dental experts agree, causes the major part of tooth decay. Recently, dental chemists at Northwestern University found a possible solution to the sugar conversion problem: a chemical which inhibits enzyme action and prevents formation of acid. The chemical is being used in the new antienzyme toothpastes now being marketed. The hope is that the inhibitor will make tooth decay a rarity. And if that millennium occurs it will be another mark of progress in taming the enzyme.

Aware of the enzymes’ all but limitless potentialities, many firms are maintaining enzyme banks. Among them are Pfizer; Wyeth Labs and Rohm & Haas in Philadelphia; Schenley and other distillers; the Department of Agriculture’s Northern Regional Laboratory, in Peoria, Illinois; Squibb, Merck and most of the larger drug houses. In all of them, molds, bacteria and various fungi are being bred in hopes they will produce desirable enzymes.

What new uses will be found for “nature’s chemists?” Optimism is boundless. Inevitably, enzymes will be found which will simplify and cheapen scores of chemical processes. And by showing us how to convert agricultural wastes into edible foods, enzymes may offer a solution to the world food shortage which grows more critical each year. Dr. Ernst David Bergmann, of the Weizmann Institute in Israel, sees enzymes as the answer to problems besetting have-not nations.

Many researchers think enzymes will eventually explain the riddle of cancer. There is mounting evidence that cancer represents a breakdown of the body’s delicate enzyme balance. More knowledge here, plus a means of restoring that balance, might someday mean a cure for cancer.

Meanwhile, to date only a scant two dozen enzymes have been isolated and studied. No one knows how many there are waiting to be discovered—probably thousands. So far, we have but a foot in the door leading to the enzyme age. Possibilities, once the door is opened, are dazzling. ▲▲▲

Too CLOSE FOR



COMFORT



By VIRGINIA and EDWIN GILBERT

IT WAS a rare and pleasurable evening for Nancy Platt: she and Don were alone. She was sitting cross-legged on the living-room floor listening to the music from the record player and studying the classified ads in the newspaper. "Don—" she turned excitedly and held up the paper, "listen to this: *For sale, enchanting cottage overlooking winding stream; four rooms, stone fireplace and—*"

Don stirred on the couch and looked down at her. She was a pretty girl, small-boned, with light chestnut hair. Her eyes, gray and vivid, were set wide apart. "Doesn't that sound absolutely nifty?" she asked.

"Absolutely," he said absently, and then he got up and went to the window. "Well," he said, and his face took on a new animation, "look who's coming!"

"Red and Bess?" she asked, though she was certain of it. Scarcely a day passed without either sight or sound of the Johnsons. The quiet and charming evenings she and Don used to spend alone seemed suddenly to assume a precious value to her. "Domestic bliss, fare thee well," she said ruefully.

They had met Red and Bess through a friend in New York—a partner in the accounting firm where Don had worked before setting out on his own in Willston. "You'll be crazy about them," the friend had predicted, "but watch out!" And though she and Don had approached the meeting warily, they had been instantly beguiled by the Johnsons' gaiety and vivaciousness.

Now the Johnsons were at the door. Red, a spry young man with an ungovernable thatch of russet hair, opened the door and stuck his head inside. "Pardon me," he said, "but we're working our way through college."

Bess pushed him on inside and followed him. "And this guaranteed nylon bristle brush," she said, "will scrub your back and clean your windows!"

They all laughed, and Don said, "Certainly glad you dropped in." Then, to Nancy's dismay, he added, "We were at loose ends."

Bess Johnson started for her accustomed corner of the couch, but when she was halfway across the room she stopped and squinted up at the abstract painting that hung over the mantel. Even now, when she was concentrating, a half-smile brightened her features. She was wearing one of her flamboyantly colored dresses that looked so striking with her dark hair and deep sun tan. "That's been bothering me for months," she said, nodding toward the painting. She lifted it from the wall. "You won't mind if I try something, will you, Nance?"

Nancy said no, she wouldn't mind.

Bess then proceeded to replace the picture with the more conventional fruit still life that had hung over the radio-phonograph. "There," she said, stepping back. "Isn't that lots better? That little abstract number always gave me the screaming meemies!"

"I love you," Nancy said, appraising the new arrangement, "but I think it's a bum idea."

"Well," Don said, "I think I go along with my wife. But," he added, and put his arm around Bess's shoulder, "we wouldn't want to see you get the meemies, Bess, so we'll try the fruit salad for a while." Nancy couldn't help recalling the night a few weeks ago when Bess had tried to completely rearrange all the furniture in the living room.

"All right," Red Johnson said, "that takes care of culture for the evening." Then, with the ease of one who knew where everything in the house was kept, Red went to the hall closet and got out the card table.

"Well, here's the thing, Platties," Bess said, using the nickname she'd given them a year ago when the Platts had first come to town, "I was cleaning my cupboards today, and I came up with this relic." She opened the box she'd brought. "Monopoly," she said. "So I decided to start a new vogue for old games."

"Next week," Nancy said, "I predict parcheesi." As she started for the kitchen to fix some drinks, she thought of the countless nights they had wasted playing the countless games that the Johnsons brought over.

When she took the ice tray from the refrigerator, she found herself pausing to listen to the lively chatter in the living room. Don's laughter rose above the others', and she remembered that less than an hour ago he had seemed so weary and bored. "Say, there's something I've been meaning to ask you two," she heard Don say. "I want your opinion. We've got two (Continued on page 64)

There never was a friendlier girl than Nancy, until the day she realized her best friends were beginning to wreck her marriage

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS



We now have radar on U.S. borders, in Alaska and in Labrador, but Russian planes from bases shown at top of map could attack by sea routes or through central Canada (red-tinted area). Plans call for two more radar nets—Alaska-Greenland, Alaska-Labrador—with seaward flanks covered by airborne radar patrols

RUSSIAN PLANES Are Raiding Canadian Skies

By WILLIAM A. ULMAN

They sneak in almost daily, our northern outposts report. And now that Russia has the H-bomb we're wide open to attack. What's being done about it? The author, seeking the answer, visited installations so secret he can't say he's seen them, flew thousands of miles—and saw the Red intruders himself. *We are* building a defense. Here's the story

OUTSIDE, the arctic summer day was crisp and clear; the waters of Bering Strait shone dully in the distance. Inside the big alert hangar of the jet-fighter interceptor squadron the atmosphere was deceptively casual. There were 13 of us gathered in the fliers' hot room: six pilots, six flying radar officers and myself, a reporter seeking the most critical story of our time—the story of America's present line of defense against Malenkov's H-bomb.

We were sitting around playing poker, but we were dressed in dark-blue high-altitude pressure suits, ready for any emergency. And suddenly, as we sat there, it came: the blast of the scramble horn. A captain sitting across the table hurriedly scraped back his chair, beckoned to me and ran out the door.

One of our big radar stations on the west coast of Alaska had picked up the blip of an unidentified plane on its radarscope—almost certainly a Russian.

Almost every day, at least one unidentified airplane violates our continental borders. "They come in at all times and places," a general in the Alaskan Air Command had told me, "and some have even penetrated deep into north central Canada." Teddy Roosevelt would have called this a shooting war.

To the pilots at our advance interceptor bases, it's not a shooting war—yet. They call the Red reconnaissance planes "spoofs"; their mission apparently is to feel out our radar defenses and photograph our coasts, and when our jets go out to meet them, they run. But someday maybe the Red plane will be a real "bogey"—a Russian who doesn't run—and the pilots whose job it is to chase them off never know that this won't be the day.

They hope the day never comes. That first bogey probably will be accompanied by hundreds more, headed for the United States and carrying what our pilots sardonically call The People's Bomb for Peace and Plenty—the hydrogen bomb, Russian version.

My pilot and I charged down the hangar stairs onto the ramp, and hurried into our Mae Wests, complete with a tricky new pocketful of survival gadgets. Next came the parachutes with an attached collapsible dinghy for a seat cushion, then the big plastic helmets with earphones, microphone, oxygen mask, glareproof visor—everything built in, I thought, except the brains.

In adjacent hangars, the crews of the other two

planes making the interception were racing to complete their own preparations.

The ground crew silently and swiftly strapped us into the plane's ejection seats, connected the oxygen hoses and leaped away. We were already moving; a jet needs no warmup. The hydraulically powered canopy snapped down over us and locked.

"Tower to Air Force Jet 994. Cleared for immediate take-off!" It was just 2 minutes, 40 seconds since the horn had first blown. My pilot cut in the afterburner, a jet plane device which instantly increases power thrust by 50 per cent. We sped off the field, banked sharply, then began to climb at top speed to 43,000 feet. By now the operators at the radar control center had taken over our three-plane flight, steering us by voice direction toward the blip on their scope.

Minutes later, we spotted the distant gleam of a Russian reconnaissance plane, speeding back toward its Siberian base. "There he goes," said the pilot. "Always the same story. Let's go home."

We went into a turning dive and headed back for the penny-ante game. The room smelled of fresh coffee and stale smoke as we walked in. The other pilots hardly looked up. The captain returned to his seat, picked up his cards and frowned. "Another of the same," he said. "No sweat."

I could sense his frustration, but I couldn't share it. For me the flight had been both exciting and frightening. I kept thinking: What if that had been many planes instead of just one—planes which didn't turn tail, but kept coming, bound for the States? What did we have to stop at least one of those planes, loaded with a hydrogen bomb, from shattering one of our cities?

The answer, I knew by now, was—not enough.

For weeks, I had been on a journalistic survey for Collier's, trying to find the answer to these questions: Can we defend ourselves now against a massive sneak air raid intended to knock us out in a single blow? If not now, when? Just what are the details of our defenses against the new Soviet H-bomb?

In the course of my assignment, I flew thousands of miles in all kinds of jet aircraft from all the edges of our continent. I talked at length with the best military and scientific brains in this country and Canada. I visited the headquarters of our Air Defense Command at Colorado Springs and of the Air Research and Development Command at Baltimore. I have been inside installations where—despite my top-level clearance by the Pentagon—



LEW MERRIM

In radar control center today, mass of data is written backward on transparent board so the officers in front can read it. This method—clumsy, complicated and (due to confusion) potentially dangerous—has been made obsolete by development of a new electronic computer

LEW MERRIM



MAP BY JO KOTULA



Brig. Gen. J. W. McCauley (left, with Maj. M. P. Alger) heads air defense of east central U.S., where one third nation's wealth, one fourth its people could be destroyed by nine H-bombs

some of the equipment was concealed from my eyes. I have even been permitted to enter places I can never admit I've seen, and have spoken to men I must not identify.

Here's what I found:

- We have a partial radar fence along the U.S.-Canadian border, but it's too wide-spaced, too complex and too close to home—"a fence," said one officer grimly, "with no wire strung between the posts." Our border radar won't warn us of attack soon enough; onrushing bombers would reach some of their targets almost as fast as the warning of their approach. At best, the inhabitants of our large Northern cities might have barely time to run for the cellar—and the cellar is no defense against the H-bomb.

- Next year we may be better off. A more effective radar line is being pushed and test stations are being constructed in the Far North; if the first units work, we probably will have a warning net from Alaska to Greenland by the summer of 1954. It will give us from four to six hours' warning of any air attack.

- Sometime later—I'm not permitted to say when—a second row of radar outposts may be strung across Canada in the more easily accessible territory between our present border fence and the new net being built in the arctic. It will confirm the first warning and indicate the actual direction of attack.

Construction Depends on the Weather

The construction of these two northern radar nets depends on the vagaries of arctic weather, the uncertainty of Congressional appropriations and the strategical concepts of our new Joint Chiefs of Staff. The nets, together with our airborne radar at sea, would be tremendous steps forward—perhaps enough to make the difference between the survival and the utter destruction of our country as a major power. The two early-warning lines would be far less expensive than has been widely reported elsewhere—less than a billion and a half dollars, compared with published estimates of between 20 and 150 billions. This whole concept of effective warning at low cost is made possible by two exciting new devices, never before publicly disclosed: a self-watching radarscope and a long-range radio transmitter capable of overcoming the especially difficult communications problems of the arctic.

Right now, our air-defense planners intend to build the two radar fences—weather, Congress and the Joint Chiefs permitting.

- The big gap in our defenses once the radar nets are operating will be fighter planes. We have interceptors in northeastern Canada and in Alaska; in between and on both flanks there are holes—the Russians could drive a whole fleet of aerial trucks through.

Obviously, radar nets and fighter protection alike require the same friendly and vigorous co-operation from Canada that the United States has always received in the past. But Canada—although its dilemma today is much like that of a person handcuffed to a man who has been publicly threatened with assassination—has reason to look searchingly at any proposals for joint action put forward by the United States. Our past record has not been entirely consistent—and a Canadian officer I spoke to indicated why.

"Look here," he said, "I believe we'd be glad to let you build a couple of bases in the north-central tundra—but would you man them and keep them manned even after a change in political administrations? Would you send in enough strength to keep the Russians from paratrooping in one day and using the fields as bases against both of our countries?"

"We can't afford to build or man them. If you can, fine—but stick to your promises!"

One fact all the experts agree on: something must be done to strengthen our northern air defense system before Russia has an H-bomb production line. If Soviet bombers could claw their way through to our East Coast and drop only nine hydrogen bombs in a line from Boston to Washington, they could blast out of existence a strip 50 miles wide and 450 miles long—a strip containing one fourth the nation's population and one third of its wealth.

* * *

The nerve center of our aerial defense today is in Colorado Springs, a quiet, year-round resort town less than five minutes from Denver by jet plane. There, in a modern four-story office building surrounded by a high wire fence and heavily guarded by sentries, Brigadier General Kenneth P. Bergquist, deputy chief of staff for operations of the Air Defense Command, stood with me at a globe and detailed the story of what we are up against.

"Facing us across the polar flats is a crescent of Russian and Siberian air bases," he said, gesturing. "If you place a bit of string on the globe, starting at the shore of the Murmansk Peninsula, it will curve over the arctic by the shortest route to

the Washington-New York-Pittsburgh target area. That's 4,200 miles. From the Russian base at Franz Josef Land, it's only 3,800 miles; from Severnaya Zemlya, 3,875 miles; from the Taymyr Peninsula and Novo Sibirskiye Ostrova Zemlya Islands straight across the pole, 4,500 miles; from Wrangel Island and various points along the Bering Strait or the Chukotski Peninsula, 4,000 to 4,500 miles." From the very positions of these air bases, we know that the Russians can mean to use them only to attack us.

Do they have the planes to do the job?

The Soviet air force is known to have hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the TU-4, a copy of our B-29, which carried the first atomic bombs to Japan. Fanning out from Murmansk and the Chukotski Peninsula, TU-4s could bomb any point in the U.S. except Florida, and still have fuel for an additional 500 miles of flight. Besides the TU-4, the Russians have a new Type 31 turbojet bomber—similar to our B-36 and presumed to carry at least five tons of bomb load at more than 450 miles an hour for at least 5,000 miles.

Should the Reds use either of these planes, they might not get home, but it would scarcely matter—even to the pilots. They could crash land or bail out and permit themselves to be taken prisoner—secure in the knowledge that if a surprise attack came off as planned, the United States would be out of the war almost before it started. A successful one-way knockout raid, sacrificing perhaps the majority of 400 or 500 planes, could kill as many as 35,000,000 Americans and destroy the U.S. as a world power.

Besides the Type 31 and the TU-4, the Russians have developed a light, fast bomber like the B-57 we recently announced. It could carry an atomic or thermonuclear (hydrogen) bomb, but by itself it could never fly the 4,000 miles or so from Russia to the nearest important American target. Does that mean we're ignoring it as a possible participant in a surprise attack? Not by a long shot.

Comment on the New Red Plane

In an Air Force installation, I stood talking to a top scientist and a uniformed Air Force officer about the new Red plane. "The Russkies could do this," said the scientist. "They could put a big TU-4 into the air, then send up two of the new light jet bombers to join it. The two jets could hook onto the TU-4's wing tips, tilting their own wings to maintain the best possible flight characteristics, then cut their own fuel-swilling engines and hitchhike almost all the way to the target on the TU-4's power plant."

I expressed astonishment, and the Air Force officer objected. "In bad weather," he said, "all three of 'em would crash."

"Ah," said the scientist, "but the Russians would never launch the attack in bad weather in the first place. And if the three planes ran into squalls en route, they could simply unhook, make their way through the front separately, then reunite on the other side. A radar operator trying to track them would go crazy. What had looked like one big slow TU-4 would suddenly become one TU-4—and two very fast jet bombers, breaking away in different directions for their own targets."

We stood silent a moment, then the scientist grinned. "I got the Order of the Heroes of the Soviet Union for that one," he said. Then he explained: to test defense theories, he and his colleagues try to foresee the most outlandish schemes the Russians might come up with; for particularly nasty ideas, they "decorate" one another.

Virtually all the air-defense people I questioned about potential Soviet weapons discount the possible use of intercontinental missiles—long-range, atomic versions of the German V-2. Among other reasons, they doubt that materials exist to build such missiles, at least for another 10 to 12 years. They are working on countermeasures just to be safe, but they feel certain that when and if the H-bomb is delivered, it will be carried by aircraft known to us in fact or principle—planes we can destroy, provided we have early enough warning and sufficient defense forces. If Russia were to

Collier's for October 16, 1953

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It couldn't be easier. Making home movies today is every bit as simple as making snapshots. What's more—with the "Brownie," you can get them just as easily in full color as black-and-white . . . indoors or out . . . night or day.

As little as \$39.75 starts you off with the f/2.7 Brownie Movie Camera. Or now there's a new super-speed f/1.9 "Brownie" for only \$49.50. Either model loads and operates as simply and surely as that box Brownie you

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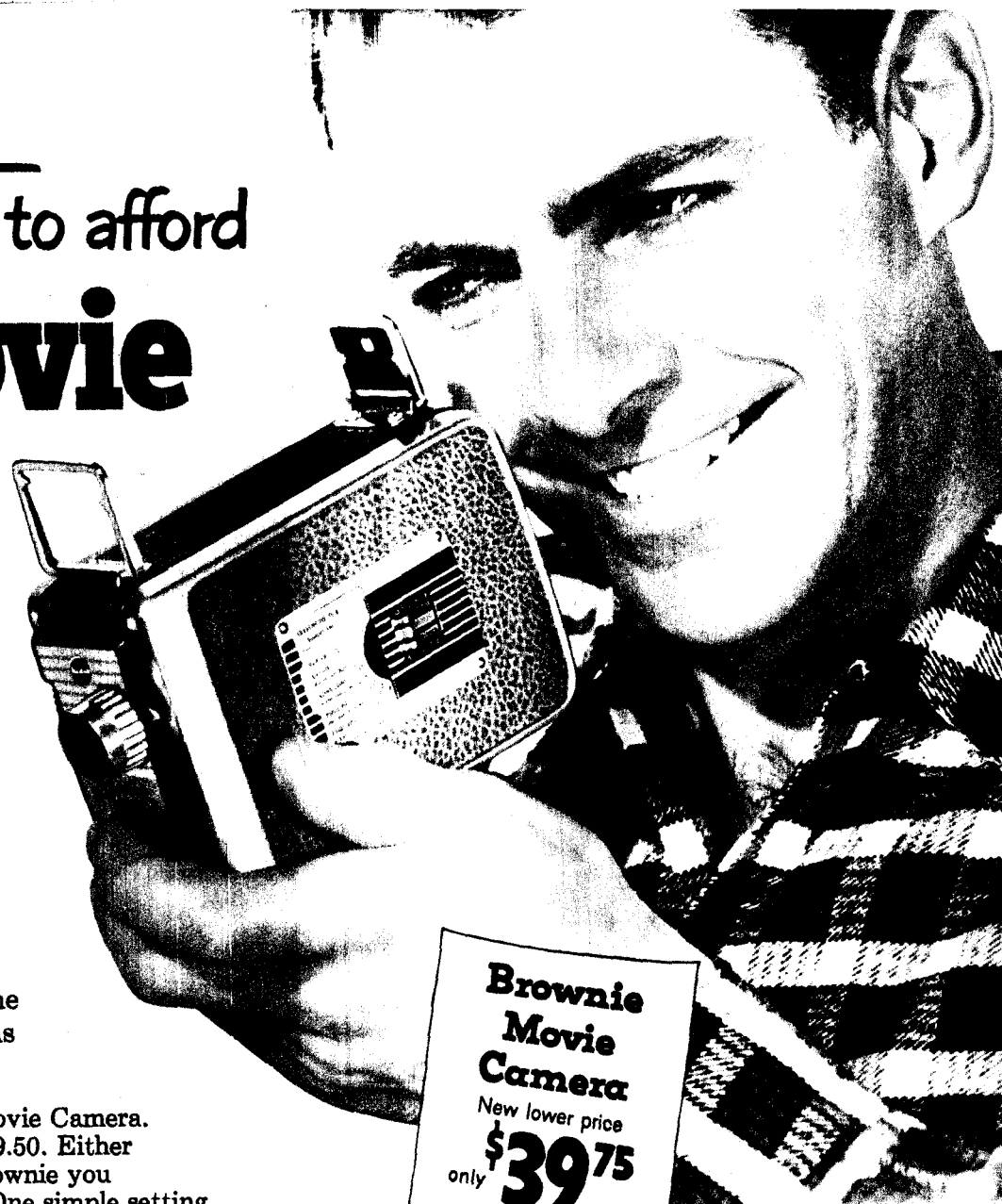
Film costs are low, too. A roll of 8mm. film costs only \$3.95 for full color or \$3.25 for black-and-white . . . makes 30 to 40 average-length scenes . . . about a dime a scene . . . and that includes developing your film ready to show! Makes it hard to see how you can afford *not* to make movies.

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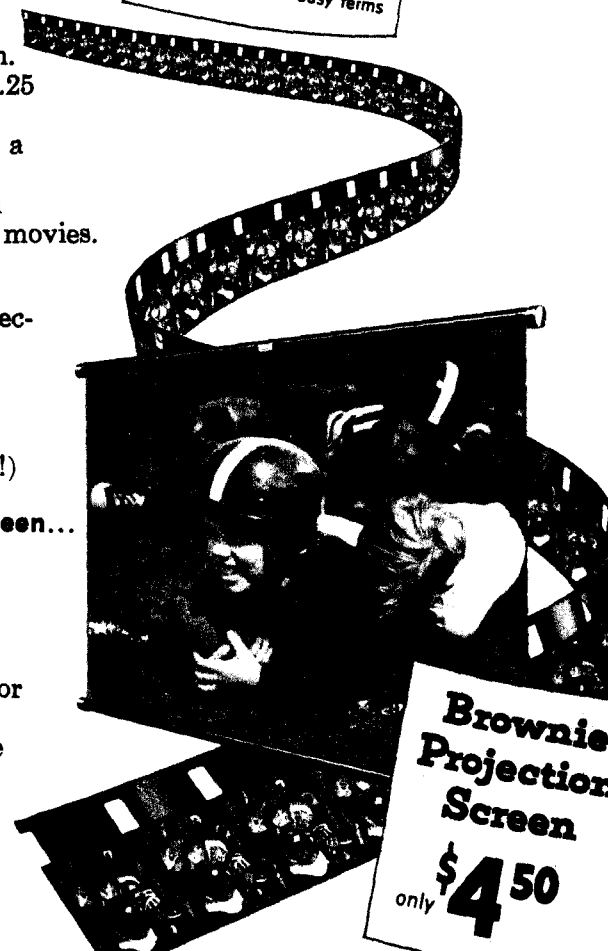
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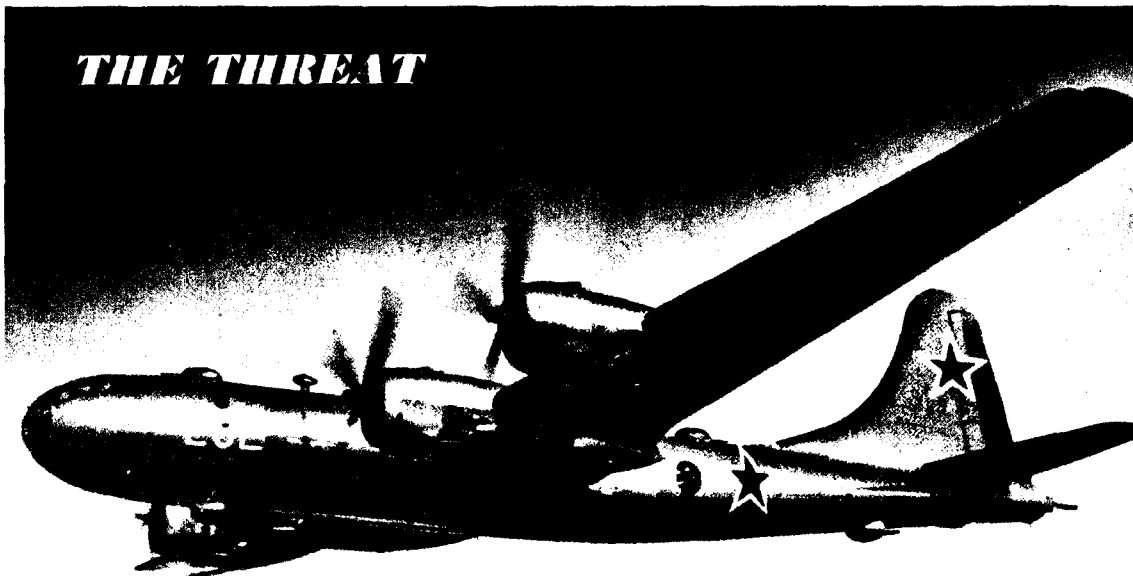
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THE THREAT



U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

Russia's basic carrier of atomic weapons is the TU-4, patterned on our B-29. From Arctic bases, it could fly one-way to any target in the U.S. outside Florida, with fuel to spare

THE SHIELD?



U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

One plan for defense against TU-4 is to make a long-distance fighter-interceptor of fast new B-57. It has enough range to fly far into Canada, enough speed to bedazzle Red bomber

attack tomorrow, what defenses do we have—right here and now?

We have excellent fighter-interceptors—but not enough of them.

We have highly modernized and efficient anti-aircraft defenses, now being beefed up by Nike guided missiles battalions—but again, there aren't enough of them.

We have a Ground Observer Corps (ably supported by a like organization in Canada)—but it's badly understaffed.

We have an excellent civil and military communications system—but it's inadequate for the tremendous load an all-out Russian attack would put on it.

We have a partly completed perimeter of manually operated radar stations around the U.S., not only on our northern border, but on the coasts as well.

But there are too few of them, and they are too complicated for efficiency and too close to our industrial centers to give sufficient warning. Their detecting impulses extend roughly 150 miles out to sea—only a few minutes' flying time, by jet—and, depending on terrain, about 100 miles into Canada. They extend as far again into the U.S., in order to allow continuous tracking of an invader. One arm of this radar perimeter now extends to Labrador.

We have additional so-called islands of radar coverage deep inside the U.S., around such prime target areas as Los Alamos, Oak Ridge and Hanford.

We have a couple of Navy radar picket ships—still experimental and limited in range.

We have an adjunct to our defense system, set up in recent months and called TOMCIS (Test of Multiple Corridor Identification System). Under TOMCIS, the pilot of each incoming international airliner gets secret orders at his last port of call before heading for the U.S. The orders require him to fly a special pattern, always different, as he approaches this country. He must keep to that course. If our radar picks up a plane at the wrong place or time, an interceptor goes up to look the stranger over—and to shoot him down, if need be, over the safe, far reaches of the sea. When the system first started there were about 200 interceptions of wandering airliners a month. Now that most commercial pilots are getting used to the method, the figure is down to about 30 a month—but that's still too many.

There's the picture of our air defenses as they stand today—creaky, insufficient, agape with holes.

Moreover, there are weak spots which don't appear on the surface. Our radar net, thin as it is, is rarely in full operation at all points, although it tries to keep a 24-hour watch on our borders.

All of its equipment is delicate and complicated, and at any given moment some components are out of action for maintenance or repair; neighboring installations have to try to cover the gap.

There's a human problem, too—and it has been one of the biggest flaws in the system.

Radar has to be watched, and watchers grow weary and confused—weariness in monotonous areas like the Far North, where one blip on a radarscope is considered heavy traffic, confused in busy areas like the northeastern United States, where there's often too much happening for a single brain to figure it out.

I saw it work both ways.

At the Alaskan fighter-interceptor outpost where I observed the Russian reconnaissance-plane chase, I spent some time in the radome, standing behind a thin young officer hunched over a radarscope. He was watching the progress of a blip already identified as the plane of a low-flying bush pilot. The officer kept passing a hand over his eyes. "Watching these damn scopes gets your eyes after about 30 minutes," he told me. "You lose your acuity." He looked weary, and welcomed another officer's offer to spell him.

Science of Radar Control Operation

Now look in, as I did, on a typical aircraft control and warning radar station in the U.S. proper. It was a dimly lighted, busy place—an amphitheater of radarscopes, with the center of the stage occupied by a big, vertical, transparent Plexiglas map, or plotting board. Behind the board stood two airmen and a WAF wearing earphones. As information poured in on the various scopes in front—some set for 10 miles, others for as much as 150 miles—it was telephoned to the three plotters. They lettered the information on the board in reverse, so that it could be read from the other side by the scope watchers in the front of the theater.

The mood of the room was tense; the men at the radarscopes kept staring up at the big board, their foreheads wrinkled, their lips tight. ("This," said a stocky little scientist standing near me, "is man's new attitude—to look toward heaven, his eyes clouded with doubt and fear.") There was reason for the tension.

Suppose a blip appears in one position on a radarscope—and information then comes in from another station indicating another plane in the same area.

Are there actually two planes, or just one? The difference in the angle of vision of the two scanning stations, perhaps 50 miles apart, could give the misleading impression that there are two planes when actually there's only one, but the watcher has to be sure. And the only way to be sure is to do a fairly complicated calculation. Now multiply that situation by the 30 or more tracks on the big Plexiglas board, and imagine the possible confusion.

Scores of time-consuming, brain-wearying multiple calculations beset our large aircraft and warning radar stations every day. Mental exhaustion is a constant hazard. When it overtakes our watchers...

That is the moment when time—and the Soviet—could overtake us.

* * *

For more than three years, from late 1946 to mid-1950, almost nothing was done to improve our continental defenses. We lived in a kind of heedless complacency, convinced that a cut-rate defensive system would serve the purpose. Then came Korea—and the nation awoke to the chilling fact that it takes guns to stop aggression. Beyond our vulnerable border with Canada there were no guns, nor even warning devices to set off the alarm in case of attack.

Our military men, given a go-ahead at last, began to seek out a method of getting the most protection in the quickest time and at the smallest cost.

They came up with two alternatives.

First, we could strengthen and extend our bor-

Collier's for October 16, 1953



Known by the Company it Keeps



Seagram's VO

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Get it winterized *now* . . . and make *sure* it's done with Genuine Ford Products. Then with cold weather you'll find your car "sure-fire" on starts and as much fun to drive as ever.

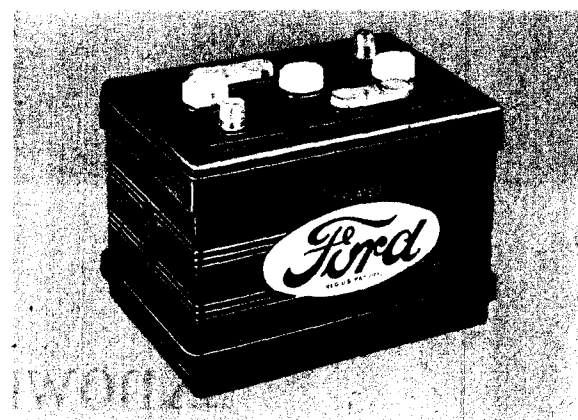
When you install Genuine Ford Products like Ford Batteries and Anti-Freeze, you can be sure you are getting the most dependable parts for your Ford . . . because all Genuine Ford Parts are fully tested, checked and rechecked by Ford Engineers *before* being approved for manufacture.

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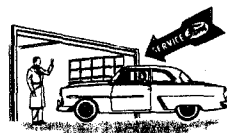


Ford Anti-Freeze protects your car and saves you money, too! Ford Permanent Anti-Freeze will last all winter in a properly operating cooling system. Ford Regular Anti-Freeze gives safe, dependable protection at low cost. And both contain a rust inhibitor.



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The "Welcome Mat" is out



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Radar far from home—that's the answer to Russia's Hell-bomb

der radar to provide continuous tracking of any attacking bombers as they approached the continental United States; our fighter-interceptors and anti-aircraft would then know the precise location and direction of enemy bombers, once the radar had picked them up. That would give a certain degree of protection, but not much warning in terms of time.

Or second, we could set up a new radar-alarm system, constructed far enough from United States borders (and targets) to give us the earliest possible notice that an attack was on the way. That wouldn't offer the same opportunity to pinpoint the location of an enemy bomber as he headed south—but it would mean a quick, timely warning, which might be the best protection in the long run.

Effectiveness of Radar Shown

Then the planners thought: Why not have both? Why not build gradually outward from our borders in advancing perimeters, and also establish a warning fence in the Far North, the two radar projects ultimately meeting in mid-Canada?

With strengthened border radar, we could increase the effectiveness of our home defenses. With the second step—known to military men as a Distant Early Warning, or DEW, Line—we could insure ourselves against another Pearl Harbor debacle.

We could get our strategic bombers—our counter-punchers—into the air and safely dispersed,

ready to launch an attack as quickly as possible. We could alert our civil-defense system, and give ourselves time to take cover and time to prepare for a fight—time to save the nation.

The amount of time? With one hour's warning, the Strategic Air Command could get no more than 10 per cent of its bombers off the ground and out of harm's way. Three hours would raise the figure to 50 per cent. But a six-hour advance notice would enable virtually all the SAC's planes to disperse and launch a retaliatory strike. What's more, given that much time our fighter planes could rally to attack the intruders; the existence of a Distant Early Warning Line could mean the destruction of as many as 90 per cent of attacking enemy bombers before they could reach their targets—compared with the 30 per cent figure cited in 1950 by General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, former Air Force Chief of Staff.

But before the six-hour DEW Line could be built, there were some problems to lick.

Obviously, no defensive system could operate at top efficiency where so much depended on human eyes and human brains working under severe stress.

Also, a radar net in the Far North would cause a major communications headache. The best radio equipment then available was useless in the arctic for about four months out of every year because of polar magnetic storms; there had to be some way to get word from the northern DEW Line to the control centers in the United States. Finally, costs had to be held to a minimum.

The task of making the DEW Line a practical project was assigned to the Air Research and Development Command, a three-ring circus of military, scientific and industrial brains, directed by Major General Donald L. Putt from an old office building in downtown Baltimore.

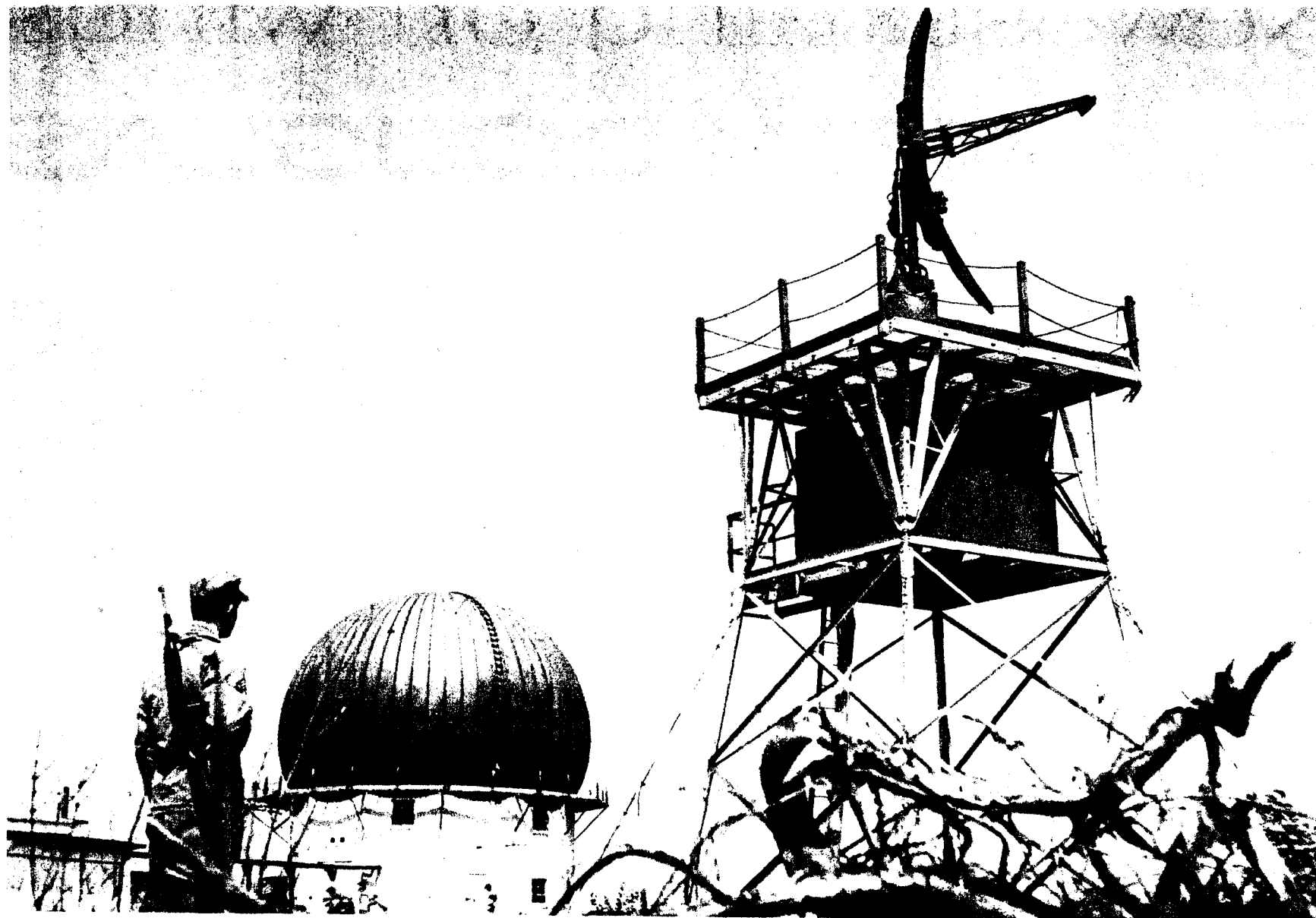
In 1950, ARDC let contracts for various parts of its research operation to the Rand Corporation, Associated Universities, Inc., Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and various other colleges, laboratories and scientific centers around the country. Their mission: "To perfect an automatic system for the collection, reporting and display of electronically digested intelligence (so it can) be channeled instantly to appropriate control and command centers where the early knowledge could be used for effective defense and counter-attack purposes."

"Automaticity" Latest Coined Word

The scientists coined a word for the solution to most of these problems. "Automaticity," a top scientist told me, "was the obvious answer. Man can still make the final decisions, but he's just not bright enough to compete with a machine, not quick enough to reduce the mathematical problems of modern war to actions which have to be taken at supersonic speeds. And even if man could do the job," he added, "he lacks the stamina to keep it up."

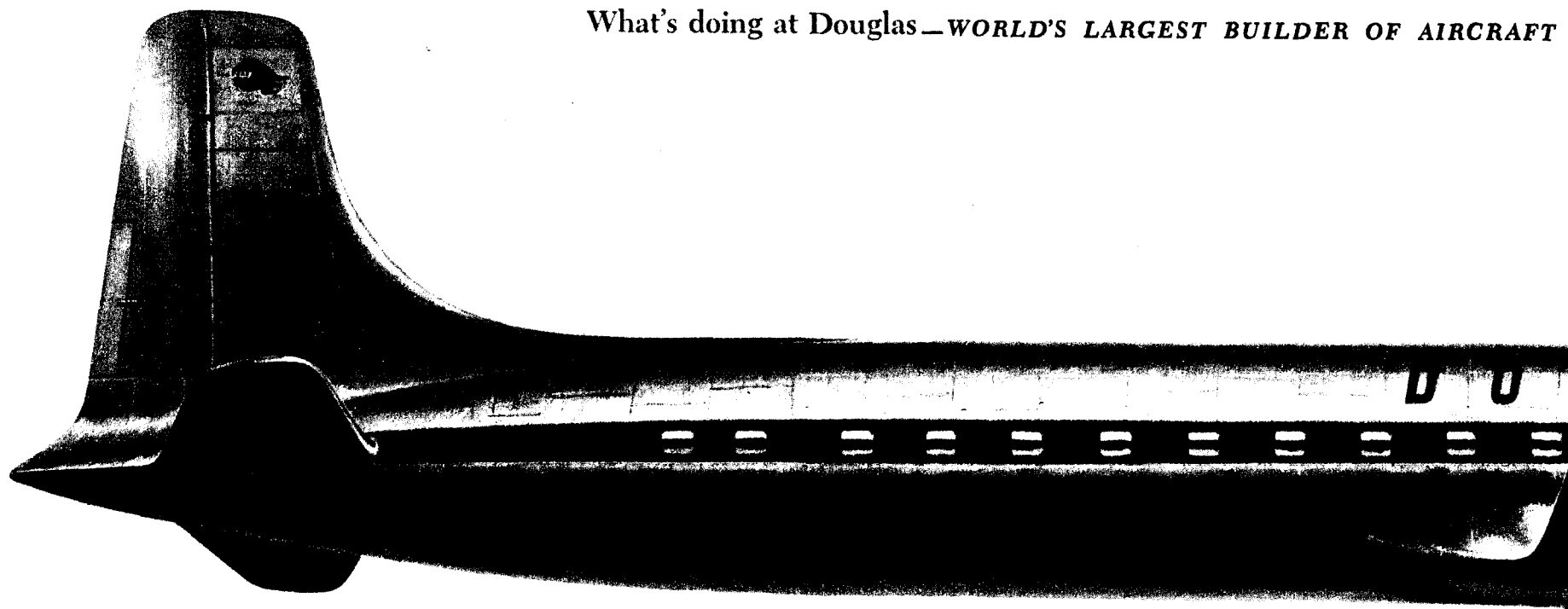
By last year, the scientists had come through with two revolutionary devices whose develop-

TED GOODMAN, USAF



One of our border radar stations. Search radar antenna is located under the dome at left, height-finder equipment on the tower at right
Collier's for October 16, 1953

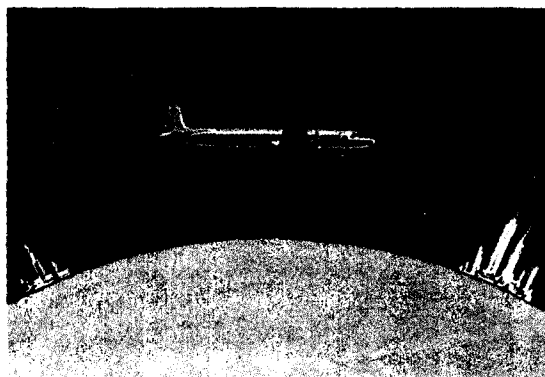
What's doing at Douglas — *WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER OF AIRCRAFT*



Newest thing on wings

THE NEW DOUGLAS

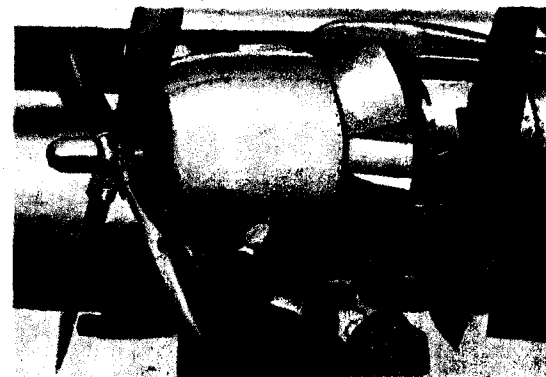
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



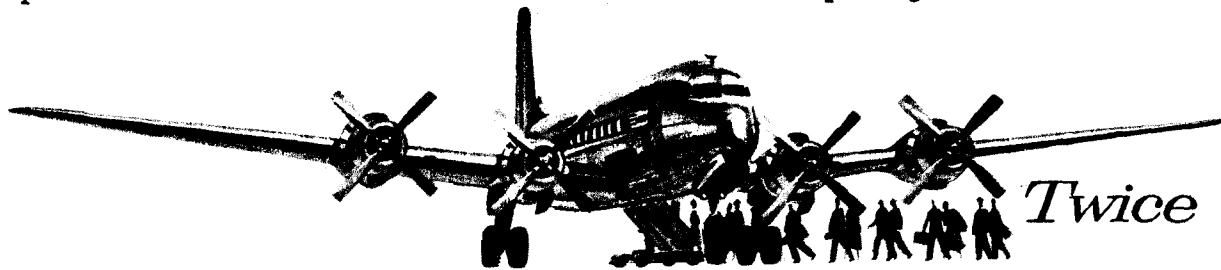
Coast-to-coast non-stop—7½ hours! The new DC-7 has a top speed of 410 m.p.h.; cruises at 365 m.p.h. No other U.S. airliner can go so fast—Los Angeles to New York in 7½ hours, New York to London in 10 hours. The huge, graceful DC-7 is 109 feet long and has a wing spread of 117½ feet.



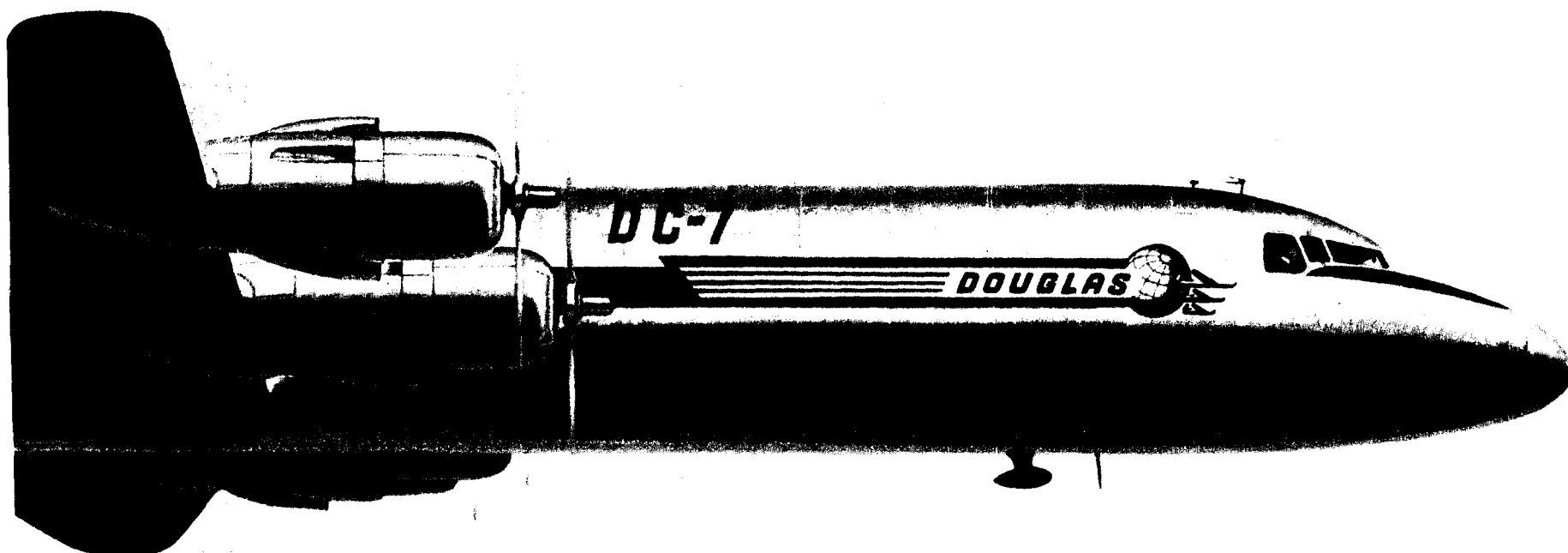
13,000 horsepower—hushed to a sleepy hum! Four giant Curtiss-Wright engines generate 13,000 horsepower. Jet turbines recover power that would be lost through the exhausts and send it to the propellers. Inside the plane, the big engines are effectively hushed by the most modern sound-proofing materials.



Uses new wonder metal, titanium! In the DC-7 titanium is used extensively in an airliner for the first time. Douglas pioneered the use of titanium in jet military planes. This lightweight, rustless metal has high strength at high temperatures—is ideal for engine nacelles and other uses.



Twice as many people fly



DC-7

*America's fastest and most luxurious
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An extra air conditioner works while the DC-7 is on the ground at airports, as well as in flight. At all times, the cabin temperature stays in the pleasant 70's, even though the outside air may range from 120° above zero to 60° below. The air is perfectly *humidified*, too. And it is circulated without drafts.



Expect a smooth flight when you go by DC-7! The size and power of this big airliner make it remarkably steady in flight. It is pressurized to fly high above the clouds, where the air is sunny and smooth. And its long range permits the DC-7 to detour *around* many weather disturbances!

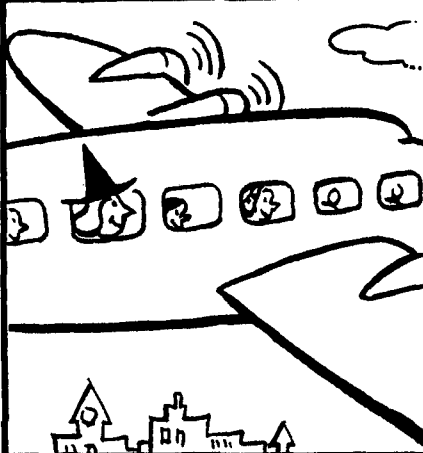


64 already ordered by four leading airlines—American, Delta-C & S, National and United. Many more orders are being negotiated. First scheduled flights will be made in the near future—watch your newspaper for the dates. Plan to make a trip *soon* in a DC-7. See how swift, luxurious and dependable it is!

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Looking for Something?



FOR HOME OR
BUSINESS NEEDS
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Today a foe could fly safely almost to our border

ment marked the technological "break-through" the military men had hoped for.

"First," an ARDC official in Baltimore told me, "we had to devise a completely new method of sure arctic communication by radio. Cable was no good, because of shifting ice and other terrain and weather considerations—to say nothing of possible sabotage. Second, we needed a warning device on the radar sets to relieve men in arctic stations of the brain-wearying job of staring endlessly at a blank scope."

Security still envelops both of the devices which solved these problems. But this much can be said:

The new radio transmitter sends messages well over 500 miles, and operates even more efficiently in the arctic than radio normally does in temperate zones. Instead of being knocked out of commission one third of every year by magnetic storms, it will get through 99 per cent of the time, year-round. It requires only 40 kilowatts of power, easily produced by Diesel generators. With the new transmitter, our combat commands within the United States will get radar intelligence from the arctic within three minutes after it's picked up by our outposts.

The new self-alerting radar is, in one respect at least, even more important. In essence, it's a radar set with a bell which rings whenever the scope picks up a signal (that sounds simple, but it took months of patient research to hook the visual radar to the audible bell). Now the radar will not have to be watched constantly. As a result, there will be far less strain on the men assigned to our radar outposts.

But the great significance of the new radar device is that it will bring about a truly astonishing saving in man power—10 men to a station, instead of the 300 once anticipated, an over-all reduction of perhaps 15,000 airmen and many millions of dollars.

Today, with the last theoretical hurdles cleared, Western Electric has started work, under a \$20,000,000 contract, on a test leg of our arctic DEW Line: a few ten-man radar stations extending eastward in a 180-mile arc from Barter Island, off the northern Alaskan coast. Eventually, the arc will push farther and farther along the 72d parallel until it reaches Greenland, 2,000 miles away.

A husky engineer who had just flown back from the area told me: "We had

to take up every nail, board and wire, every ounce of fuel and scrap of food, from Seattle and Portland, so we could get the building done during the short arctic summer." A huge supply convoy, including everything from Liberty Ships to LSTs, passed through Bering Strait in July—undoubtedly giving Russian radar operators a nasty few hours before it turned away from the Siberian coast and headed northeast toward Point Barrow.

In addition to the new manned radar stations, Western Electric is constructing several other stations which comprise a new wonder weapon in themselves: they are unmanned, and will do their reporting automatically.

These additional stations are needed because the manned stations are to be built about 100 miles apart, on an average—close enough so that their search beams overlap, but so far apart that enemy bombers could sneak through *under* the converging beams, or by ducking behind mountain ranges which are effective hiding places from radar. The unmanned radar sets will fill the gaps.

Duties of DEW Line

Precisely what will the DEW Line do?

It will simply alert officials in the United States to the presence of enemy planes. It won't be able to pinpoint their position, it won't be able to supply much information about them—but it will provide this much vital information: a warning that the planes are coming, and some indication of their number. As one Bell Telephone Laboratories engineer is said to have put it: "You'll know the planes are there—one, two, many . . . or jeppers creepers!"

When finished, the arctic DEW Line will consist of a string of manned stations, complete with arctic gap fillers and an all-season communications system to the interior of the United States.

"But," said another holder of the Order of the Heroes of the Soviet Union, "what if the arctic DEW Line is penetrated? At best, we can track an intruder 80 or 100 miles—the range of our radar—then we lose him in the wilderness. Washington and Ottawa will know only that someone has crossed the arctic headed south, probably with evil intent, else he'd have filed a flight plan and come in like anyone else instead of skulking through. Once he's

well past our northern radar stations no one will have any idea where he is or where he's going until he's breathing down our necks.

"And that's why we've suggested the construction of a second DEW Line, down around the 65th parallel, or about 500 miles south of the first one."

In Baltimore, a general also spoke to me about the radar fence the experts are already calling DEW Line II. "It would begin to give us something really good in early warning," he said earnestly. "We could plot the course of an intruder crossing *two* lines. That would prove definitely that he was dangerous—and, more important, it would give us his course, so we could prepare our combat defenses."

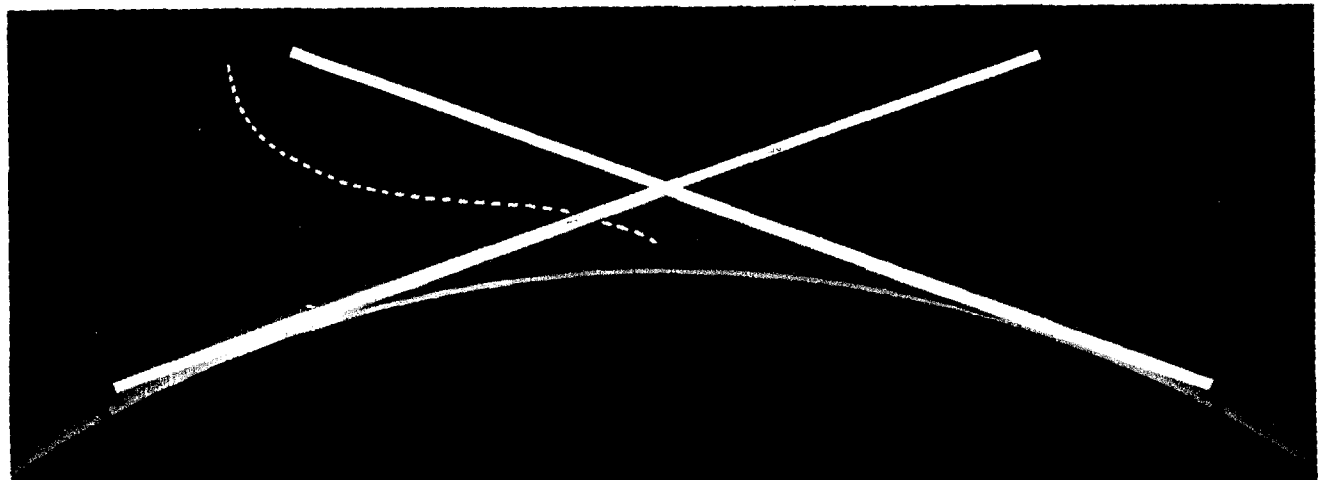
DEW Line II, lower down on the expanding face of the globe, would require more stations, running from Alaska across Hudson Bay to Labrador.

Besides the two DEW Lines, our early warning system undoubtedly will be extended over our exposed sea flanks, using radar-equipped Super Constellations—covering the Atlantic from Newfoundland to the Azores, the Pacific from Alaska to Hawaii. Without this flank protection, our whole air-defense system would be wide open to end runs, making the DEW Lines virtually useless.

Finally, U.S. military experts are hoping to improve radar defenses *within* the United States—around the borders and around large cities and vital defense installations. These so-called radar islands are already in existence, but they suffer from the usual radar shortcoming: there are potentially dangerous gaps under their beams and behind mountains and other terrain features. Now scientists, working closely with the Air Force, have suggested plugging these holes with small unmanned gap fillers, perhaps six or ten to every large radar.

But increasing the number of radar installations creates new problems. Remember the aircraft control and warning radar station in the United States, and the strained faces of the watchers trying to keep track of dozens of radar reports at once? What will happen to those men if the number of radar reports is greatly increased—if, instead of having to make sense of multiple reports from only one big radarscope, they're forced to keep track of eight or ten more besides?

Once more science came through



Curvature of earth causes holes in radar defense under overlapping beams, making it possible for attacking planes to slip past undetected. Solution is to put automatic radar gap-fillers between manned stations

One irreplaceable part holds the secret of better television

Even if you are an electronic engineer, you may find it difficult to name the irreplaceable part in a new 1954 Zenith television receiver.

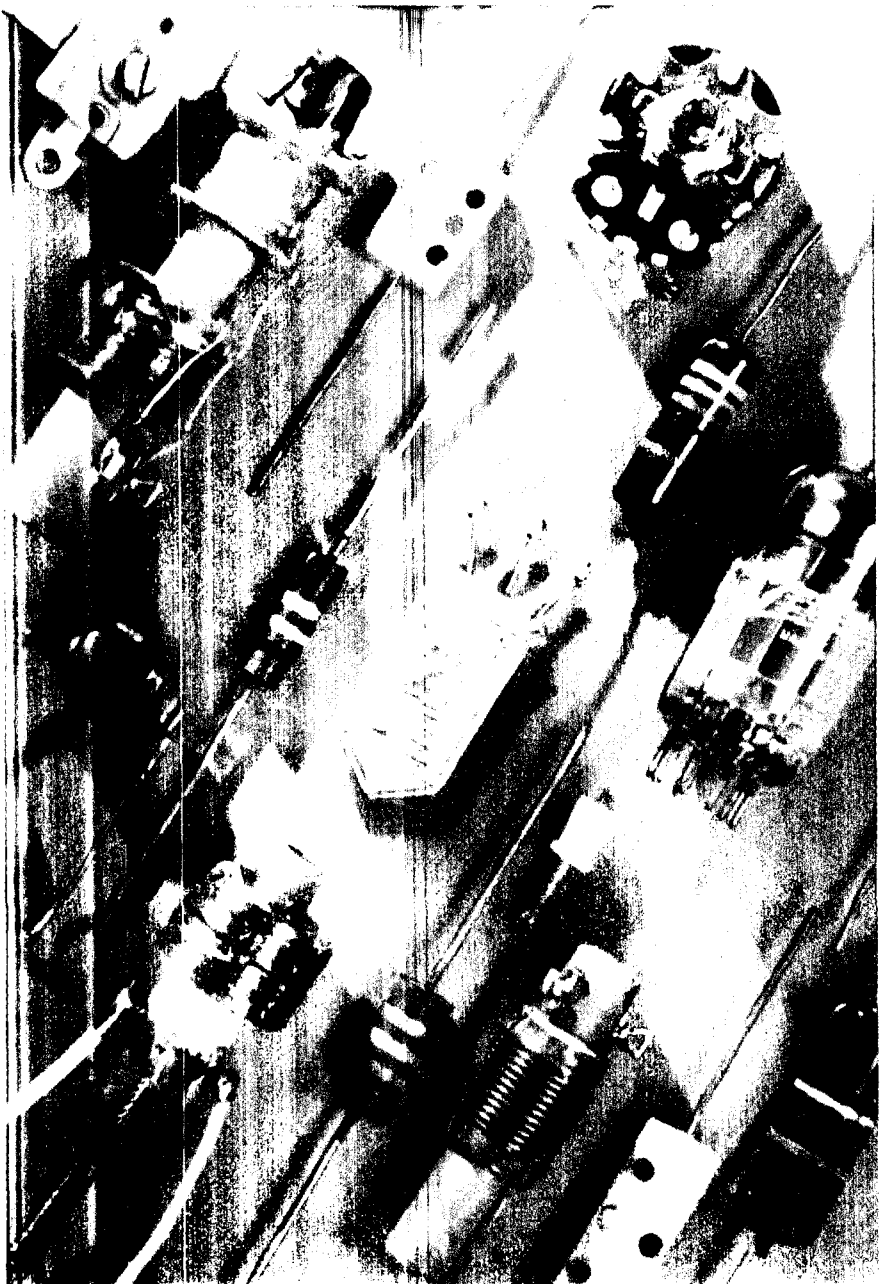
For it is not among the maze of coils and condensers pictured here. Nor is it one of the tiny, sensitive tubes through which pass the precise impulses that govern the beauty of the picture you see and the steady clarity of the tones you hear.

The irreplaceable part is the Zenith crest.

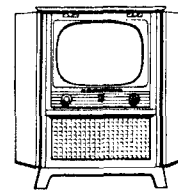
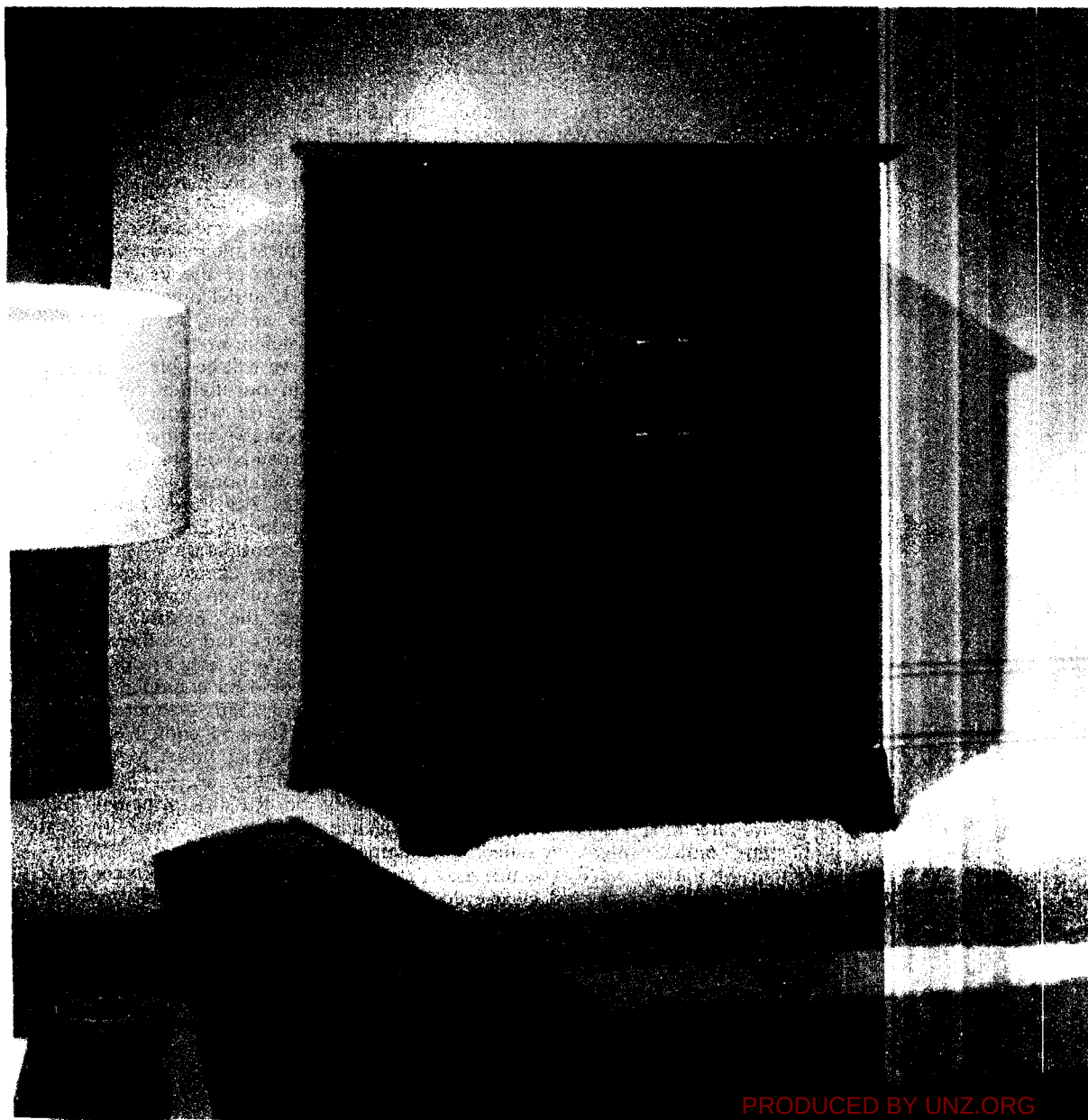
You'll find a Zenith crest like the one in the picture on every Zenith Television Receiver. It is the symbol of the Zenith ideal—to build *every* television receiver to *one standard* of quality—the highest attainable. Like 14 carat gold the Zenith crest always stands for the same kind of quality. It is the reason you can be sure of better television, whether the Zenith you choose costs \$179.95* or \$1250.*



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Your choice of TV's 2 best ways of tuning with Zenith's famous one-knob UHF-VHF Turret Tuner which can now be teamed with a revolutionary new Zenith Continuous All-Channel Tuner bringing you fast, faultless tuning of all 82 channels. (Continuous Tuner, optional and extra.)

Large, lighted channel numbers on Zenith's modern Spotlite Dial for exclusive Turret Tuner lets you see which channel you're tuned to at easy-chair range. Number changes automatically as you switch stations.

In addition Zenith's "Lazy Bones" Remote Control lets you change channels without leaving your chair. And Zenith "Private Phone" TV earphones give you personal TV volume control. (Both optional at slight extra cost.)

The Zenith Nocturne—\$479.95* Console Model L2267Y, a striking Modern in genuine Ebony veneers and solids. New 21-inch Zenith Cinébeam picture tube. *Manufacturer's suggested retail prices include Federal Excise Tax and Parts and Tube Warranty. Slightly higher in South and Far West.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Chicago 39, Illinois

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Can't our radar be attacked? Yes

with a brilliant solution: an adaptation of the high-speed electronic computer, the ultimate in automaticity.

Not only will the new computer evaluate any number of radar reports—it also will take into consideration every other possible pertinent fact: ground-observer reports, the weather, flight plans and so on. No longer will men and women have to scrawl radar tracks painstakingly (and backward) on transparent boards. No longer will the watchers knit their brows over the results.

Here's what will happen instead:

At any one of the Air Force's big combat centers, a team of officer specialists will sit in front of big individual radar consoles, each equipped with rows of buttons and switches so the watcher can call up precisely the information he wants. When a tracker thinks he has an actual intruder, he'll buck the radar picture along to the identification officer's screen, while the electronic computer busily figures out the mystery plane's speed, position, heading and the like. The identification officer will call on the computer for civilian and military flight plans, ground observer reports, everything he needs to make a prompt identification; it has a "memory" for such matters and will supply them on request.

If the blip on the identification officer's radar screen remains a mystery, he swiftly passes the picture to the boss, the sector commander (probably a brigadier general), who sits with the weapons assigner. They study the blip—then do the job that no machine, however efficient, can do: exercise intelligent judgment.

The weapons assigner transfers the still-unidentified picture quickly to the interceptor officer, who is in touch with a nearby air base. He then orders a scramble.

As the single jet takes off to investigate, the interceptor officer tells the pilot where he'll find the intruder, reading off information supplied by the computer (in the not too distant future, the computer will be able to pass its information directly to the pilot; he will read the course, altitude and position of the stranger from dials in his cockpit).

Antiaircraft Is Made Ready

Meanwhile, the weapons assigner has flipped a second switch, and the blip appears before still another man, the antiaircraft liaison officer, who sits ready to bring into play all the antiaircraft guns and rockets in the area if the interceptor attacks and misses, or is shot down.

From the time an enemy plane is first sighted on the radarscopes to the moment it's brought under fire, only a few minutes have elapsed—and in the bustling combat centers, the officers on whom the nation's very existence may depend are still fresh and clear-eyed, ready for anything.

In a very real sense, the new electronic computer is the key to the whole early-warning setup—the device that

ties everything else together and makes it work.

But one vital component is still missing. A warning of impending attack is all very well—but it doesn't provide protection. That is the job of the fighter aircraft, guided missiles and antiaircraft guns.

* * *

A Russian bomber which approached the United States through central Canada today, or via the East or West Coasts, would not only go undetected until it was almost at our borders—it would go unattacked as well. Even if the two DEW Lines were already in operation, there wouldn't be a fighter plane for miles around—until the enemy was virtually within striking distance of United States territory.

We have fighter-interceptor bases in



eastern Canada, mainly in Labrador, and in the west in Alaska. In between, there's a deep pocket, aimed straight at the heart of our nation. Why is it there?

Partly for the same reason we don't have a complete radar-warning system today—because of the years between World War II and Korea in which we did little or nothing to prepare our continental defenses.

Whether we will be able to meet the deficiency in our fighter defense depends largely on whether the planes are made available in time—and that, in turn, depends on budgetary and policy considerations.

Meanwhile, Air Force officials are making additional plans. One suggestion under consideration is that we develop heavy patrol fighters—or modify some of our new B-57s, patterned after the British Canberra fighter bomber—and set them patrolling in overlapping arcs across the border. They would have enough range to fly deep into Canada—about as far as DEW Line II—and enough speed to make them a real threat to the relatively slow-flying TU-4, which will probably be Russia's principal long-distance bomber for some time to come.

These multiengine jet fighters could harass enemy bombers all the way south, calling for help en route from short-range interceptors.

The experts are also counting on another development to help turn back

Collier's for October 16, 1953

ut that's all the alarm we'll need

enemy squadrons: air-to-air rockets, launched by radar-electronic fire-control systems which would provide a pattern almost impossible to evade. They may eventually be armed with atomic warheads, and they certainly will have proximity fuses which will cause them to explode at precisely the right moment. Security won't permit any further description of these missiles, but their possibilities are obvious.

Something must be done, and our officials are well aware of it. Warning is no good without protection. Their aim is to have the protection ready—in some form—by the time our DEW Lines go into operation.

* * *

What will it all cost? Manned radar, gap fillers, long-distance radios, self-reading radarscopes, complicated electronic gadgets . . . won't they be tremendously expensive?

Here are the figures, as nearly accurate as they can be right now—the first realistic estimates ever published of the expected hardware price of our planned radar-warning system (not including maintenance or operating costs):

For DEW Line I: \$45,000,000.

For the longer DEW Line II: \$75,000,000.

For extending our sea-approach warning line: \$450,000,000.

For strengthening our border radar: \$15,000,000.

For several hundred gap fillers: \$60,000,000.

For 30 electronic computers: \$180,000,000; for phone lines, office equipment, buildings, etc.: \$500,000,000.

The total: \$1,325,000,000.

In addition, some \$518,000,000 already has been spent on the present radar-warning system. It must be emphasized that the grand total of \$1,843,000,000 in money spent or to be spent buys the U.S. vitally needed warning and combat tracking ability, but no defensive weapons to do the fighting.

The one and one-third billion dollars

still to be spent is a lot of money. But it's not 150 billion dollars, the figure that some people have reckoned as the cost of radar warning. And it's insignificant when matched against the total defense budget for 1953-'54 of \$34,372,000,000.

Most important, the money, in the estimate of our top scientists and military planners, might pay for the survival of the nation at a moment when nothing else is available. Although these vitally needed funds are not yet in the budget, we can't afford not to spend the money.

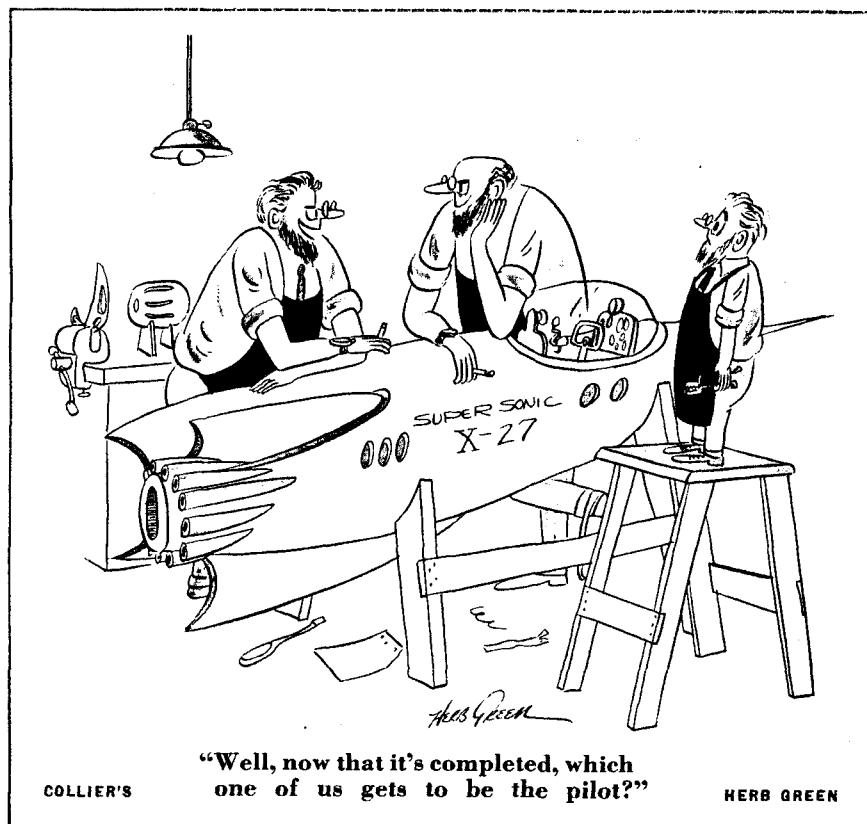
Won't the whole early warning system be vulnerable to enemy attack? That's one of the points raised by critics of the plan, both within and outside the Air Force. One man told me, "The Soviet would probably try a three-phase attack: First, bomb out our radar intelligence; second, shatter our strategic bombing bases, both at home and abroad; third, use the H-bomb or atomic bombs on a dozen major cities, atomic plants and industries, then proceed to demolish what's left in leisurely and economical fashion."

"Where would the DEW Lines be then . . . ?"

One of the greatest brains in arctic radio communications, to whom I reported this criticism, replied sharply: "The day the Russians attack DEW, either by air or ground, that in itself will be actual war. The price for this advance warning is small compared with what that warning can save us."

"These DEW stations are not fortresses! You could call them electronic versions of the old cavalry vedettes, the advance guards whose one job was to warn the main body. Sure, they might be lost in the early skirmishes—which is another good reason for keeping the number of men in each station to an operational minimum. Every one of those men deserves the highest—" he stopped and angrily flipped away his cigarette. "Well, what more do you expect to buy in a world like this? We'll warn you—but we can't guarantee you security, too!"

▲▲▲



Collier's for October 16, 1953



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HONG KONG

Decision

She had fought her way almost to freedom, but her last avenue of escape had closed. Now the finest man she had ever known was offering her a way out—if she'd take it

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

THE two stories began a long way and a long time apart, and I was there at both beginnings—at the end, too, although there never was any real reason for my presence. So far as I was concerned, one story began on a headquarters island in the Pacific, a big and fancy headquarters established in the last days of the second World War.

George Barstow and I came back together from one of the lesser landings; and when we got to press headquarters on the island, things had changed. The island was crawling with enough brass to start a foundry; and the brass had brought along their own press, a great spate of correspondents, resplendent in new uniforms and weighted down with wonderful insignia.

These were the fat cats—representing everything from fashion magazines to the dog fanciers' journal—and the Thinkers, with a capital T. These were the big-picture boys who could tell the admirals all about ships and give generals the very latest word on invasion tactics.

And the fattest cat, with the greatest amount of inside dope, was Harry Thorne. It was Harry who sat in the front row at press conferences and asked authoritative questions. Although he'd never been on one, somehow it was Harry who told an admiral the most about making press arrangements for the next combat landing. A small man, somewhat pudgy and equipped with freewheeling opinion about everything—that was Harry; and a great American radio network thought he was wonderful.

Well, it was none of my business. That first night back on the island, George Barstow and I looked in on a poker game in the correspondents' quarters; and Harry was there too, winning steadily and tossing twenty-dollar bills over his shoulder into an untidy heap in a corner of the room. We watched the game a while before George signaled to me.

As we went down the hall, I heard Harry's voice, above the others. "I quit," he said, "you guys are no competition. Let's sing a song. Let's sing about Morgan Junior High School. It's a great town, Morgan, and I can always go back there and

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER



The guards emptied the suitcases and ripped out the linings. One of them said something; the girl calmly began to take off her dress

teach school in Morgan Junior High. Come on: rah, rah, rah for Morgan Junior High—"

In his room, Barstow found a bottle under the cot. "I think," he said, "you and I better have a drink."

I said, "To Morgan Junior High?" "To the quiet war," he said, "before we ever heard of Morgan Junior High, before we got outranked by the world thinkers from Morgan Junior High."

That was in 1945, on an island in the Pacific; and one story began there. It began with Harry Thorne singing, and George Barstow sitting in his room sipping a drink and scowling a little as he read a very short letter from his wife. There is much more to it than the beginning, but you first should know a little about the other story.

THE other beginning is much more recent, only last year; and I saw it up on the border in the Trust Territories beyond Kowloon. I went up from Victoria because one of my Chinese contact men said it might be worth while. He said, "The British shipped out some European refugees a couple of days ago, so they'll be letting a few more come into Hong Kong. I hear they'll come down from Shanghai on today's train."

So I went up, just to see whether one of the people coming out of Red China might have a story worth cabling to my paper. You never know. The border is in a valley, with a great barbed-wire fence paralleling a little river; and the main gate through it is where the railroad tracks bridge the river and all trains stop. The interpreter and I said good morning to a British police lieutenant in charge of the border station and then went up a little hill to one side, from which we could look across the river into China. I'd brought field glasses and focused them on the other side. The Red Chinese guards over there spotted me and scowled toward the glasses, but they weren't quite angry enough about my spying to start shooting.

When the Shanghai train came in—a dirty train, days on the way—a great flood of Chinese poured off it, falling over one another in their eagerness to get out of that country, trampling and screeching in their desperate hurry. There are no first- or second-class cars on the Chinese trains now, so the European refugees were hard to find. But finally I spotted them, sticking close together and trying, it seemed, to be as inconspicuous as possible.

There were perhaps twenty, mostly old people, a few children. Of course, the Chinese border guards made them wait. Orientals poured across the bridge and against the dam of British customs, through which Canton men could pass but Shanghai men could not. But the Europeans waited. The Chinese were missing no last opportunity to show power over these stragglers from a once-dominant race, even though they were at last letting them go away.

After a long time the guards did get around to the Europeans, but most of them provided poor sport. The old people were too tired, too beaten down from five or six years of Communism, to do anything about last-minute insults now; and the children had cried too often to do any more crying. So the guards tired; and the refugees started across the bridge.

All but one. I had not noticed her until the others left; but now she stood alone, a slender girl, with two guards muttering over her papers, and another, apparently with some authority, stroll-

ing toward her. She was standing on the bridge approach, in full view from the British side, her two small valises beside her.

The guard walked up and slapped her across the face.

There could have been no special reason, and there was nothing anyone could do. The British lieutenant stared across the river, his jaw working. Then he went on with his duties.

Across the bridge, two of the guards emptied the girl's suitcases in a pile and poked through the clothing with bayonets. Then they knelt and methodically tore out all the suitcase linings. The other one said something, and the girl hesitated. Then, very calmly, she began to take off her dress.

I lowered the glasses. I said, "Now, why the hell—?"

My interpreter bit his lips, and his voice was low. "I am ashamed," he said, "for all Chinese. But perhaps it

you doing over there?" Then I looked again at her still face. I said, "Never mind. I am sorry."

Anita Jurgen walked on past me to the British train that was waiting to take the refugees the last few miles to Kowloon. That was the beginning of the second story. It was just last year—but much of the first story had happened before it even started.

AFTER 1945, I saw Harry Thorne only occasionally. Once was in Tokyo. I met him as he was coming out of the Imperial Hotel. I looked my surprise and said, "What're you doing in there, Harry? I thought that was only for general officers."

"Technically," Harry said, "but just technically, old boy." He was having trouble remembering me.

I said, "You still with International Broadcasting, Harry?"

He considered a toothpick. "No," he

Morgan Junior High, Harry did a curious thing: without warning, he heaved his drink, glass and all, against the side of the press hut.

For a moment the silly business startled everybody, but then the poker game went on. That was the year, if you remember, when science was too much for the world, the world's doom was imminent, and we who thought we knew it best were justified in smashing glasses, in feeling very sorry for ourselves and the human race.

I asked one of the Far East regulars what Harry was doing—was it still KPOQ?

"No," the regular said. "That is, I don't think so. Somebody said he had a temporary deal just for this show, but I don't remember the name of the paper or station."

Don't misunderstand me. This is a rough league, this foreign correspondence business, and you can do a bad job or have bad luck and come out the same way. But when I crossed Harry's trail again at Shanghai, just before the Reds took it, somebody said he was now working only for a string of newspapers on space rates. He got paid if the papers used some of the things he wrote, otherwise not.

AFTER that I don't know what happened—except that, in Hong Kong a few months ago, George Barstow stopped at my office. Nine years haven't done much for me except to make me that much older. My Hong Kong job is about comparable to what I had in 1945—better, if at all, only because I've been in Hong Kong long enough to establish a lot of contacts on the surface, and a few, more valuable, who would prefer nobody noticed them ever. But Barstow's done much better. No gray shows in his shock of black hair, and he's not bitter about the wife who wrote him short letters during the war and divorced him as soon afterward as she could find a better offer. He's usually the biggest man in any room and handsome too, I suppose, although I'm not an authority. More important, he's come a long way since we made all the combat beaches, and the headquarters experts got all the by-lines. He's a star now, assigned to the whole Far East and calling his own shots. His name is familiar all over the States.

But in my office, George was the same as always, easy and friendly. "I had a kind of shock Tuesday," he said. "You remember Harry Thorne, the twenty-dollar flash? He came to see me, peddling a tip."

I looked curious.

"Somewhere," George said, "Harry found out that the Herald-Trib has a series coming up about a new Chinese general, one of those Third-Force characters, not for Chiang, not for the Commies. If I liked, Harry could find the guy, and even get a copy of the questions the Trib man asked him—for a price, naturally."

I said, "And you bought?"

For a second, George bristled. "When I have to steal somebody's story that way—" Then he laughed and said, "No, I didn't buy it. But I sent Harry on a little job up in Macao. If he's as hard up as that, I figured—"

He didn't need to finish. There's a point men reach in these parts, when they cling but no longer belong—some newspapermen, some others.

To George Barstow, I said, "I knew Harry was down, but I didn't know it was that bad."

George scratched his neck thought-



is because you look through the glasses, and they want to get even—"

I said, "Oh! I never thought of that." I shoved the binoculars in their case and made an ostentatious business of going down the hill and away. Perhaps that might help. When I glanced across the river once more, the girl was putting on her dress again. Then she knelt and gathered up the clothing the guards had scattered. She carried her two cases toward us, walking with no hurry in her stride and no expression at all on her face.

IWAITED beside the immigration desk; and when she had cleared it—with a temporary international travel permit—I stepped forward. For a moment, she thought I was one more official. "My name," she said, "is Anita Jurgen." She held the permit for me to see. Her voice had a curious sound, as if she hadn't used either the name or the English language in a long time.

I said, "I just wanted to apologize. I may have caused that last business."

Her dark eyes were very deep, and I could not guess at the races represented in her blood.

"It's nothing," she said in her low voice. "It was no worse than many things they do."

I said, "Who are you, and what were

said, "not for some time, old boy. You can get lost in those big networks, you know. They're too big."

I do hate leaving messy little conversational strings untied, so I said, "Who are you working for?"

Harry said, "Well, I gave it some thought. You know, just routine reporting has no real future"—it was obvious what sort of reporting he thought I did—"so I finally selected KPOQ. Really a very interesting station, and they do appreciate a little extra something—you know, old boy."

I didn't, but my curiosity was flagging; so I never got around to asking where station KPOQ was. I don't know yet. But Harry did look prosperous, and he was living at the Imperial when the rest of us weren't.

I saw Harry again when the first bomb went off at Bikini; or rather, I saw him at Kwajalein when we routine correspondents finally were allowed ashore. Harry was with a select Air Force group—correspondents whose time was too valuable to waste on surface transportation. But he looked a little less prosperous than he had in Tokyo. And when there was a poker game, he neither won nor tossed twenty-dollar bills around; he didn't play. When somebody asked him, once, to start the old song about

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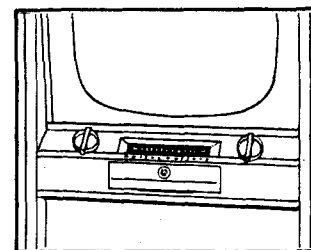
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fully. "One thing always puzzles me," he said. "Why don't these guys go home? You remember how Harry used to yap about that junior high school where he could always get a job teaching? Maybe that was a gag, but he could get some job."

I said I thought a job wasn't the important thing. I said, "Remember yourself, George, leaving home for the big bad world. Didn't you figure you'd go back someday, driving a sport car and sporting a fancy overcoat—something like that? Home's composed of all the old schoolteachers who thought you'd amount to something and the one who was sure you never would. If you go back you have to take something along to show them, and the kids you grew up with, and your old man. If you go without the high-priced car or the sapphire stickpin, you admit for the first time, really, that you aren't quite the horse you planned to be. That's reality and tough to face. No brass band to meet you? That's worse than finding out about Santa Claus."

George got out of my visitor's chair. "You should be writing poor-man's philosophy instead of souped-up news," he said. "See you at the club tonight."

NO MEETING in Victoria can be classed as pure coincidence. There are only half a dozen business blocks for Occidentals, a small town of pale-skinned people in the midst of millions of Orientals; and all the pale-skinned bump into one another, sooner or later.

I met Anita Jurgen just as I left my office that same afternoon. She was walking past, and I said her name without thinking. She studied my face. I said, "Last year, at the border—" and her face cleared. The smile was nice.

"Yes," she said, "you're the man from whom I have almost no secrets."

I told her my name, Fred Wilson, and said again how sorry I had been. I said, "It's a poor apology, but I'll buy you a drink at the press club."

She accepted without hesitation. We had a few drinks and dinner. She told me about a little job she had, barely enough to keep her, and her efforts to get a passport out of Hong Kong. "There is no hope," she said. "None at all. I had grandmothers and grandfathers of too many races—Czech, Norwegian, Oriental—and so no country wants me. It's a common thing. This"—she indicated the ornate club with its windows looking out over the bay—"is far better than many have, but it's still a prison for me."

Perhaps this reads like complaint, but it was not. These were statements of fact, and the beautiful woman across the table was not asking even for sympathy. I said, "Perhaps you'd better find a man, somebody who has a good legal passport."

I was a little surprised when she failed to smile. "I've thought about that," she said, "but in a British colony, where every young man expects someday to go back to a small village in Yorkshire? No, it is unlikely. The others—like you—are already married."

I said, "Anita, what happens if you just stay here?"

The girl shrugged her shoulder. "The travel permit is only temporary."

"Then they might send you back?"

"Some of my friends," she said, "had to go back to Prague, others even to Harbin." Suddenly, her mood changed, and she smiled down at the *escargots*, those succulent garlic snails Pépé featured at the club. "These are wonderful," she said, "but one should have a clothespin for the nose. They smell.

Have you ever ridden in a train loaded with Koreans eating *kimchee*?"

I had, and I lost further interest in the snails. We were thinking about dessert when George Barstow and Harry Thorne—the latter just back from Macao, I suppose—walked in. I signaled, and they both came over.

We've all heard about strange things happening at first meetings, but all the stories I ever heard were about youngsters. George Barstow was no youngster; and certainly he'd met enough women of all kinds, in years of kicking around the Orient. Nevertheless, I watched something happen there in the press club dining room, something half pleasant, half unpleasant for me. Suddenly there was no point in my staying around any longer. Anita included Harry and me in her smiles, but George didn't know we were there. When, later, I said something about having work to do, if George would take Anita home, he just said, "Naturally."

I gave Harry a lift down the peak in a taxi driven by the inevitable madman, and let him out near the Star ferry. The only thing of importance he said was, "Funny, the way these refugees can spot the man with dough. You see how she got her hooks into him, and no time wasted?" I didn't answer him.

The one real luxury of my job is an apartment rented by my newspaper. I went to it with the idea of writing a few letters, but I didn't get them written. I had missed the man watching the apartment for my return, but there must have been one, because there was a discreet knock almost as soon as I turned on the lights.

Right behind the knock was Chan Lum. Chan is a fat man who moves with odd grace, silently, quickly when he wishes to be quick, always with two husky men at his heels. This time he brought a third man, an interpreter. It was unpardonable, the interpreter said, to come uninvited in the night, and Chan Lum begged my forgiveness humbly; but there were momentary unpleasantnesses, and perhaps I understood that one could not always go in the light, as one wished.

I understood about the unpleasantnesses, and I could skip the improbability of Chan Lum's being humble. The fact was, the Colony police would have been delighted to know where Chan Lum was, especially now, with smuggling regulations being strictly enforced. When I put my hand on the bell to ring for tea, I delayed until Chan flicked his eyes in assent. One of his men padded out to the kitchen just to be sure the cook-amah wasn't doing any telephoning.

IOWED Chan a little, not enough to be dangerous but enough to justify this visit, in the strict code of such matters. There had been information about a police officer's murder and a more important tidbit, out of Canton, which made a beautiful think-piece, dreamed up by Wilson out of his great mind. Or so the office thought. So Chan could come to see me, and I wasn't worried. Chan plays both sides of the border: a little gasoline and some medical supplies, or a few tons of rubber going to China, some gold and like trinkets coming out. Both police forces would like to get their hands on him; and if he has any preference for either, he never lets it show.

We discussed the weather at length, through the interpreter, and the health of his parents and mine. We went through the forms. When the evening's business finally was broached, it was

Collier's for October 16, 1953

fairly simple. The interpreter said, "As you know, the situation has worsened. The embargo becomes more strict."

I knew.

"There are times when a man such as Chan Lum needs assistance, when he cannot appear himself to make certain purchase which might be suspect."

I hoped he wasn't thinking of me to do the buying.

"Chan Lum cannot always be certain of Westerners, which ones will keep their word, which are dangerous. He can tell, among his own people, but Westerners—"

I agreed that foreign devils were strange beings.

"There is one man," the interpreter said, "about whom Chan Lum wishes to inquire, as a possible employee. In you he has great faith and will be guided. It is an American newspaperman. The name is Harry Thorne."

THE fat man was exact about favors. What he had done for me would not justify his asking me to front for him, but he felt he could rightfully demand information—accurate information, like his own. If I hesitated at all, it was not for long. News is my business; morals are not. I said, "Mr. Thorne needs money. I think he will do as he says."

So much I owed the fat man: accurate information. There have been others in Hong Kong who forgot which side they were on, and I suppose there will be more. If Harry wanted to work for Chan Lum and didn't mind the sight of himself in a mirror, that was his own business.

I tried to sleep that night but never made it. One remote possibility kept me awake. So I sent for Harry Thorne the next day.

He had not changed much over the years. In my apartment he had to put on an act. "Nice setup you have here, old boy," he said. Then, almost immediately: "The East is getting so full of Johnny-come-latelys that we people who really know the country are in a minority."

It's always the same, in one outpost and another, with one expatriate and the next. Always they're on the beach

through no fault of their own: too many new people have come in, and nobody appreciates—

I let Harry have it straight. I said, "Chan Lum came to see me."

Harry's hand shook when he set down his drink, and he had trouble finding a cigarette.

I said, "Generally, it's none of my business what other people do; but there's the one slim chance you don't know who Chan Lum is or what he does. Among other things, he ships stuff which ends up in Indochina—the wrong end of Indochina. He wants somebody to buy it for him here."

"Just what business of yours—?" Harry said, but I stopped him.

I said, "If a man decides to forget which side he was born on, that's his business. But if he doesn't know what he's getting into, that's something else. Why don't you go home, Harry, back to Morgan, wherever that is?"

Harry picked up his drink again. His neck was red but his voice, oddly enough, was controlled. "I think I'll tell you," he said. "When Harry Thorne left Morgan, he was the favorite son, the town boy who would make his mark. You get the picture? Well, when Harry Thorne goes back, that mark's going to be made. No, put it the other way. Harry can't go back, unless . . ." He paused and stood up. "Just for the record, Wilson," he said, "I always did think you were a pious creep. Thanks for nothing today. You're still a self-righteous son of—"

The door closed behind him very quietly. Well, I had known better than to try. After a week or so I didn't think about Harry Thorne or even wonder when he'd start work, or, for that matter, care how long he might last.

ANITA JURGEN was always good company. Sometimes I called her for a dinner or a late-afternoon swim; now and then she called me—when, in a burst of homecraft, she had baked pastries of the sort her grandmother had made in Prague, or on a rare evening when George Barstow hadn't called her first. She liked my apartment, liked just to sit in a corner reading or, ignoring the protests of the



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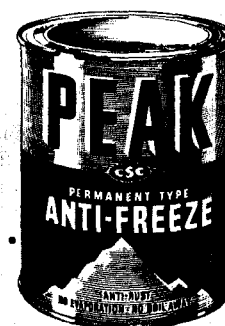
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COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

Collier's for October 16, 1953

amah, sewing a few buttons on my shirts. We didn't talk much. I'm a lonely man, away from my family for a long time, and this was a beautiful woman; but I didn't get any ideas about her.

Somehow I knew it had to be that way. And one evening, after a long silence, Anita confirmed it. She got up and came to stand a moment behind the chair where I was working; but when I turned my head, she touched my shoulder. She said, "No, don't do anything. I was just thinking, Fred. Someday when you write to your wife, explain about me. Tell her—tell her you are my friend, and I have not had many, so I cling to you. Also, I think you need me a little, and I like that. I think I would like your wife to know."

She kissed me on the top of the head and whirled around and was gone, all in one movement. When I touched the spot she had kissed, there was no doubt. It was quite bald.

ANOTHER evening she came to the apartment when a publisher was there, a man from Norman or Waterloo—I forget now just which. He was charmed and, later, quite shocked; but the shock was his own fault. He had told us about being entertained in Japan and showed his surprise that the Japanese, too, move on two feet like other men. He talked about the refugees coming across the Hong Kong border as if he had seen a great show put on for his special benefit, and about the black-market pesos he'd been smart enough to buy in Manila. In short, he was a typical tourist. Then, with a few more drinks, he reached the inevitable discussion of passports: how customs men had examined his with a reading glass at one port, the queer marks others had put on it. He even hauled the passport out of his pocket to show us. He said, "I'll write my senator when I get home. Maybe I can keep this, as a souvenir. My kids will be interested."

Anita's voice spit words as I had never heard her do before. "Take it home," she said. "It's nothing. It has a dirty green cover. Let your babies spill jam on it. You great ass!"

I said, "Nita!"

A glass with part of a drink in it overturned as she whipped away from the table. But at the door she stopped and turned around, biting her lips. Her eyes were luminous, very near tears. "You must forgive me," she told the publisher. "I am overwrought. I beg you—"

The publisher muttered about everything being all right: he understood that when people were drinking, they said things—

"It is only," she said, "that it is very difficult to listen to someone talking carelessly about a thing so precious, so impossibly precious when you do not have it. It is no secret. I would do anything for a passport, anything. I would lie, or kill, I think. I would steal a man from his wife, if I could." She looked at me, and it was hard for me to look back at her. "I'll go home now," she said. "Please forgive me."

For a long time after that she did not come to the apartment. Barstow was back in town from a swing around most of the East, and I saw neither of them for weeks. Then it was the night of a party given at the club, by a publicist. I found some friends already at the club, but I didn't notice Barstow until the middle of the evening. I think he may have been the one newspaper-

man who had wandered in by accident rather than for the free food. He was at the bar when I saw him, and was making a business of getting quietly drunk. When I spoke, he looked at me, his eyes glassy, and said something which made little sense at the time. "Freddie," he said, "you oughtn't ever to have left Kansas. You should have stayed in Kansas and not resigned from the human race. You could have lived in a real house, with a real family, and not spent your whole damn' life running around like this."

George was using my name, but it was clear that he wasn't talking about me. Not that it mattered, for long. I wandered away; and when I looked

She ignored the other people at the bar and even Harry Thorne, who presently sat down at my other side. "Got him to bed," Thorne said.

I didn't comment. To Anita, I said, "Barstow?"

She nodded but said nothing. Then she shrugged her shoulder and I would not have known she was miserable except for her eyes. "He asked me to marry him, Fred," she said. "Could I have another drink right away, please?"

I ordered that one for her, and a third. I said, "Want to talk about it?"

She rubbed the back of her hand against her eyes. She said, "He had one wife who didn't love him?"

I said, "Yes. Quite a while ago."

disbelief, curiosity, perhaps even contempt, although I could not be sure. Very clearly, Harry Thorne said to Anita, "You're the biggest fool I ever saw. You'll never get another chance like—"

I said, "Look here, Thorne, nobody asked you, so keep your opinions to yourself." To Anita I said, "I'll get your coat."

But Anita was not looking at me. Instead, she gazed steadily at Harry Thorne, and again I could not read their expressions—not her steady gaze, nor the curious shifting in the muscles of Harry's face. Almost as if he were speaking involuntarily, he said, "Going down the peak myself. I'll take you down."

I said, "Thorne, I warned you. In just one minute—"

But Anita's hand was on my arm. "No," she said, "please, no, Fred. I'll go with Harry." Quite slowly, she turned away from the bar with him, and did not look back. As they crossed the room I thought her shoulders sagged, like those of a person who has no more fight left, no will to fight. I noticed that, and one other strange thing. When I faced the bar, there still was a full drink in front of the stool where Harry had been sitting: a drink and, on the bar itself, a crumpled and forgotten stack of half a dozen Hong Kong dollar bills. To leave such things was not at all like Harry Thorne.

There is little more to these stories, except the very end. That came yesterday—it is perhaps a month since that press club party—when I had a telephone call from Harry Thorne. "Calling," he said, "because Anita wants me to. Said you were her friend, so you should know. We're catching a ship for the States tomorrow."

THAT'S all there is, really. Anita Jurgen married Harry Thorne yesterday; today I waved to them as the ship pulled away. There were a few details: the cable Harry showed me, confirming a job teaching school in Morgan Junior High; the little smile when Anita told me, alone, where they got money for their passage. "In a way," she said, "you're responsible. I had only a few little jewels, from my grandmother; and that day at the border—well, if you had not gone away from the hill, the man might have made me undress further, and—" Suddenly, she was no longer smiling, perhaps because she could read the expression on my face. "Fred," she said, "he needs me. I will be a good wife here, or in Morgan, or anywhere; and I will help. Always, I will help."

So a few minutes later, I kissed her and waved to them both as the backing ship hooted at junks under its stern and churned muddy water up from the bottom of the bay.

I suppose I'll never be entirely sure whether Anita changed her mind about marrying for love. Perhaps love is what she really meant, there on the dock when she spoke about need. Or perhaps need is more important, to a woman.

But I do know why Harry Thorne never went to work for Chan Lum, but did go home. That evening at the press club, Anita let him see and hear just how much it was possible to pay for a principle. She let him see, and then she turned to look at him. With her eyes on him, it was not possible for Harry Thorne to pay less. There was no other choice for him and never will be again.

—WILLIAM L. WORDEN



"Daddy, it's such a lovely day—
let's go downtown and buy things"

back presently, the tiger had caught up with George. His head was pillowed on the bar, and the bartender was helping Harry Thorne to get him on his feet. Presently they made it, and Harry—I supposed he still was grateful for that Macao job—shoved him into a taxi. Beside me, somebody said, "I've known George a long time, but I never saw him pass out before. Must have something really tough on his mind."

IDIDN'T have to wait long for an answer to that. I was called to the telephone, and Anita wanted to join me at the club. "I tried the apartment," she said. "Please, Fred. I won't insult any more of your friends." Almost as an afterthought, she added, "George isn't there, is he?"

When I told her where George was, there was a sound on the other end of the telephone line, but no real words. In a few minutes another taxi brought her to the club, and she was definite about what she wanted. "I want," she said, "to sit at the bar and drink a great deal, and that tomorrow you won't remember anything I say."

"Nobody," she said, "should have two like that. I can't afford many principles, Fred, but—"

I said, "Look, baby, be practical. That's a passport. George is a nice guy and an adult. He wouldn't have asked you unless he wanted to. And he wouldn't have been slugging himself tonight, if he hadn't cared. If you stay here, sooner or later, you know what's got to happen." I had held a few drinks in my own hand since afternoon, and I think we both may have been talking too loud.

But again, it didn't matter. Anita said, "I want that passport more than almost anything in the world, Fred, but not that way. Please, I was wrong, and the drinking doesn't help. He doesn't even need me, Fred. May I go home?"

For a long time I had forgotten that Harry Thorne was there; but when I turned, his face was at my shoulder. It was a slightly chubby and boyish face still, for all the years it had been away from boyhood. And on it there was no slightest shame of eavesdropping. The expression was quite different, a blend of expressions, utter

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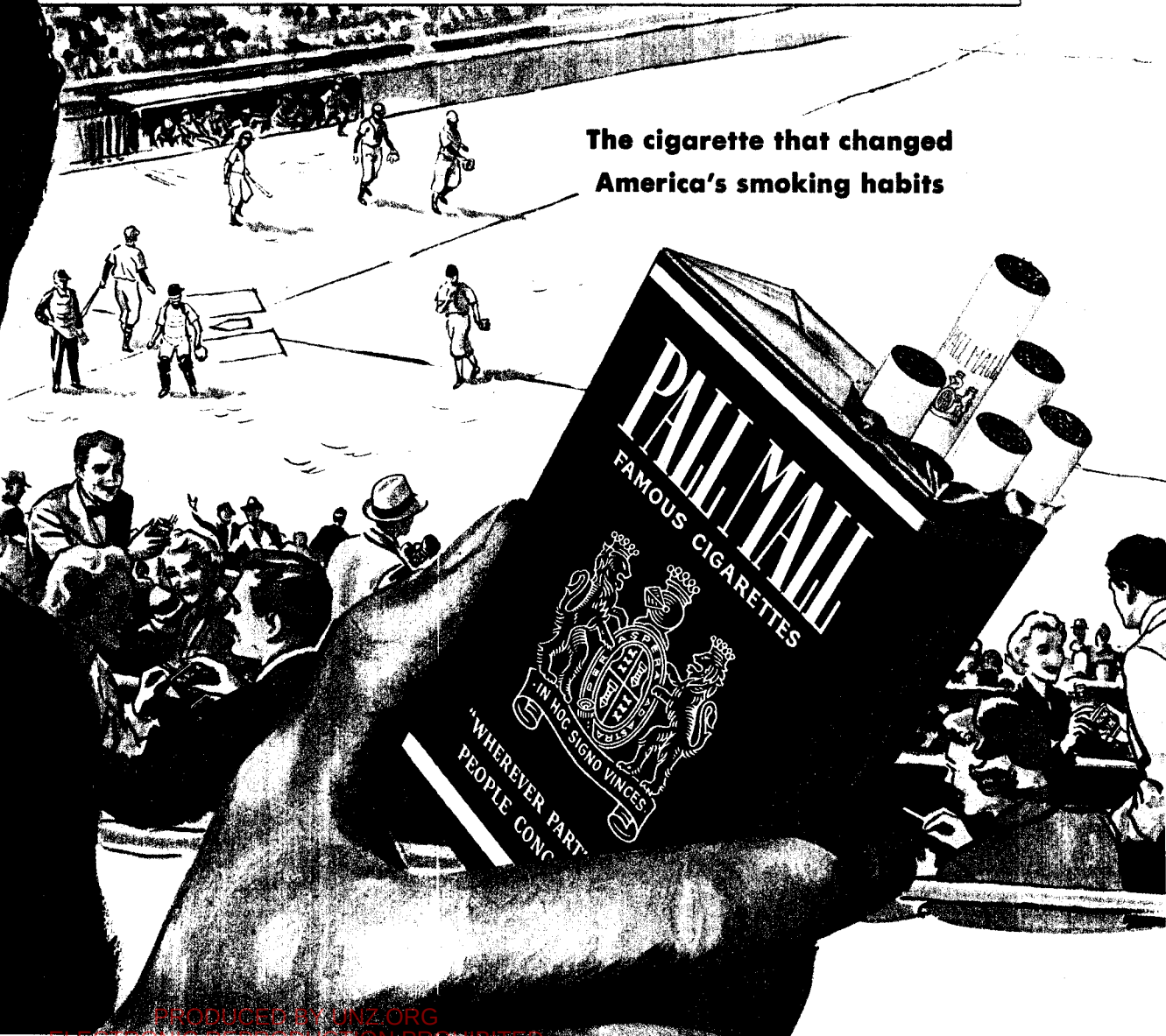
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The cigarette that changed America's smoking habits

Making a picture up in the Canadian Rockies, Monroe tore ligament in her ankle, had to be toted to a local doctor. Below, crewman Bill Miller happily helps Marilyn transport a well-known limb back to the set for rehearsal



It was in the Canadian wilds. Monroe was on location. Joe was on vacation. Their trip proved—as suspected—that she is more the indoor type



EW people have been better treated by civilization than Marilyn Monroe, whose spectacular rise in films has made her life in Hollywood a succession of pleasant surprises. A few weeks ago, however, her movie career brought her into rough contact with nature, whose malevolence astonished her. Within minutes, she found herself drenched, half-drowned and crippled—a drooping picture of a city girl crushed by the wilderness.

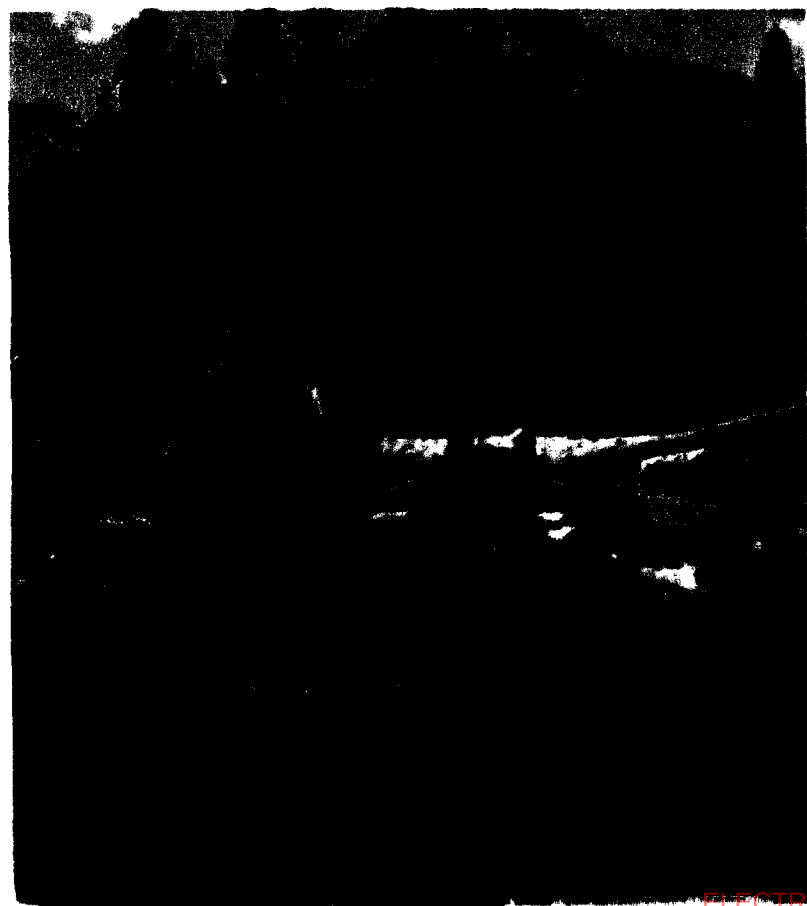
Her one consolation was the comforting presence of Joe DiMaggio, her much-publicized escort, who had come along for the ride.

It all happened on a location trip to the Canadian Rockies for a 20th Century-Fox picture called *River of No Return*, in which the glamorous Monroe is cast in a rough-and-tumble role as a guitar-playing former dance-hall damsel—a far cry from her current films, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and the forthcoming *How to Marry a Millionaire*.

Her part in the new picture called, among other hazards, for riding the rapids on a log raft with co-star Robert Mitchum and ten-year-old Tommy Rettig, playing Mitchum's son. High in Jasper National Park, the cast started rehearsing the scene. Marilyn, wearing chest-high waders, plunged into the rushing, glacier-fed Bow River to untie the 3,500-pound raft—and stumbled. The icy torrent dragged her downstream and there was a moment of tension before Mitchum grabbed her; the location crew dragged her choking and sputtering from the river.

Continued on page 56

Marilyn on the Rocks



Bad mishap came (left) when Marilyn rehearsed a scene in water. She stumbled, almost drowned when water filled her rubber waders, had to be pulled out. On road to new location in Banff, another crisis (r.): a gasoline truck blew up and studio cars missed the explosion by yards

Collier's for October 16, 1953



55

DiMag, along for ride, had little time to relax. During fire he helped organize emergency crew, rejoined Marilyn after explosion of truck

By JOHN FLOREA



Finally settled in comparative calm, DiMag, like any other tourist, aims camera at an outstanding tourist attraction: Marilyn. He snapped the picture at left as she waited to shoot a waterfall bathing sequence

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Over coffee, Monroe and Joe talk ligaments, drownings, fires and other scenes from real life

Marilyn and DiMag weren't together much. He was enjoying nature—and she was fighting it

Undaunted, Marilyn swapped her soaked, skin-tight frontier pants for dry ones, and tried again, this time without the clumsy waders. She promptly tripped over a rock and tore a ligament in her ankle. For the next couple of days she had to get around on crutches—and by pickaback transport.

The next scenes were to be filmed some distance away, near Banff. The 20th Century-Fox caravan—costume fitters, make-up men, coaches, production crew, assorted equipment—snaked up the dusty mountain roads . . . and then ground to a halt behind a bottleneck of cars. Just ahead, a truck carrying gasoline had caught fire, badly burning the driver. He had raced into the woods to smother the flames licking from his clothes, and members of the movie company—including DiMag—organized a search party to find him. After a while he was discovered and rushed to a hospital.

Marilyn, meanwhile, stayed in her car to spare her injured foot. As she hung out the window, watching, one of the gasoline drums exploded,

spraying flame across the road and narrowly missing setting the forest and the assembled cars ablaze.

While Monroe was fighting her personal war with nature, Joe fished, played golf and kept out from underfoot. The camera- and crowd-shy DiMag rode with the caravan, but dodged the swarms of ogling tourists who ringed the ropes around each location. I was along to get some pictures, but I was able to photograph Joe and Marilyn together only three times: during the hubbub of the fire, during a waterfall-bathing sequence, when Joe used his own Rolleiflex to make a personal record of the camisole-clad Monroe on the rocks, and finally over a cup of coffee in a dimly lighted restaurant near Banff.

After a few days, Marilyn's ankle swelled badly and had to be encased in plaster, putting her out of action for about 10 days—and prompting a wry comment by Mitchum. "This is one time," he told her, "when you can't complain about the absence of a large supporting cast. . . ." ▲▲▲

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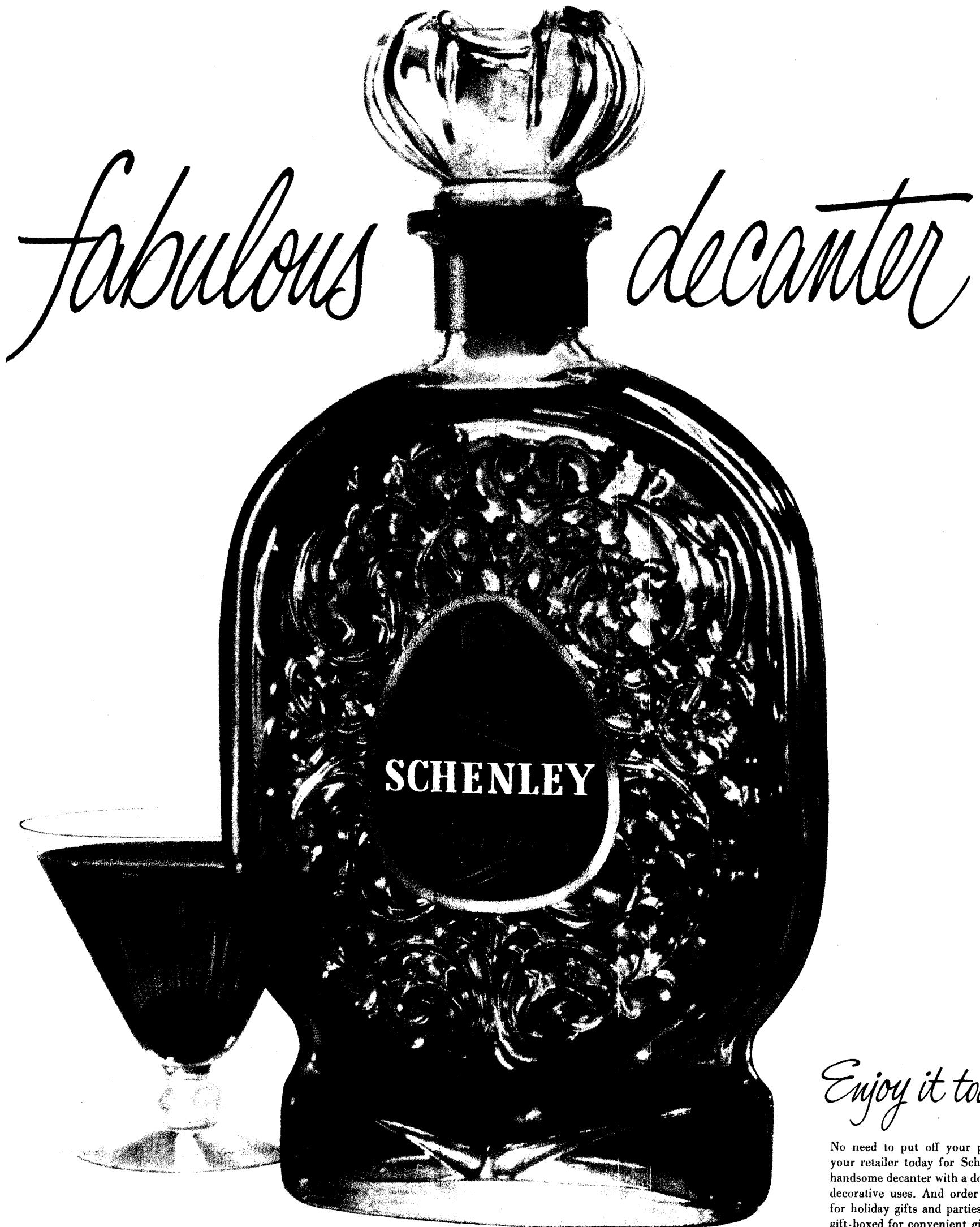
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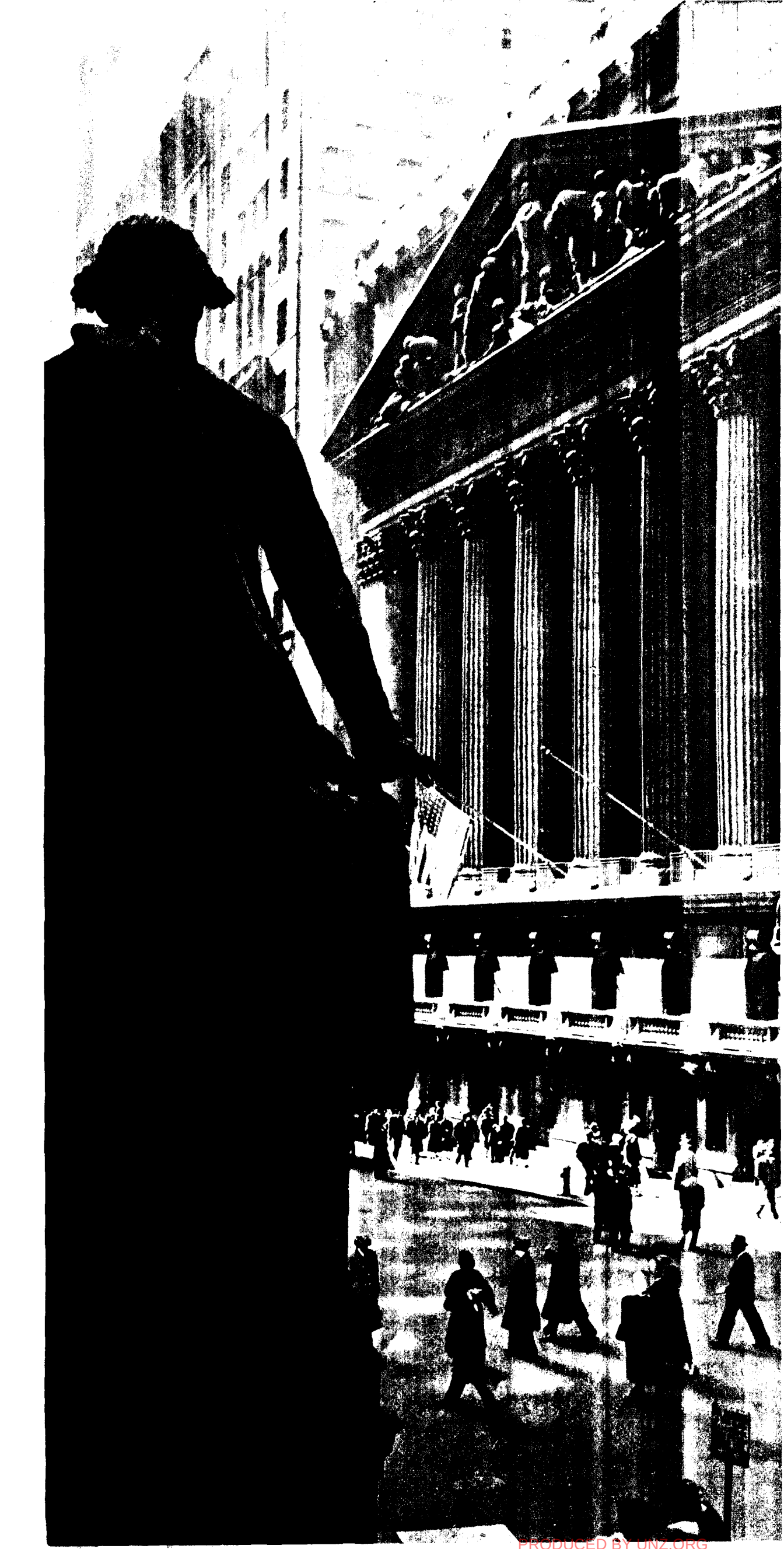
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◀ The New York Stock Exchange, as seen from the U.S. Sub-Treasury Building at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, is traditional auction market for the stocks of more than a thousand corporations

How to Be

ONE day soon a man may knock at your door and offer you a chance to become a capitalist for \$10 down and \$10 a week. He won't be peddling panaceas. He'll offer no plan for retirement on a tropical isle, no guarantee of security for your old age. But he'll hold out something perhaps more important and more exciting—a chance to share the profits, to buy into the ownership of America's industries with small cash payments, just as, for years, you've been able to buy their products with painless easy payments. He'll be selling stocks on a pay-as-you-go plan.

To the family budgeteer, the idea at first may seem like just another drain on the pay envelope, or just another sign that big business is getting more democratic.

Actually, however, the idea stems from one of the boldest revolutions in the 161-year-history of the New York Stock Exchange.

Behind the plan for the pay-as-you-go purchase of stocks is the stock exchange's angular, professorial-looking president, G. (for George) Keith Funston, whose ambition is to make the facilities of his auction mart as familiar to the farmers of Maine's Aroostook County and the ranchers of Montana as they are now to the wealthy resi-

A revolution is brewing in Wall Street—and the president of the Stock Exchange is leading it. If he has his way, you soon may be able to buy stocks just as easily as you now purchase a new suit or a washing machine

By DONALD I. ROGERS



The man behind the revolution—Exchange president Funston

x Wall Street Financier on **\$10 A WEEK**

dents of New York's Park Avenue and Westchester County.

He thinks Detroit's well-paid auto workers and Pittsburgh's prosperous steelworkers, for example, don't invest enough of their money in stocks for two reasons: they don't know how to go about it, and they don't have enough money in lump sums to buy stocks in the customary blocks of 100 shares.

Would Simplify Purchase of Stocks

That's why he wants, in effect, to move Wall Street far west of the Hudson River and make the planned purchase of stocks no more difficult than the planned purchase of a washing machine.

Behind Keith Funston's defiance of traditions is his deep conviction that unless more people take part in the ownership of America's giant corporations, the capitalistic system—indeed, democracy itself—may be imperiled. He is concerned over indications that each year the ratio of Americans investing in stocks, compared to total population, grows smaller.

Funston hopes to persuade the 1,370 or more brokers who are members of the New York Stock Exchange that their biggest need is a merchandising

program with modern merchandising techniques. He wants them to compete for consumer investment dollars with the same vigor that Macy's squares off at Gimbel's.

Keith Funston first grew anxious over the dwindling sale of stocks in America's publicly-owned corporations while he was president of Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut. Even then he had the unshakable belief that democracy can be preserved and the capitalistic system maintained only if increasing numbers of Americans own the nation's mushrooming industries and share in their profits.

Up to that time Funston had divided his career about evenly between education and the business world. He got his A.B. at Trinity, class of '32; and his M.B.A., Harvard Business School, '34. His honorary degrees include an L.H.D., from Wesleyan University, LL.D.'s from University of Pennsylvania and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and a D.C.S., from New York University. In business he had been assistant to the treasurer of the American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation, purchasing director of Sylvania Electric Products, Incorporated, special assistant to the chairman of the War Production Board and director on the

boards of half a dozen corporations. He was elected president of Trinity in 1944 at the age of thirty-three, the first president of the college since the Civil War who was not an Episcopalian minister, although he is an Episcopalian. He left soon afterward to join the Navy as a lieutenant commander, then returned to Trinity.

When Emil Schram resigned two years ago as president of the New York Stock Exchange, the Board of Governors considered almost 100 candidates for the job, Funston among them.

Policy Approved at Job Interview

"When they interviewed me about the job," Funston recalls, "I said that I couldn't be a mere figurehead, that I had sharp ideas about the need for spreading Wall Street's investment opportunities throughout the country. I was delighted when they said it fitted right in with their plans."

Funston was elected unanimously to succeed Schram. He started work in September, 1951. Ever since, the forty-three-year-old educator has been startling his Wall Street neighbors with his dollars-and-cents ideas for making the auction facilities of the stock exchange familiar to all

Even labor unions have swung their support behind the stock market as

Americans, no matter how remote their interests from the counting rooms.

Until now, few stockbrokers have wooed the little fellow with only small sums to invest. Most firms have relied on a commission business in commodities, on underwriting securities and perhaps on a handful of lush accounts from wealthy families, estates, and big institutions. They also have sought the business of professionals who buy stocks for speculation, then sell them when and if they've made their profit. The professionals are "in and outers." Brokers like their business because it offers a quick double commission: first when the professional buys, then again when he sells.

However, the number of wealthy persons in America grows smaller each year, and even the ranks of the professionals are being thinned by capital-confiscating taxes.

Yet it's in Wall Street that America's corporations get their new money for expansion, for new plants, for new equipment. Wall Street and the two stock markets there, the New York Stock Exchange and the American Stock Exchange (formerly the Curb Exchange), provide the only major market places for securities. The New York Stock Exchange is the traditional auction market for the stocks of 1,085 corporations.

Unless the stock market is brought to the people, unless it becomes a more prominent part of the lives of the many rather than of the few, Funston fears it may dissipate its strength and wither.

Preaching a Financial Gospel

To avert such a catastrophe, he wants to spread the word about the capitalistic system, to preach the gospel of wider ownership of America's great corporations, to proselyte the simple truths of the capital-raising securities market which, he holds, are misunderstood by or completely unknown to more people than any other feature of the American way of life.

Funston likes to fold his six-foot-three frame behind his desk in his near-Spartan office—and just sit and think. After one such session with himself, in December, 1951, he went to the second floor of the stock exchange and addressed an audience gathered for the opening of a new exhibit room.

"There's no stock exchange in Moscow," he told his listeners. His new slant on the basic differences between the Russian way of life and ours made them sit up and take notice. There's no place for Russians to buy a chunk of the ownership in a successful business, he pointed out.

It was a dynamic point to make. A labor newspaper, The Labor Union, owned by the Dayton, Ohio, affiliates of the American Federation of Labor, later took up the cry and praised Funston's view in an editorial. Within two months, more than 500 newspapers had reprinted the theme in one form or another.

"It was one of the most encouraging things that has happened to me since I came to Wall Street," says Funston. "It proves what I've believed all along—that Americans want to know more about the capitalistic system, and that understanding it, they'll participate more actively in it."

Funston is also encouraged by the

fact that labor finally realized that he and the institution he represents are not enemies of the workingman. He counts many of the nation's labor leaders among his friends.

The same AFL newspaper that endorsed Funston's views in an editorial also ran a full-page advertisement of its own, stating: "... we would like to sell you on the idea that your right and privilege to become an owner of American business, if you so choose, is one of those precious rights you enjoy and take for granted. And it's a right that you certainly wouldn't have if this country were controlled by Communists."

Here was labor preaching the doctrine of Wall Street. It didn't surprise Funston a bit. "It's only natural," he said. "Our interests are identical."

does not directly buy shares of any corporations; the fund itself owns these shares of stocks and divides the profits among its own shareholders.

The Funston plan, on the other hand, permits outright purchase and direct ownership of corporation stocks. It is not intended, its author emphasizes, to compete with the mutual funds.

Here's how the Funston plan would work:

Take a stock selling for \$75 a share. Let's assume that under the plan a person of modest means, say a schoolteacher, has worked out a deal with his bank whereby he'll put \$50 a month toward the purchase of \$1,000 worth of these shares. (He also could have dealt directly with a broker.)

After the schoolteacher sends off his month's payment of \$50, the bank

poration is doing well, he'll begin to get quarterly dividends, which, as a percentage of his investment, might be greater than the fee he's paying his banker.

That's the essence of pay-as-you-go stock purchases. It may be what Wall Street needs to get out of the rut which it has worn for itself in downtown Manhattan.

It was Funston who pinpointed that rut. Never before in peacetime, he observed, have savings of Americans piled so high. Yet individual investments in stocks represent only a small proportion of the total savings.

"It seemed strange to me that Wall Street, with its extensive facilities for analyzing companies, corporations and markets, had never applied its high art to itself," Funston says. Therefore, one of his first moves after taking over management of the stock exchange was to hire the Brookings Institution to make a nation-wide survey to determine the number of persons owning shares of corporations.

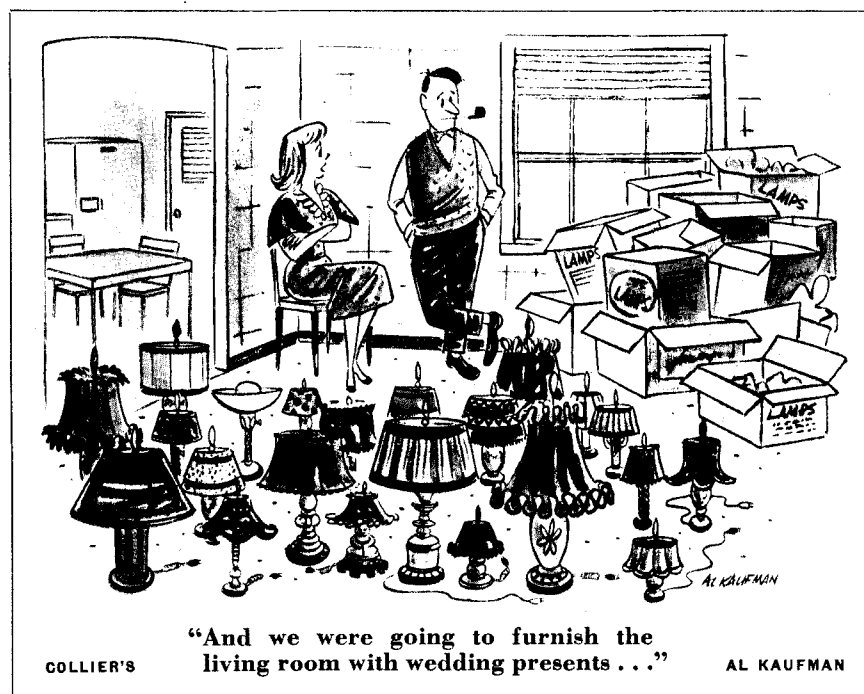
Unexpected Results of Survey

Results of the survey shocked even the most pessimistic. It had been supposed that anywhere from 12,000,000 to 20,000,000 Americans owned stocks. Not so, said the Brookings people. Their research put stock ownership in publicly-owned corporations at 6,500,000 individuals. They also reported that there are 41,520,000 Americans between thirty and forty-nine years of age who do not own stock.

The survey also showed a higher percentage of stock ownership in smaller cities than the big metropolitan areas and an unsuspected interest in the securities market in the Midwest farm belt and in the Far West. But the overall totals were not encouraging. What was wrong? Adverse propaganda, for one thing, Funston discovered. Wall Street had been abused and blamed for most of the ills of three decades. Lack of information was another fault. Still another was the awkward trading hours of 10:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M.

Because of the time differentials, when it's 3:00 P.M. in New York City, it's 2:00 P.M. in Chicago, 1:00 P.M. in Denver, and noon in San Francisco. Funston told the Board of Governors it was unreasonable to expect a person in San Francisco to transact all his business with the stock exchange before noon. He pointed also to the growing interest in stocks in the Midwest and Far West, where the time differential was similarly an obstacle. With the Board of Governors' approval, he persuaded the membership of the exchange to add a half hour to the trading day, so that the closing gong on the floor of the stock exchange now sounds at 3:30 P.M. New York time—12:30 P.M. in San Francisco. And if Funston has his way, the trading hours will be extended still more.

"It's obvious to all of us," Funston says, "that something more has to be done. Unless Wall Street is restored to health, there will be no place where American corporations can raise new money, no place to cultivate the expansion of American industry. It doesn't take much imagination to visualize what would happen if our industries couldn't expand, or if new ones couldn't come along."



"If enough people became stockholders," says Funston, "there would never be any great demand for government ownership of our industry and business enterprises. One of the best ways for us to insure our productive enterprise system, which is, indeed, the basis of our democratic form of government, is to make certain that all our people have a direct and tangible stake in that system and in democracy. The most effective way to bring that about is through ownership of common stocks."

A man who saves his money and buys a share of a corporation has the privilege of a vote and a voice in the conduct of that corporation's business. That's not so when the government takes over a business and announces that it belongs to "all the people," Funston says.

This basic philosophy is behind Funston's plan to make it easier for all Americans to buy stocks. He really doesn't like to call his plan "installment buying." An installment buyer gets his TV set or washing machine and then pays for it while he's using it. Funston is working on a system which would provide for systematic pay-as-you-go stock purchases through banks.

In this respect, the Funston plan somewhat resembles many existing mutual funds, or open-end trusts. The mutual-fund saver can use a pay-as-you-go plan to buy shares in the fund. But he

credits his account with a \$50 interest in one \$75 share; he owns two thirds of one share in XYZ corporation. If the corporation declared a 75-cent dividend after the teacher paid his first installment, the bank would credit his account with two thirds of that dividend—or 50 cents. (Incidentally, a stock costing \$75 might yield more than a 75-cent quarterly dividend. Many good, secure stocks pay five, six or even eight per cent.)

After the teacher had paid his second \$50 installment, he would own outright one share of XYZ stock and have an interest or equity of \$25 in a second share. Or, to put it another way, he'd own one and one-third shares.

The first fully owned share would be sent to the schoolteacher so that his name would appear on the corporation's records and he would receive XYZ's annual reports and other company information. Most important, he would be entitled to vote in the affairs of the corporation as one of the owners.

The teacher would not be committed to hold onto his stock. If the value of the stock should increase, say to \$85 a share, he might want to sell and take a profit of \$10 a share, pay off the bank's service charges and the brokerage fees and come out with a comfortable gain. Or he could hold it as a good investment. Then, too, there's always the possibility that the stock might decline in value. But if XYZ cor-

Keith Funston is not a one-man crusader battling great odds. Solidly behind him are members of the Board of Governors of the stock exchange, brokers themselves, who gave Funston his \$100,000-a-year job because they, too, feared that the capitalistic system was being endangered.

There are, in fact, few brokers who disagree in principle with Funston's plans for rejuvenating the stock market. But some say they can't afford to do what he wants. For example, if a salesman travels from his office in Wall Street to a home in the Bronx and succeeds in selling a share of American Telephone & Telegraph Company stock at \$150, his firm's commission is six dollars. Transportation and the time consumed alone cost that much. Furthermore, it cost many times six dollars to process that single share of stock through a brokerage house. Yet most of the so-called small investors want such blue-chip stocks as AT&T, General Motors, Du Pont and the like. These stocks are comparatively high priced, so the small investors buy only one or two shares at a time. Many brokers say it isn't worth their time to go after such business.

Partly to combat this objection Funston and the Board of Governors persuaded the members to approve a simple device called "permissive incorporation." Formerly, member firms had not been allowed to incorporate their businesses, and corporations engaged in the securities business were ineligible for membership on the stock exchange. Brokers were restricted to partnerships. A partner's share in his firm's income became his personal income and was taxed as such by Uncle Sam. Now, with permission to incorporate, a brokerage firm presumably can receive the tax benefits enjoyed by other corporations. With their tax burden eased, Funston hopes that brokers will not be forced by economic expediency to spend so much time and effort chasing big accounts and can turn their attention to those who have far less money to invest—perhaps to those who need the help of pay-as-you-go plans.

Brokers Study Small Accounts

Funston also has pointed out to the brokers that some firms do a thriving business with small accounts. These firms have learned how to cut corners in their administrative work, he says, and have found the business profitable. He suggested that the brokers pool their knowledge of such markets, share their administrative techniques and show their ways of making a profit.

What was Funston really suggesting? He was asking Macy's to tell Gimbel's. He was breaking a 161-year-old Wall Street tradition. But the brokers agreed to it!

All these developments are of interest primarily to the Wall Street fraternity rather than Detroit's auto worker and Pittsburgh's steelworker, the fellows whose business is being solicited. Yet if these mechanical obstacles aren't overcome, it is doubtful if the stock exchange ever could reach the huge number of Americans it needs as customers.

Here's the problem in a nutshell: Funston's studies have shown that unless the stock exchange handles the sale of 1,250,000 shares of stock a day, the

Collier's for October 16, 1953

average brokerage houses do not break even. At present, the volume of turnover in shares ranges from a low of 700,000 shares a day to a high of 3,000,000-plus.

"We must either arrange to sell more stocks or cut the cost of operation," Keith Funston declares. "It's my ambition to do both."

A Program to Ease Regulations

To attract more customers, more small savers, Funston has undertaken an ambitious program. He'll try to get:

- Lower margin requirements, permitting more credit for investors. This step, in effect, would mean that a person buying stock could make a smaller down payment and could get greater credit from his broker. The margin requirement now is 50 per cent. Buying on margin, the stock purchaser pays the requirement, and the broker puts up the rest.

- Even longer hours of trading on the stock exchange.

- No more regulatory red tape for the securities industry than there is for other industries which compete for the savers' dollars.

- Modification of the capital-gains tax requirements. Now it's necessary to hold stock six months to get the benefit of lower capital-gains tax rates. Funston wants to reduce the holding period to three months to qualify for the lower rate of taxation.

- Exemption of stock dividends from taxation. Funston and most Wall Streeters contend that since all corporations are subject to heavy taxes, including the excess-profits tax, and dividends are distributed only from what money is left after all taxes have been paid, the dividends shouldn't be taxable. In effect, they say, the stockholders as owners of the corporations have already paid the corporate taxes. Therefore, they argue, the stockholders should not be required to pay an additional personal income tax on dividends. It's double taxation, says Wall Street.

"We have a tremendous challenge, a tremendous opportunity," Funston says. "The buying of common stock is a venture of faith in the capitalistic system. Yet pitifully few persons really know and understand that system."

Thus, one of Funston's biggest jobs is public relations—the teaching of the facts of capitalism to Americans.

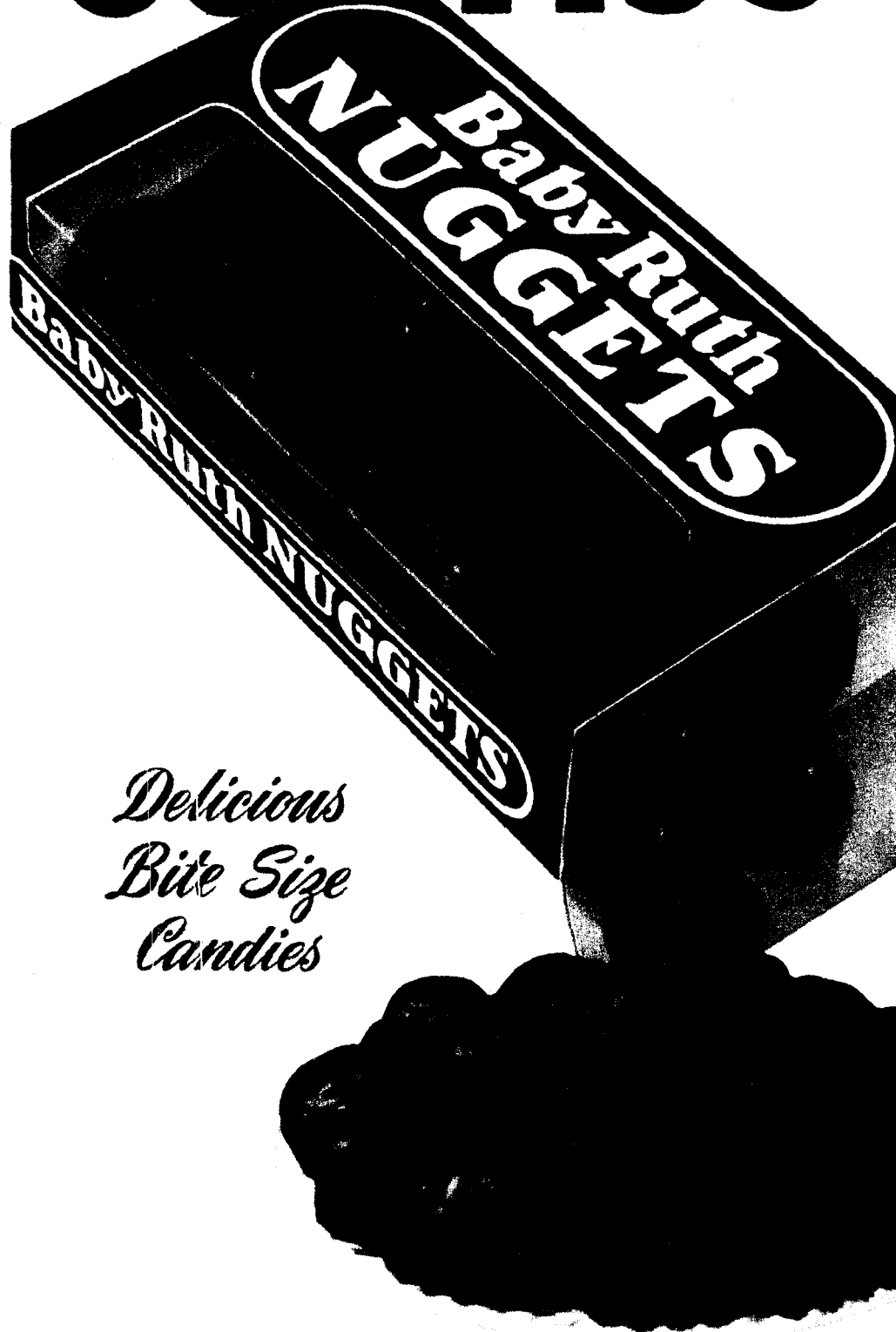
"I'm still an educator," he says. "I've just moved my office from Hartford to Wall Street."

In the past 12 months, 2,500,000 pieces of public-relations literature have been mailed out, and a movie, "What Makes Us Tick," explaining the function of the stock exchange, has been shown to nearly 5,000,000 viewers.

In a special exhibition room at the stock exchange, elaborate animated displays have been set up to show the relationship of the stock market to industry, and to illustrate simply the operations of the exchange. The exhibit has been visited by 500,000 people, most of them out-of-towners who have had to find their way downtown on unfamiliar subways.

Funston is proud that 1,300 tourists a day visit the stock exchange. They're more than visitors, Funston believes. They're future investors. ▲▲▲

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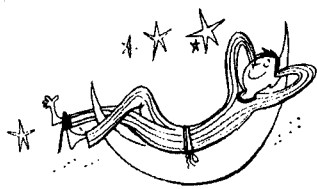


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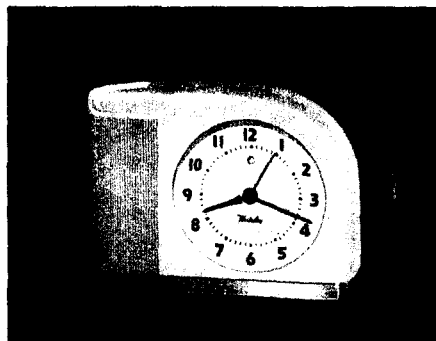
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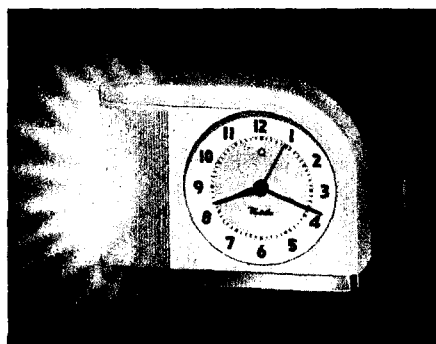
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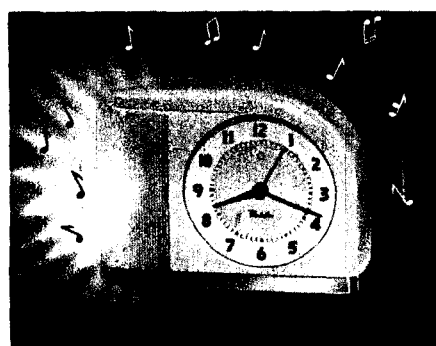
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Too Close for Comfort

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

government bonds due next week and we're not sure about the best thing to do with them."

Nancy listened in sheer astonishment. Here Don was airing a private financial matter before the Johnsons and not even consulting her—as if her opinions didn't really count at all.

"With things the way they are," Don was saying when Nancy went in with the drinks, "I kind of thought we ought to trade in our old car and buy a new one. Of course, Nancy feels that we—"

"Oh, Don," she interrupted lightly, passing the glasses around, "we don't want to bore Red and Bess with our family problems."

"Any problem of the Platties," Bess said, "is a problem of ours."

"Well," Don went on, "Nancy thinks we ought to put the money away toward a summer cottage, but without a good car, we couldn't get to a cottage if we had one."

Nancy found herself having to defend her position. "A summer cottage by the lake," she said, is something we've always wanted, and those two bonds really put it in sight for the first time." Lately, she realized, the cottage had come to mean much more to her, for the need to be alone with Don had somehow come to be much greater.

"But, Nance, darling," Bess was saying in that effusive way of hers, "here's the thing—you don't *have* to buy a cottage. We can all use Red's brother's place any time. Now that he's moved out West, we have the key."

"My advice to you," Red said, "is let your chum Red put those bonds of yours on wheels. Matter of fact, I know where I can get my hands on a convertible for you—just like ours."

"Look," Nancy said desperately, "may I just say that I—" The telephone interrupted her. "Excuse me," she said. She got up and went into the study to take the call. It was from Cora Davenport.

CORA said, "We're having a few people in Sunday night, and I wondered if you and Don could come? To tell you the truth, Nancy, we were going to have it on Saturday, but the Johnsons couldn't make it—and nobody would dare have the Platts without the Johnsons, or the Johnsons without the Platts!"

"No," Nancy said, "I guess they wouldn't." When she'd hung up, she kept thinking about Cora's call; it seemed suddenly to bring things into a new and sharper focus. Though lately and this evening particularly, she had been conscious of their involvement with the Johnsons, it had never occurred to her just how far this relationship had really gone until Cora had put it into words. And now that she thought about it, Nancy couldn't recall a single social occasion during the past several months to which both they and the Johnsons hadn't been invited—almost as if they were some sort of performing troupe...

It was after midnight when Red and Bess departed. "What's the matter?" Don asked when they'd left.

"Nothing," she said and tried to think of a way to tell him what was on her mind without sounding petty. When they had gone into the bedroom, she said, finally, "Don, we're seeing an awful lot of Red and Bess."

"What? Oh, I suppose so, but—"

"The fact is," she said, "we're practically social Siamese twins!"

Don unbuttoned his white shirt. "Social Siamese twins?" he repeated. "Nonsense."

Distractedly, she turned the hairbrush in her fingers. "Don, tell me something. I don't mean to sound trivial, but why didn't you wait to discuss the bonds with me? Why did you let the Johnsons take over our problems? I mean, it made me feel like such a fifth wheel—as if you didn't care what I thought. You know how I felt about getting the cottage."

"Of course I care what you think."

"But the minute Bess said—"

"Look, Nance," he broke in, "they were right. Why should we buy a summer place when we can use theirs?"

Nancy said nothing, but turned and stared absently at her reflection in the mirror. Cora Davenport's words came back to her: "Nobody would dare have the Platts without the Johnsons, or the Johnsons without the Platts."

"What's the trouble?" Don was saying. "Are you tired of the Johnsons?"

"Of course not," she said, addressing his reflection in the dressing-table mirror, "but I'm afraid of what's happening to us. We don't seem to have any life of our own any more. We're losing our identity. We're no longer Mr. and Mrs. Don Platt—we're just friends of the Johnsons!"

Don came over and stood behind her, with his hands on her shoulders. "Now, Nancy," he said, "don't you think this all comes under the depart-

ment of mountains and molehills? Or are you fed up with Red and Bess?"

"Oh, it's not that, Don. I adore them." She paused and looked up at him. "But I like you even more," she said. "And I'd like to see you alone once in a while."

THREE days later, on the evening of their fifth anniversary, they were leaving the house when Don pointed across the street. "Nance," he said excitedly, "how's that for a surprise?"

"What?" she said. And then she saw the gleaming gray convertible with the black top. "Oh, Don!" She tried to veil her deep disappointment that the cottage was no longer a possibility.

"I wasn't going to buy it," he explained hastily, "but Red dragged me down there, and when I saw it I was gone." He paused. "You like it, Nance?" he said.

"It's a beauty," she said.

"And don't worry about the summer place," Don went on, guiding her across the street to the new car. "Some day we'll buy up a whole lake front!"

The car was beautiful, she had to admit, and in the face of Don's enthusiasm, Nancy resolved not to make an issue of it.

But she discovered that their chance for a gay and private anniversary celebration at the Willston Inn was short-lived. They'd been there only a few minutes when Red and Bess Johnson swept in. "Hi, Platties!" Bess called out as she approached their table.

"Forgive the intrusion," Red said,

In Collier's Next Issue



Pilot Hank Cooper was stuck with another dreary stopover in Scotland, so he went to London, and life got interesting: there was Nina, a blonde who shouldn't have chased men but did, and there was a crook hell-bent on getting him into a smuggling deal

DIAMONDS in the SKY

By JOHN CLARE

When a Harvard man invites a girl for a football week end, she has a right to expect the red-carpet treatment. But if the man is broke, and can't even con the money to finance her visit, she'd better be ready to have the red carpet yanked from under her

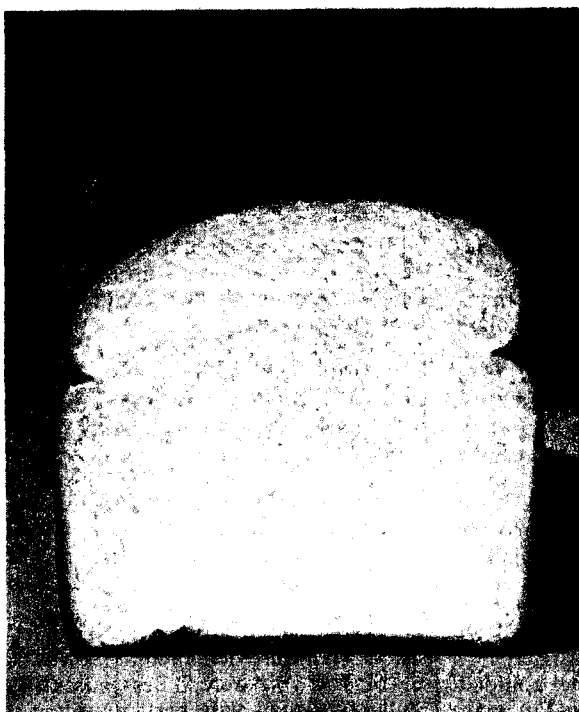


This Happened at Harvard!

By OLIVER WYMAN

Collier's for October 16, 1953

5 reasons why bakers use dextrose in baking better bread



1. Texture

For good eating, the texture of bread must be even, close-grained, soft and tender. In baking, dextrose sugar importantly aids the development of fine bread texture...smooth, even and uniform.



2. Crust Color

Appetizing crust color is the mark of better bread. Bakers find that dextrose helps to develop superior "bloom," rich golden brown crust. This fine-looking loaf says "good eating."



3. Taste

The primary function of sugar in bread-baking is to feed the yeast, to promote fermentation—not necessarily to sweeten. Bakers have found dextrose to be a superior sugar in developing fine bread.



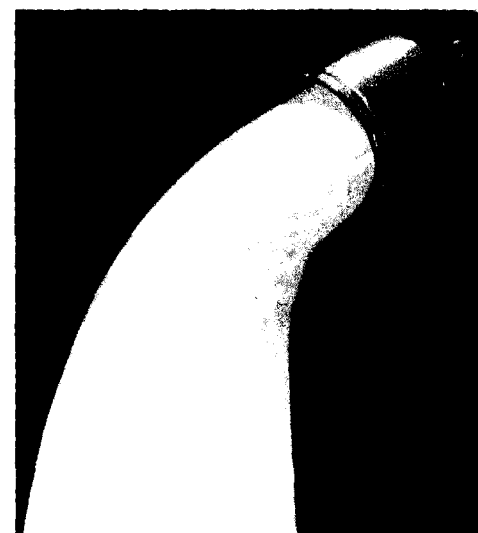
4. Lasting Freshness

Leading bakers use a combination of ingredients, including dextrose sugar, which tends to keep bread fresh—soft, moist and tender...the way you like bread best.



5. Toast-ability

The final test of better bread is the kind of toast it makes. If it toasts evenly—turns to a golden brown outside—stays tender inside—it's fine bread—the kind leading bakers make with dextrose.



Facts about dextrose...

You won't find dextrose, food-energy sugar, for sale in a retail store. It is sold only to commercial producers of fine foods and beverages...who use it to improve the flavor and quality of their products.

As a natural sugar, dextrose is found in most fruits and many vegetables. It is sparkling white, mildly sweet and cooling to the taste. Actually, dextrose is the sugar your body uses *directly* for energy. It needs no digestion...it is promptly absorbed and utilized for energy.

Under the trade name of Cerelese, dextrose is produced by Corn Products Refining Company.

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"but we always intrude on people on their fifth wedding anniversary!"

"How'd you know?" Nancy said, trying not to sound resentful.

"See all, know all," Bess said. "So we just had to trot ourselves over and mix in the fun."

Then an unfamiliar voice interrupted them. Nancy looked up, and saw Isabel and Jim Kellog standing beside the table. "Oh, hello," she said.

"I wanted to tell you, Nancy," Isabel Kellog said, "how sorry I am we couldn't make it the other night."

"But," Jim Kellog said with an engaging smile, "we'd like a rain check."

After the Kellogs had left, Bess said, "Who are they anyway?"

"They're visiting in town," Don explained. "He's scouting around for a business location."

"You didn't tell me you'd asked them over," Bess said. Her tone was almost accusing.

Things had come to a fine pass, Nancy thought, when you had to account to the Johnsons for every social move you made. What a delicate margin there was between having close friends and friends who were too close. At this point she yearned more than ever to be alone with Don. But then she heard Bess say, "Hark, Mr. Platt. I hear a rumba, and you're the rumba man."

Nancy managed a smile as she watched the two of them start for the floor. And then of course she had to dance with Red. It was all so wrong, so lacking in the sentimental intimacy she and Don should have shared on this night.

Later, driving home, she couldn't help saying so. "I feel like I'm married to three people, Don," she began, and then she stopped, knowing she could not explain what she felt to Don. It was fear—a fear that had gained momentum in the last weeks. She was losing a very vital part of her marriage—losing it to the Johnsons; she was losing her husband's companionship.

THE next afternoon, Bess telephoned. "I just had a brain wave," she said. "Charley's Aunt is playing at the summer theater, and why don't we all take it in tonight? We can have dinner at the shore first."

"Tonight?" Nancy said.

"We'll pick you up at six thirty," Bess said. "Or better yet, let's be elegant and go in your new car!"

"I'm afraid we can't," Nancy said firmly. She was determined now to take their relationship with the Johnsons out of its demanding, almost stifling closeness. She didn't want to break it off—she was too fond of them for that—but it had to be put in its proper place. "We're busy tonight, Bess," she said, sharply conscious that it was a lie.

"You're busy?" Bess said. She waited for the explanation which, in the past, Nancy had always given.

Now Nancy said only, "Yes."

"Aren't you being a little secretive these days, dear?" The faint malice in Bess's tone was unmistakable.

"Don't be silly, Bess. We—we put tonight aside to catch up on all our letter writing."

"Well, all right," Bess said, "if you want to leave it that way—"

When Nancy had hung up she went back into the living room, and her glance fell on the still life Bess had placed over the mantel. Abruptly she took it down and replaced it with the modern painting that had been there before. That made her feel better. . .

That night she and Don went to the movies; it was a kind of compromise between joining the Johnsons (which Don had wanted to do), and staying at home (which had been her idea). Shortly after eleven o'clock they emerged from the crowded theater lobby onto the street. She waited while Don lighted a cigarette, and then with a shock she heard Bess Johnson say: "Well, if it isn't the very busy Platts!"

"Oh, Bess," Nancy said uncomfortably. Don stared frowning at the cigarette in his fingers.

And Red said, "Fancy meeting you people here," but there was no humor in his voice.

"We had to change our plans at the last minute," Nancy said quickly. She was so bad at this sort of thing, and now, facing their cool gaze, she couldn't say anything more.

"So we see," Red commented and looked at Bess.

THEY stood there, their wounded feelings painfully exposed. "The fact is," Don said, "we couldn't face those letters after all."

"Our plans fell through too," Bess said. She was taking refuge in sarcasm. "We thought we were going to see Charley's Aunt with some very good friends, but they were just snowed under with letter writing, it seems."

"But, Bess," Nancy said, "all we—"

"Oh, come now," Bess said. "We weren't wanted at your little anniversary party either. It wasn't what you said—it was the way you looked!"

"You've got it all wrong," Don insisted. "We were delighted to see you!"

"Maybe you were," Bess admitted, "but your good wife certainly wasn't. Really, Nancy, you've still got quite a lot to learn about your husband."

"Just what does that mean?" Nancy said angrily.

"Come on," Red broke in, taking Bess's arm, "we don't want to hold up these busy people any longer!"

"Now just a minute, Red," Don said, but the Johnsons were walking away.

Nancy and Don stood there for a long dismal moment. "Well," Don said at last as they started off, "I hope you're satisfied, Nancy."

"How could I help what happened? It isn't—I didn't want anything like this—I just want to get you back!"

"Get me back?" Don said. "Where have I been? That's ridiculous!"

"But it's just getting to be too much," she persisted. "Red and Bess have become so possessive that we're getting trapped by them. One of us has to try to make the—" Nancy didn't finish. She could see by the impatient way he quickened his steps that he was no longer listening.

Wordless and hostile they walked toward the parked convertible. A horn sounded, and Nancy saw another car draw up alongside. It was Cora and Bill Davenport. "Hi!" Cora said.

Nancy smiled and said hello.

"I just ran into the Johnsons," Cora reported, "and I couldn't believe my ears! I mean, when I asked where you were, Red said he didn't know and cared less!"

"Oh," Nancy said, "you know how Red is—it was nothing."

"Nothing?" Cora said. "When the Johnsons and the Platts aren't together?"

Nancy saw Don frown. "Well, just between us," Cora went on, "I think it's the best thing that could happen. Everyone in the crowd's been wondering how long it would last. They've been laying odds you'd hold out longer than the Murdocks did."

Collier's for October 16, 1953

Murdock. Somehow the name rang a bell, but Nancy couldn't quite connect it.

She spent the next two days facing Don's displeasure and battling with her own conscience. On the third morning she decided that the only honest way to settle the whole situation was to have an utterly frank talk with Bess. So she went over to the Johnsons' house. "Look, Bess," she began with effort, at the door, "we've got to do something about all this."

"You already have done something," Bess replied stiffly.

"The last thing I wanted to do was hurt your feelings!" Nancy said, following Bess into the living room.

"Obviously," Bess said. Her voice was edged with rebuke, and she stood inhospitably in the middle of the room.

"All right, Bess, I told a white lie, but we're good enough friends to be frank with each other."

"What are you getting around to?" Bess said coolly.

"Something—well, something's been happening to Don and me, lately."

The hostility in Bess's eyes was suddenly replaced by surprise. "I hadn't noticed it," she said.

"Neither did I for a long time, but it's there, and I need your help."

When Bess made no response, Nancy continued: "Don and I haven't been alone very much lately. Something's missing between us—the kind of special closeness we used to have—"

Bess's eyes widened. Then in an odd voice, she said, "And all of this is our fault. Is that it? Honestly, Nancy, you're worse than Marge Murdock! I never heard of a woman blaming another couple simply because she can't hold her husband!"

The abruptness of Bess's tactless statement shocked Nancy as much as the dark implication that lay behind it. The shrill jangle of the telephone broke the awkward silence, and numbly Nancy watched Bess turn and go to the table at the other end of the room. "Hello?" Bess said. "Oh, how are you, Linnie? . . . What?" A deep frown furrowed her forehead. "What? Why, that's fantastic! I don't know how these hideous rumors get around!"

NANCY knew what the call was about. At least five people had telephoned her since yesterday and commented on the break with the Johnsons.

"Why, it's absurd," Bess was saying. "Nancy's right here with me this very minute!" When she hung up, she came back. Absently she picked up a cigarette from the coffee table. "Of all the grisly things," she said. "People have been calling for—"

"Yes," Nancy said, "I know. I've been getting calls too."

Bess looked at her for an instant, and then lighted her cigarette. "People talk so much," she began evasively. "Anyone'd be a fool to believe half what they say."

But people hadn't really said anything, Nancy thought—at least, not to her. But they had hinted, she recalled now. There were innuendos, but what did they mean? She had scarcely given it a thought until Bess began making so much of it.

Then, looking up, she caught the expression on Bess's face, and Bess evaded her glance and looked away. Suddenly the whole problem took on a new and dreadful aspect. Why had it never occurred to her before? Nancy swallowed to relieve the tightness in her throat. *Don and Bess.*

But no. It was impossible. When Collier's for October 16, 1953

two couples were as thick as they had been and then had a rift, it was inevitable that people would read into it a scandalous meaning. But look at the way Don had been acting since the break—and, if she wanted to face it squarely, since long before it. Reluctantly, she let incidents filter through her memory: the fishing trip last summer, when he and Bess had gone into the village for tackle and hadn't returned for hours; and the way they seized any chance to dance together; and the way Bess never failed to side with him on any issue. . . .

She found herself walking toward the door, not looking at Bess now, and she heard herself mutter something about having a thousand things to do. The whole purpose of her visit had been forgotten. She only wanted to run from the Johnson house, to get into the clear summer air, to see Don.

BUT that night she was almost afraid to face him, for fear that his eyes might confirm her newly born suspicion, and in her confusion and uncertainty she was unable to confront him with it. "What's the matter with you tonight?" he asked finally when they were having their coffee.

"Oh, I guess I'm just upset about the talk I had with Bess," she said. During dinner she had told him only of her attempt to patch things up.

"Well," Don said now, "how do you think it must have made Bess feel?"

She looked at him sharply. "You seem to be more concerned about—"

The telephone rang, and Don jumped up to answer it. He went expectantly, as if, despite what had happened, it would still be the usual friendly call from the Johnsons. It wasn't. It was Isabel Kellog, and she asked for Nancy. "May I be pushy," Isabel said, "and ask if we can pick up that rain check you offered us at the inn? Now that Jim and I are settled here, we'd like to see you two."

"Tonight?" Nancy asked, and was about to say no. She looked over at Don, who was standing disconsolately in the study doorway. "Why, yes," she heard herself say very firmly. "Why don't you and Jim come over?"

Nancy strode purposefully back to the living room. "The time has come, Mr. Platt," she said, "for us to expand our social horizons. The Kellogs are very nice and very lonesome and they're coming over tonight." . . .

As it turned out, having the Kellogs over gave Nancy the idea she'd been searching for. It was that very evening that she conceived her plan. She didn't tell Don about it. She didn't tell anyone. This was going to be a one-woman show.

The next morning she went into action. The first person she telephoned was Cora Davenport. "Cora," she said, "we're having a little do Saturday night, and we wondered if you and Bill could come?"

"Love it," Cora said. And after a pause she added, "Will Red and Bess be there?"

"Of course," Nancy said casually.

"Oh. Then all is patched up, I take it?" Cora said. "When we bumped into you the other night we thought you were surely going the way of the Murdocks."

Murdock. There was that name again. "Cora," she said then, "who were the Murdocks exactly? I've been meaning to ask you."

"They were a darling couple. It's been almost two years since they



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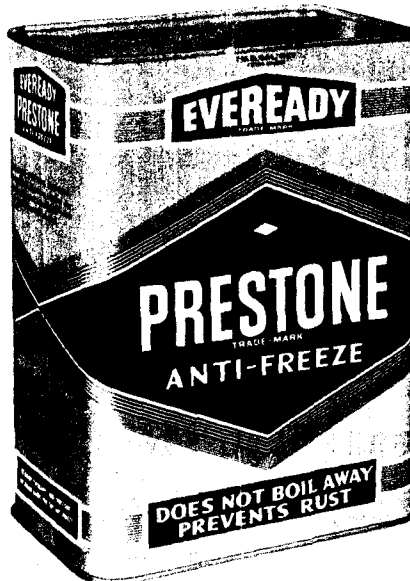
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moved away. They were great pals of Red and Bess."

"Oh," Nancy said. And slowly she began to fit the pieces together. "Cora, tell me something frankly, would you? Was there anybody before the Murdocks?"

"Well—" Cora began, but then she stopped. "Look, pet, I'm in a mad rush. See you Saturday night."

Nancy worked like a demon preparing for the party. And fortunately the weather was with her; it was one of those matchless late-summer nights. She strung garlands of Japanese lanterns around the terrace, powdered the flagstones for dancing, set up the portable bar and the record player, grouped the five card tables under the giant maple tree near the barbecue fireplace.

And she had to admit, after the first few couples had arrived and begun dancing, that the party looked very festive indeed. The women in their billowy evening dresses added an extra dimension of gaiety to the lantern-lighted terrace.

Then the Johnsons arrived. "Hi, Plattsies!" Bess called, greeting them in her old effusive manner.

Red kissed Nancy and thumped Don on the shoulder. "Now," he announced loudly, "the party can really begin!"

Nancy guided them to the bar and gave each of them a drink. Then, Red, putting one arm around her shoulder and the other around Don's, whispered: "Guess this will show them, eh?"

"Show who what?" Don asked.

"That all is well between the Plattsies and the Johnsons," Red said. "Just in case anybody had the notion that you were trying to unload us."

Don laughed awkwardly and then glanced at Nancy, and she could see that for the first time he was aware of how demanding the Johnsons' friendship had become.

SHE kept eying the terrace doors. Nervously she waited. A plan was one thing; making it work was another. And then with relief she saw the Kellogs arrive. She quickly excused herself and greeted the new couple in the living room. After taking the red box Jim Kellog had brought, she led the pair back to the terrace. "Here," she said to Red and Bess, "are the guests of honor."

"Oh?" Bess said. Her surprise was unmistakable.

"You must remember the Kellogs," Nancy went on blithely. "They've settled among us at last."

"Oh, yes—" Red Johnson said.

Nancy focused the full radiance of her smile on the young Kellogs. "All right, newcomers, I want you to meet everyone—" Then she guided them to the barbecue fireplace and introduced them to Cora and Bill Davenport. When she glanced back to the bar, she saw with some satisfaction that the Johnsons had scarcely moved and their drinks were still poised, untasted, in their hands.

After Nancy had made the full circuit with the Kellogs, she went over to the phonograph. So far, so good. She picked up the record she'd reserved, and put it on the turntable. She stood beside the machine and waited, and then the beat of the rumba throbbed softly across the terrace. This was a gamble, but it was perhaps the way to find out about Bess and Don.

Then, just as she'd feared, she saw Bess take Don by the hand, and lead him toward the flagstone terrace. The cluster of people at her left suddenly stopped talking. And then, to her dis-

may, she saw that everyone was watching Don and Bess, and the party sounds began perceptibly to subside.

For Nancy, Bess and Don's act was as painful as it was conspicuous. And Don obviously felt it too, for his face had taken on a look that Nancy could only describe as outright guilt.

Oh, Nancy thought, why had she ever let herself in for this stupid, childish, desperate kind of maneuvering?

She turned—not according to plan—and too quickly removed the rumba record from the machine, and replaced it with a medley of Cole Porter show tunes. Several couples, as if sensing their obligation, hurriedly started dancing again, and the party chatter seemed to pick up where it had left off.

A MOMENT later Don was at her side. Without a word he led her to the terrace. She felt an ache of apprehension in her chest. They were dancing slowly to the music, and then she heard Don say, with a faint bitterness, "Public exhibit number one!" She didn't answer, and she felt his arm tighten around her. "I think," he said with effort, "that I know what's been eating you all this time. But I had to find out for myself—the hard way." Nancy looked up at him. "The way everyone was ogling Bess and me," he said, "you'd have thought we were brewing up a hot little scandal—"

"Yes."

"It's fantastic!" he said. "Nancy, we've got to put a stop to this whole foolish business. I've had it!" He glanced across the terrace at Red and Bess. "Only thing is—how to do it."

For an instant, in the rush of relief that overtook her, she couldn't answer. Then she said, "I think I know how."

She started off the floor. "Where are you going?" Don said.

"Unfinished business," she told him. She crossed to Red and Bess at the bar. "Here—let me freshen your drinks," she said to Bess.

"Well, thanks," Bess said coolly. Then eying the new couple, she said, "It's quite a feather in your cap, introducing them to the local gentry."

"Oh, I just had to," Nancy said. "The poor things are simply fun-starved. Matter of fact," she went on carefully, "I must be getting old or something, because they just about wore us out the other night at the driving range." Nancy smiled and waited for this little nugget to penetrate.

"I find them grisly bores," Bess said.

Nancy tried to veil her surprise and disappointment. "Well, if you'll excuse me," she said, "I'd better go make like a hostess—" The best-laid plans of mice and Nancy Platt, she thought.

She went back into the living room and got the red box that Jim Kellog had brought. Unobtrusively she took it outside and placed it on one of the card tables. Then she cornered Don, and whispered, "Come on."

"What?"

"We're dancing with the Kellogs," she announced. After giving her a bewildered look, Don followed her.

"Really a nifty party," Jim Kellog said, as he and Nancy began dancing.

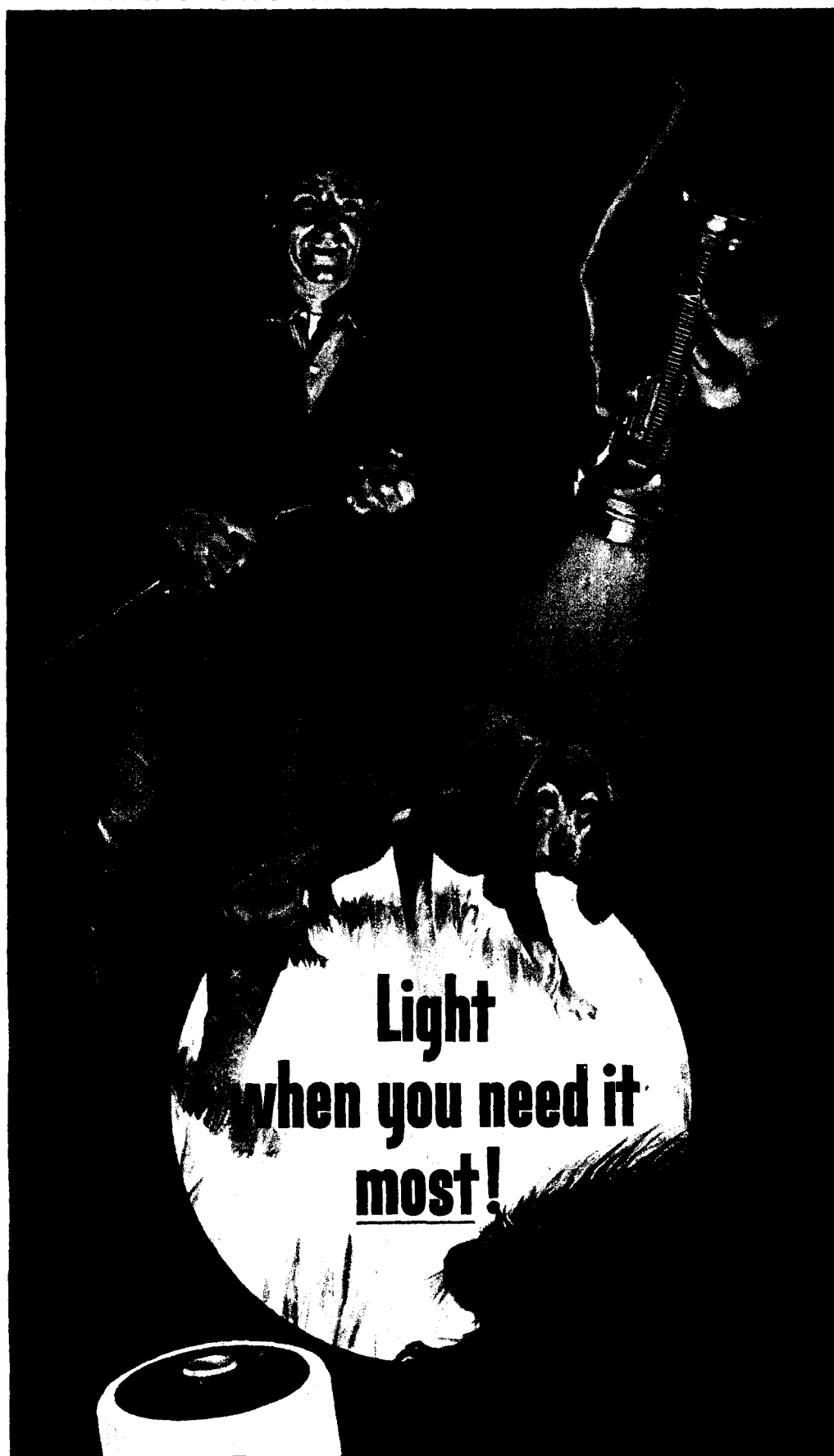
"Thanks, Jim," Nancy said. "Incidentally, it was awfully sweet of you to bring that game of Scrabble."

"No trouble. We're crazy about it," Jim Kellog said.

"Well," Nancy said, "to tell you the truth, Don and I are awful duds at that sort of thing. I mean, we can't compare with the Johnsons. Red and Bess are utter whizzes."

"Really?" he said.

Collier's for October 16, 1953



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"Lord, yes. They're the original gamblers," Nancy said. "Show them anything from croquet to canasta, and they're off!"

"Well," Jim Kellog said, whirling her past the Davenports, "they'd be much too sharp for Isabel and me. But say, why don't you and Don give us a fast round of Scrabble?"

"Well—" Nancy said. And of course this wasn't the way she had planned it at all. A few minutes later she and Don sat down at the card table with the Kellogs and doggedly began the game.

Nancy did score one victory, however. As they settled down to the game, she managed to catch Bess's eye and waved cheerfully to the Johnsons across the terrace. A number of people gathered around the table, and it wasn't very long before everyone was making humorous suggestions for word combinations.

"Here—" Red Johnson said. He was leaning over Jim Kellog's shoulder. "Try this." He rearranged the letter blocks on Kellog's rack.

"Thanks," Jim said. "That's a real bright idea."

"Foul play!" Don said. "No help."

It was at this moment that Nancy renewed her strategy. She got up. "I think," she said, "we'd better get a couple of volunteers to sit in for us, if we expect to whip up those hamburgers before dawn."

The Davenports said they'd like to have a go at it, but Bess Johnson had already gripped the back of Nancy's chair. "I've staked my claim here first," Bess said, and promptly sat down.

"We'll try to hold down the fort," Red Johnson said, quickly usurping Don's chair.

At long last, Nancy thought. Don followed her into the kitchen. "Would you please tell your poor dumb husband what's going on?" he said.

Nancy removed the tray of hamburgers from the refrigerator. "Just

keep your fine fingers crossed," she said. "I think Red and Bess have at last met their match."

"Let's start at the beginning," Don said. "I don't get it."

"The beginning," Nancy said, "was when we began getting smothered by the Johnsons. You know, we're not the first ones."

"First what?"

"First couple. There were the Murdocks, and before them somebody else," Nancy said. Then she paused reflectively. "Red and Bess are funny," she said. "I mean, they simply have an insatiable appetite for new people. They're just not self-sufficient. And what it comes down to, Don, is that they're couple-collectors—they take up new people and rush the life out of them. But the Kellogs will love it."

Don looked at her and frowned. "But Bess said the Kellogs bored her."

"I think that was just protective coloring," Nancy said. "Bess was afraid we were getting the inside track, and she couldn't bear to lose out—" Nancy handed him the big tray. "We'd better get these on the fire, darling."

Don leaned over and kissed her on the side of the neck. "Sometimes," he said, "you astonish me."

AS THEY carried the food to the fireplace, Nancy and Don passed the game table. Almost furtively Nancy glanced down at the two couples. "Well, here's the thing," she heard Bess effusing to Isabel Kellog, "why don't we trot ourselves over to your place tomorrow night and pick you up?"

"We'll really show you the town!" Red Johnson declared.

Nancy and Don walked on over to the fireplace. He placed the hamburger patties on the grill, and when he turned to face her, she smiled at him. It wasn't a smug smile, not even a triumphant one. But it had a kind of quiet shine.

—VIRGINIA AND EDWIN GILBERT



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COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

Collier's for October 16, 1953



We had our orders: a quick reconnaissance job, and then wipe out this strange planet earth. I risked my life to change the plan. Here's why:

By HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

I LIVE among you (I will not say where), and in the earth-town I now call home I am accepted as a neighbor and a friend. I suppose there are some who think I do look a bit queer, and perhaps there has been some gossip about the shape of my ears or the faint bluish cast to my skin, but no one has said anything to me personally or asked any member of my family about my condition.

That's what I like about America. If a man is a good neighbor he can have his little eccentricities, and no one thinks him any queerer than the man next door. I wouldn't last two minutes in any country where you need all sorts of documents in order to exist and have to go around proving who you are all the time.

I live now in a small pleasant Midwestern town, and I am, to the best of my ability, a good citizen. I belong to the Rotary, the chamber of commerce, the country club and the volunteer fire department. And some of my neighbors have indicated that they want me to run for the school board next election. I would also like to join the American Legion and the VFW—their drum and bugle corps fascinate me—but my military service, though ex-

tensive, hardly qualifies me for membership in either of those organizations.

You see, for one hundred and twenty of your earth-years I was a command pilot in the Adnaxian Interplanetary Air Force, and just two short years ago I was zooming about these American skies in what you call a flying saucer, scouting you for a planned invasion that was to destroy earth and everything upon it.

In case this frightens you, let me assure you that any fear is needless. The invasion will not come off, and for a rather funny reason—going by American rather than Adnaxian standards of humor.

To make a long story short (as earth after-dinner speakers say when they embark upon some interminable anecdote) I was born in the Class-A manner that Adnaxian parents who are deeply in love choose as a method for reproduction: My dear parents clasped hands, concentrated on an image they had agreed upon as being their ideal for a handsome son, and presto! I was!

This method of birth is not so simple as it may seem from my telling. Both father and mother must be in complete harmony of mind and spirit in

order to achieve the degree of concentration that produces a child. Should either have the slightest doubt or reservation or antagonism or hostility toward the other, there can be no child.

For those who prefer to avoid so difficult a test of compatibility there is, on Adnaxas, the Class-B method, which is similar in all respects to your method here on earth. Most Adnaxians, I must confess, prefer the Class-B method and are content to allow mere chemistry to substitute for the highest of all Adnaxian spiritual achievements.

My parents worked hard to feed and clothe and educate me, and I was the usual unappreciative child. I devoted my life to play, tied tin cans to the tails of sleeping dracosmalls and raided the farmers' *Citrullis vulgaris* patches. In adolescence I ran away from home with some friends and was stranded on another planet in our orbit. We were arrested, locked up, given a stiff lecture on juvenile delinquency by the police and sent home with a note to our parents that we be soundly whipped.

These carefree days soon passed, and when I reached the equivalent of nineteen earth-years, I enlisted in the Adnaxian Air Force rather than wait and be drafted into the infantry. I had a high

Why the earth
was not
INVADED

It took me only a moment to discover that all was not well. The Presidex was furious, the pilot before him was shaking. "Report!" the Presidex bellowed

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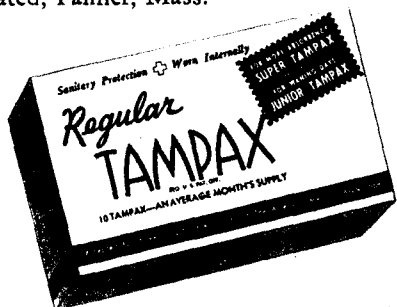
*She's the sort
of woman who
makes people
exclaim:*

"HOW YOUNG SHE LOOKS!"

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score in the aptitude tests, went into pilot training and eventually was assigned to interplanetary flying. And that led to my last assignment—the destruction of the United States of America.

It was rather silly the way it came about. One of our space ships was out on a routine patrol, and the commanding officer got into a game of Adnaxian chess with the executive officer, leaving the ship in the hands of the navigator. He was just out of the academy, on his first space trip, and green as a neo-Martian's hair.

The chess game lasted for weeks—only hours in Adnaxian time—and by the time it was over, the ship was off course, billions and billions of miles east or west or some direction away from where it should have been.

THE commander did the only thing he could under the circumstances. He blamed it all on the navigator and wrote a nasty fitness report on him. But since they didn't know where they were or how they had got there, it was impossible to turn back, because which way was back?

"Press on," the CO said wearily. "We're already nowhere, but if we keep moving we're bound to wind up somewhere."

So they kept on going (I got this all from the exec, who had won his wings when I did) without course or chart and, Adnaxianlike, didn't care too much where they were going so long as they were traveling at top speed.

Before long the ship's instruments indicated the presence of a land mass. The ship was slowed to a thousand miles an hour, and everybody peeked out the portholes to see where they had got to.

"Land ho!" a crewman shouted, and sure enough, the ship broke through the clouds and found itself flying over open country. I have discovered since that it was Texas.

The country below looked unfamiliar to our men, but they could see that it was populated and that the inhabitants had built cities, roads, canals and golf courses.

"You know," the CO said to the exec, "I believe we have discovered another universe and a hitherto undiscovered populated planet."

"I believe you are correct, sir," the exec replied. (He got a medal and a promotion for that later.)

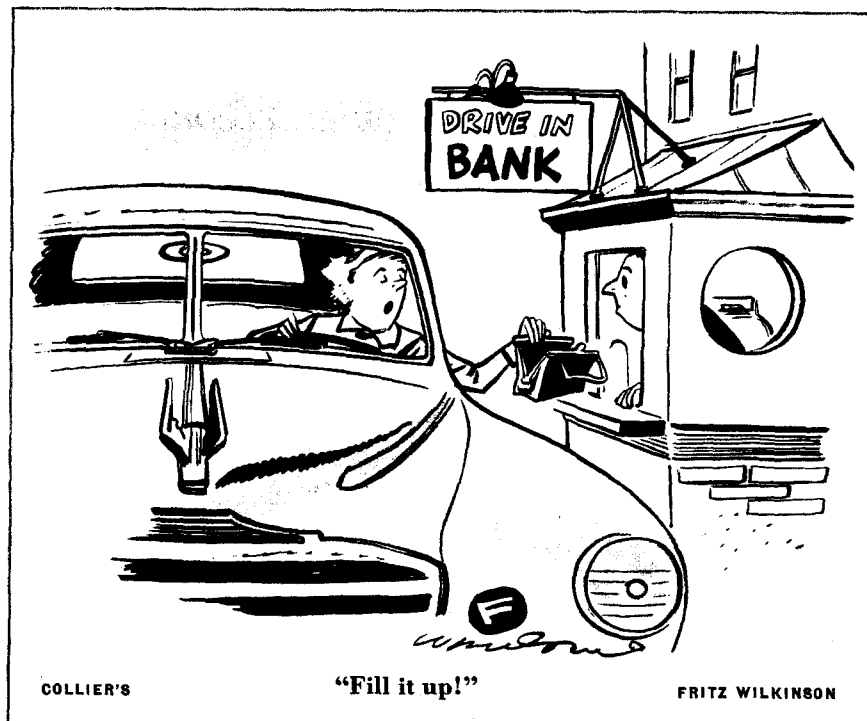
"Prepare the disintegrator for action," the CO ordered. "We'll wipe out this planet before they attack us, and we'll report our noble accomplishment to the Presidex."

"If I may be so bold, sir," the exec replied, "our beloved Presidex has a very suspicious nature and might not believe us if we reported the place destroyed. Perhaps it would be more discreet to announce our discovery and allow him to order the attack."

The CO patted the exec on the shoulder, and gazing at the planet below, he exclaimed dramatically, "I claim this planet in the name of the Presidex of Adnaxas and command that it be known until its destruction as Adna-Annex. Full speed ahead."

The space ship found its way back to Adnaxas, and the news it brought created great excitement on every hand. Our Presidex was delighted with the news. "A new universe! A new planet!" he cried when word was brought to him in his steam bath. "This is wonderful! Mobilize at once! We will attack and destroy it!"

That very night I was over at the



Officers' Club, talking with the other pilots about the new war, when a messenger came from the Presidex commanding me to appear before him.

The other pilots looked at one another knowingly. If I were being called, action was near. You would find it difficult to believe now, if you were to see me puffing along behind a lawnmower with my receding hair and my rather paunchy waistline, but at that time I was the leading ace of the Adnaxian Interplanetary Air Force. I was known for my killer instinct and was considered cold-blooded even for a planet where we were, in a manner of speaking, bloodless. I had long since ceased counting my space-ship kills in the numerous wars I had known, and kept score only of the planets I had destroyed by myself. At the time I had shot down (or up, since there is no difference in space) no fewer than fourteen enemy planets.

I found the Presidex poring over numerous maps and charts in his office. There was a frown on his face, and the way he had his cigar clamped between his teeth indicated he was in one of his many rages.

I saluted smartly and stood at attention, waiting to be noticed.

"Ex-my-ex," he said to me sternly, "do you believe in the existence of this so-called new planet?"

"I have read only the official reports, sir," I replied.

"We've studied every map and chart ever made," the Presidex muttered, "and not one of them indicates the existence of any planets or universes other than those we have known about and destroyed. In my opinion that patrol ship was lost, and they've come back with this cock-and-bull story to cover up their inability to stay on course. That's what I think. How about you?"

"There is a way to check, sir," I reminded him.

"That's why I called you. I want you to pick a squadron of our finest pilots and lead them on a scouting mission to see if you can find this Adna-Annex. My boy, if it's there I know you'll find it."

"Do we have permission to destroy upon confirmation, sir?" I asked.

He pondered this for a moment. "Report back first," he said. His stern visage relaxed into a slight smile. "I think I would like to lead the attack myself. It's been a long time since I've

seen a world go up in flames. Too long. I'll be waiting for your report."

A short time later I was at the head of a dozen scouting ships, flown by the finest pilots in our ranks. We took off in formation and, following the course set by the patrol ship, headed into space to find this reported new planet of Adna-Annex.

That we found earth you know, but what happened to me and to the other pilots is now revealed for the first time.

WHEN we sighted earth our formation broke up according to plan. We were to stay exactly four earth-hours, each on a different part of the planet, then fly back to Adnaxas with the information we had gathered. As luck would have it, I drew the assignment that brought me down in the U.S.A., in a small Midwestern city.

I landed my ship, rendered it invisible and walked to town. It was a pleasant spring evening, and I enjoyed the opportunity of stretching my legs after a twenty-billion-mile flight. In a few minutes I was walking the streets of my first American town.

I wandered about freely. We Adnaxians are chameleonlike in that after hearing one word of a new language, we are able to understand and speak it like a native. But even our great gifts have their limitations. It was impossible to duplicate exactly the incredible architecture of the earth-human. I was unable to remove all the bluish tinge from my skin, and getting a passable-looking ear was an impossibility.

I strolled about town observing and taking notes. I stopped and listened to a band concert in the town square, and later I ambled over to the park to watch a game of night baseball, buying a ten-cent box of popcorn, which I entered carefully on my expense sheet as fifty cents.

The town presented no military problem. I saw no defense installations, and the only soldiers in evidence were unarmed and accompanied by girls. The big white houses in which the people lived were of wood and would burn easily. I estimated the entire town could be wiped out with one burst of a small-caliber disintegrator. From what I saw, the destruction of this planet and its careless inhabitants would be scarcely more than an exercise in navigation and gunnery.

Pleased with my observations, I

Collier's for October 16, 1953

paused in the local drugstore to have a cool drink before departing for Adnaxas. Thirst, unknown to me as an Adnaxian, was an interesting experience that was part of my human semblance.

I walked into the drugstore, humming a waltz the band had been playing, and took a seat at the soda fountain. I studied the variety of concoctions available, and having made my decision, I looked up and into two of the most beautiful brown eyes I had ever seen. Then I discovered how attractive a nose can be when decorated with a few light freckles, and that there is something about slightly parted red lips that wreaks havoc with a pilot's computations of the amount of ammunition needed to disintegrate a planet.

THEN a change came over me and, for the first time in my life, I was frightened. I felt a strange shortness of breath, and there was a sudden violent pounding in the left side of my chest. The left chest is where Adnaxians have their appendix, but I had never heard of these symptoms in connection with an acute attack of appendicitis. Then I recalled that I was still in my earth-form and must be undergoing a physical reaction that was connected with the feeling of thirst I had experienced. It was disconcerting but not at all unpleasant.

"Stranger in town?" the girl asked as she brought me an ice-cream soda.

"Happens I am," I replied, wondering why the drink did not cause the thirst sensation in my chest to subside.

"Staying long or passing through?"

"Passing through," I said. "But I plan to return."

"Come in again if you do," she said,

leaning against the ice-cream freezer to look at me with a kind of soft expression in her brown eyes.

"That I will," I replied.

"You come from far off?" she asked as I paid for my soda.

"Quite a way," I said. Our hands touched as she gave me my change. She blushed and lowered her eyes. I felt almost faint.

"You don't look local, but you sure talk it," she said with a sigh.

"I am and I ain't," I replied.

"Hurry back," she said, seeming forlorn at my departure.

"I guess I will," I said, thinking what would happen when I opened fire on the town with my disintegrator.

"By now," she said.

I walked slowly to my space ship, passing through the quiet streets of the town, smelling the sweet earth-air at night, hearing the music from the homes with radios and the blood-thirsty cries of wrestling fans from the homes with television. A dog ran out and barked at me once, then fell down in a faint.

I reached my space ship, caused it to appear and went aboard. I took one last look at the sleeping town as I floated silently above it on my way back to Adnaxas. When next I came it would be with fire and terror and destruction. And a fifteenth planet would be painted on the side of my ship. Maybe I wouldn't have them paint another planet. Maybe, when the kill was made, I would tell them the new symbol of victory I should carry. There would be fourteen planets and one human face with brown eyes and a freckled nose and slightly parted lips.

Dallying in the drugstore had put me behind schedule. I forced my ship

to the limit, but when I reached Adnaxas I saw that all the other ships had already returned. I winced, knowing the reprimand I'd receive.

When I reached the presidexial palace the other pilots had already reported in. I tiptoed past the guards and, with my reports in hand, waited outside and listened while the other pilots reported their findings.

It took only a moment for me to discover that all was not well. The Presidex was furiously chewing his cigar, the pilot before him was shaking.

"Report!" the Presidex shouted.

"Sir, the inhabitants of Adna-Annex are black, they wear little clothing, they live in crude huts and are armed only with spears, bows and arrows."

"The next report!" the Presidex bel-
lowed.

The next pilot stepped up and saluted. "Sir, the inhabitants of Adna-Annex are yellow-skinned, they wear padded clothing and they are very numerous."

"Next report!" the Presidex roared.

The third pilot saluted and began the report of what he had found where he landed on earth. "Sir, the inhabitants of Adna-Annex are few in number. They are very primitive and live in houses made of ice and eat fish."

"Next report!"

"The inhabitants of Adna-Annex are tall, blue-eyed and live in clean cities where the streets are very clean. They have many factories and are technically advanced. They—"

"Stop!" the Presidex yelled, rising from his chair. "I will hear no more of your lies. Each of you claims to have visited the planet of Adna-Annex, but each of you returns with a different story. It proves to me you found nothing! There is no other universe, no such place as Adna-Annex! It's a plot to discredit me in the eyes of my people! Life imprisonment for you all! Where is Ex-my-ex? He was your squadron leader. I'll have him executed!"

BY THIS time I was on my way out. Flight was indicated, and there was only one place to which I could flee in safety. The Presidex could hunt me down on any planet in our universe. But he was convinced there was no other universe, or other planet, and I knew where there was one, with a pleasant small town, and a drugstore and a girl with a wistful sigh.

I got back in my space ship, and in another moment I was keeping my promise to that brown-eyed girl that I would hurry back. And there was that strange pounding in my left chest.

And so, here I am in this pleasant little Midwestern town, which may be yours, and I am a friend to many fine neighbors, of whom you may be one. Perhaps I am your customer, and you mine, and we are golfing partners or fishing companions.

I am happy here. I have a good wife and two lovely children. I have invented a plausible past, and I am enjoying my quiet life on earth.

I have one favor to ask, now that you know the truth. If you should notice my pointed ears and the bluish cast to my skin and suspect who I am, would you mind very much keeping it to yourself?

For if I were discovered and photographed and interviewed and fussed over—who knows? Word might reach the vengeful Presidex of Adnaxas, and whatever happened to the world then would be all your fault.

—HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

PLENTY OF

HOT WATER

Plus Easiest Installation Ever!



Installs in your kitchen! General Electric's new top-connecting electric water heater means easiest installation anywhere in your house! Meets the needs of all your appliances quickly, dependably, automatically!



Installs in your laundry! You eliminate costly long pipe runs with a G-E Water Heater that installs simply . . . anywhere you wish! You'll get more hot water, more economy with General Electric Water Heaters!



Even in a closet! Installation anywhere in your house with a G-E Heater. And G-E Water Heaters are safe! There's no pilot light to go out, and no dangerous fumes or flues to worry about.

A G-E Exclusive! External Heat-wrap Calrod® units give efficient heat. And they can't corrode or scale because they don't touch the water.

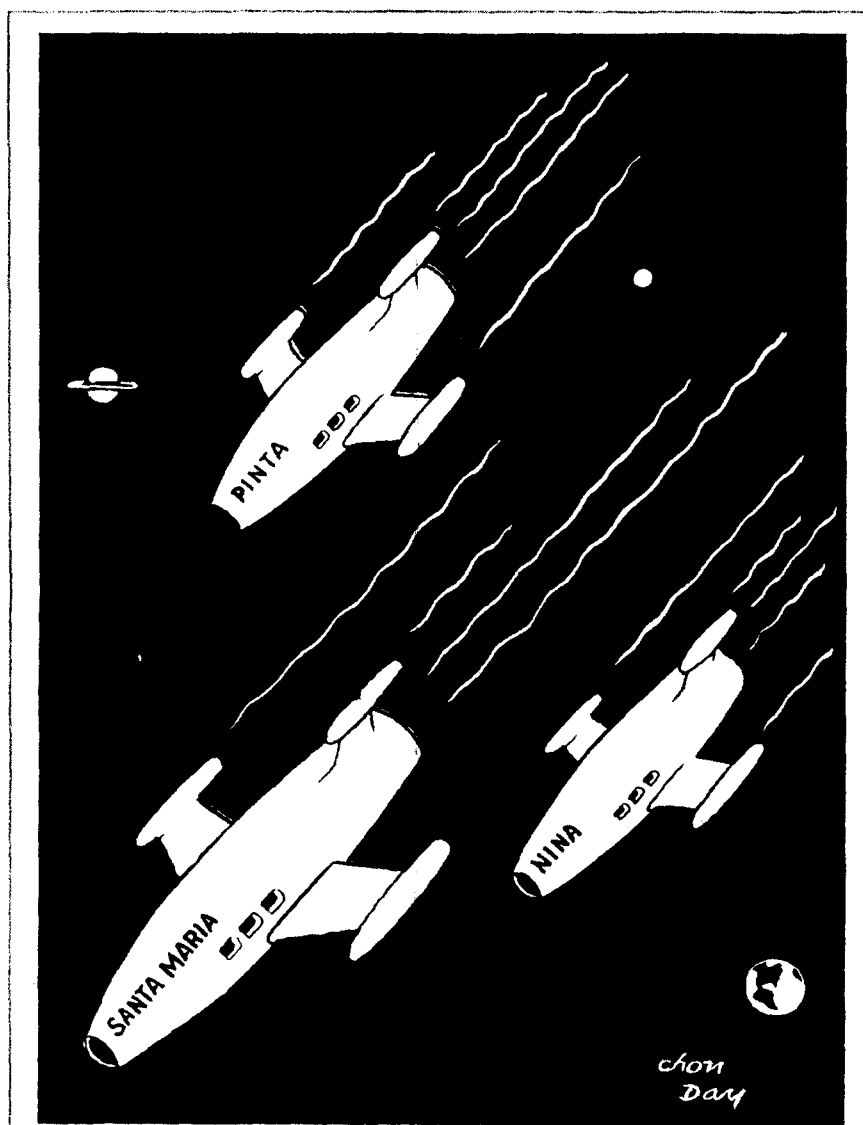
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC



WATER HEATERS

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



COLLIER'S

CHON DAY

Collier's for October 16, 1953

Concluding **THE PLIGHT OF THE HONEST COP**



... but policemen like these rookies in Los Angeles—one of the best policed cities in the country—are worth every cent invested in them

We hire men to protect us . . . then we under-pay them, under-train them, under-equip them. The usual result: police inefficiency and corruption—and a whopping crime bill

By **ALBERT DEUTSCH**

WHO'S your rabbi?" Patrolman McManus asked Patrolman O'Reilly. No jest—or derogation—was intended in the query: Officer O'Reilly knew his fellow patrolman was simply asking who his sponsor was. Among policemen in New York City, "rabbi" is a euphemism for the influential businessman, district political leader or racketeer who takes a personal interest in a particular cop's career and uses his weight to advance it. The "rabbi" in New York police parlance is the "clout" in Chicago. This protector may be someone who expects to be repaid in cold cash, in political and personal loyalty, or in freedom from police molestation of his shady rackets, or he may be a relative or friend who is pushing a cop along as a personal favor.

Veteran police expert Bruce Smith, of the Institute of Public Administration, notes that four out of five of the nation's policemen never rise above the rank of patrolman. The favored 20 per cent include many honest men, but they also include many men who owe their promotions partly, if not entirely, to a clout.

A would-be cop no longer needs \$500 to buy a job on the Chicago police force, as he did a few years ago, and he no longer needs a clout to get into a blue uniform. Yet even now it is sometimes hard to get promoted in that city without a clout's active intervention, notwithstanding supposedly objective civil service tests. As late as 1945, 1,000 job openings in the Chicago Police Department were parceled out to ward committeemen of the dominant party.

Ward committeemen, many of whom were deep in the take on local racket protection, had a powerful influence on the police department, regardless of which political party was in.

Time was when every raise in rank in the Chicago police department cost the candidate a payoff to a clout. Promotion to sergeant cost \$200 until one brave cop named Schumacher balked some years ago. His announced promotion was withheld for months, awaiting the pay-off. In the meantime, many others below Schumacher on the eligible list had their promotions postponed. Finally his impatient colleagues chipped in the \$200 pay-off for Schumacher so they could get their own promotions (at the usual rate).

"The man with a clout," an honest Chicago police captain told me, "is ruined for police work. He owes his sponsor a loyalty higher than that to his department or to the public. And there are too many clout-owned men on this force."

There are too many clout-owned cops on other police forces, also. They contribute to the inefficiency that rivals downright corruption as a basic reason for the general breakdown of our local law-enforcement machinery. "This inefficiency," says the report of the American Bar Association Commission on Organized Crime, "has been demonstrated by every recent investigation into organized crime as well as by scores of studies and surveys of police departments that have been made in recent years." The efficiency of

Collier's for October 16, 1953

250 CHANCES TO WIN

\$25000

IN THIS BRAIN-TEASER FUN-PUZZLE CONTEST

For Helping Us Build This Urgently Needed Hospital



**A \$2 DONATION
CAN WIN \$2,000
WITHOUT FURTHER ASSISTANCE
AT ANY TIME**

GET INTO THIS EXCITING NATION-WIDE CONTEST. IT'S FUN TO TRY . . . MORE FUN TO WIN. This great NEW Gemeroy-supervised puzzle game is fast becoming the most popular contest ever presented to puzzle fans anywhere. Here's an honest-to-goodness puzzle, "made to order" for fun and thrills by G. F. Gemeroy, America's Foremost Contest Man. First Prize cannot be less than \$2,000.00 and may be as much as \$12,000.00. *Give money worries a "Knockout Blow" once and for all!*

Here is a puzzle problem that's really EASY. It's educational, it's exciting—and it can be highly profitable. No 25-word essays to write, no weird pictures to identify, no weary searching for words in big dictionaries. All you need is a little patience and perseverance.

HELP SEATTLE PREPARE FOR ATOMIC BOMBS

Seattle, Queen City of the Pacific, situated a few hours' flying time by Intercontinental Bombers from Siberia, would be a prime target in event of global conflict. Her 700,000 people would suffer thousands of casualties from the first shattering blow. To be prepared for such a catastrophe, the Trustees of the Hospital Association have undertaken the vital task of providing this area with a new and urgently needed

CONTEST RULES

1. The contest is open to any adult residing in the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii or Puerto Rico who enters the "EUREKA" Puzzle with a donation of \$2.00 or more. Northwest Memorial Hospital employees (and families) may not enter. Any person whose winnings total \$500 in previous Gemeroy Contests is eligible to win only \$200. One prize only to any contestant or to members of the same household.

2. If ties occur in this puzzle, then all those tied are required to work an additional puzzle or puzzles, known as a Tiebreaker. ONLY THOSE CONTESTANTS WHO ARE TIED WILL BE ELIGIBLE to proceed to the Tiebreaker puzzle, which will be a word-frame puzzle. Consecutive puzzles (not to exceed three additional puzzles) will be employed until there are no more ties. The contestant with the highest total in the last puzzle will be awarded the First Prize; second highest, Second Prize, etc., until all 250 prizes are paid. If ties occur in the third Tiebreaker, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Final results and photostats of the Top Winner's solution will be mailed contestants.

3. If there are ties in this puzzle or any Tiebreaker puzzle, all lower prizes will be reserved until those tying have been provided for. Then the remaining prizes (if any) will be awarded, in order, to those ranging next highest in the puzzle immediately preceding, and so on until all the prizes have been awarded.

4. Contestants may submit substitute answers anytime before November 30, 1953, provided a donation of \$2.00 is enclosed. All money previously remitted will be transferred and credited to contestant's best puzzle score.

5. A GENEROUS SUPPLY OF LARGE-SIZE EXTRA PUZZLE CHARTS SENT FREE UPON REQUEST. Deadline for mailing entries is November 30, 1953.

HERE'S HOW TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE

1. In the puzzle diagram, the object is to select 22 words (in addition to "EUREKA") from the Master List, to fill all the interlocking word sections as in an ordinary crossword puzzle. Starting with either "U" or "K" in "EUREKA", choose words whose total letter values, when added together, will produce the largest or greatest GRAND TOTAL. Thus, it is easy to see that the word "BURY" could be used in the 4-letter vertical section to connect with the "U" in "EUREKA".

2. Use one word only in each of the 22 word sections and one letter to each blank square. All words to be selected from the Master Word List. You may leave blank, one or more letter squares at the beginning or end of words or both.

3. No word may be used more than once. Pen, pencil or typewriter may be used. Spell from top to bottom in vertical words and from left to right in horizontal words. The word "EUREKA" must appear in the position shown.

4. Each letter is given a definite point value (see letter-chart). The letter values of "EUREKA" must also be included when computing your Grand Total. Horizontal line or path totals MUST be shown in the space provided in the long ladder-like column at the right-hand side of the chart.

5. The Grand Total, being the total of the 16 horizontal line totals, MUST be added up and shown at the bottom of the long column marked "GRAND TOTAL".

6. All letters in your chart that interlock two words are given 3 times their regular value. EXAMPLE: The letters "U" and "K" in "EUREKA" are given triple (3 times) value because two other words will be joined or interlocked to "EUREKA" by these two letters.

EXTRA
PUZZLE
CHARTS
SENT
FREE
UPON
REQUEST

**YOU
CAN
WIN**

\$12,000⁰⁰ GRAND AWARD

PRIZES	WHEN \$2 IS DONATED	WHEN \$5 IS DONATED	WHEN \$10 IS DONATED	WHEN \$15 IS DONATED
FIRST	\$2,000	\$3,000	\$7,000	\$12,000
SECOND	800	1,200	2,000	3,000
THIRD	700	1,000	1,400	2,000
FOURTH	600	750	1,200	1,400
FIFTH	500	650	900	1,000

6th to 10th \$200 each (Total \$1,000) 31st to 150th \$ 20 each (Total \$2,400)
11th to 30th \$ 60 each (Total \$1,200) 151st to 250th \$ 10 each (Total \$1,000)

OVER \$195,000.00 HAS BEEN GIVEN AWAY BY G. F. GEMEROY
TO CONTEST WINNERS IN THE PAST SEVEN YEARS!

MASTER WORD LIST

Here's Everything You Need to Win

ABANA	CANDO	GIALO	LUSK	PIEA
ABBOTT	CEBU	HAAN	MACIEL	RAUT
AGADES	CLAY	HESSE	MIAMI	REED
AJUY	COVELO	JAFFE	MOSSEL	RENGO
AKIN	JALUD	MUKHA	RENNER	RHYL
AKUTAN	JALUIT	NAGREB		
ALMA	KALI	NARO	SEAL	
AMUKTA	DHAR	NEELY	SUDA	
ANJU	DISON	NEENAH	TEME	
ANJUI	DORVAL	NEVA	TROY	
APISON	DROBAK	KENNET	TRURO	
ATHENS	EAGLE	KHAF	UBAY	
	ENDERS	KHAO	YREDE	
BALA	ENON	KUPA	WADI	
BELEM	ERON	KWOKA	WISNEK	
BOYD	FAYAL	LAHR	WOLFE	
BURY	FRIO	LAVARK	ZOAR	
BUTO	GAETA	LOAS		

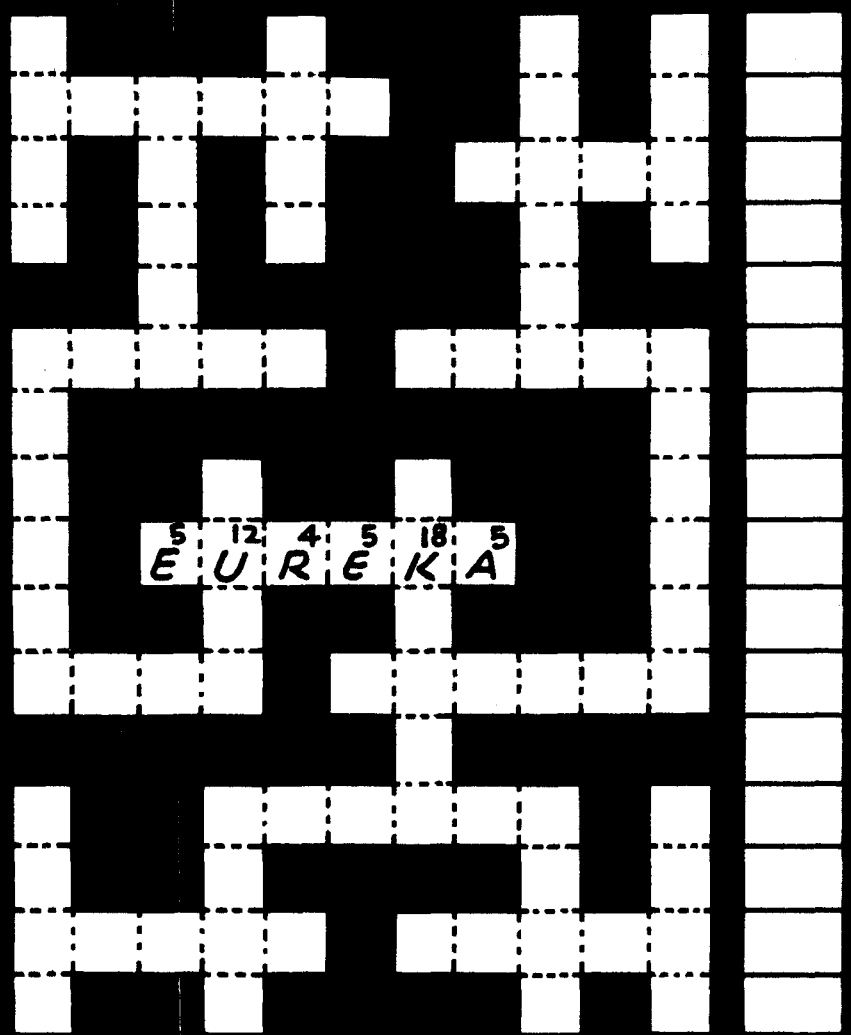
LETTER VALUES

A-5	N-6
B-8	O-6
C-6	P-7
D-7	Q-8
E-5	R-4
F-8	S-6
G-5	T-8
H-9	U-4
I-5	V-9
J-8	W-4
K-6	X-9
L-9	Y-9
M-6	Z-9

Canadian residents are eligible to enter this contest.

NORTHWEST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION
MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING
SEATTLE 4, WASH.

"EUREKA" KEY-WORD PUZZLE



DEADLINE FOR MAILING
ENTRIES NOVEMBER 30, 1953

GRAND
TOTAL

Mail Puzzle With Coupon Today



I have shown, above, my grand total to the "EUREKA" puzzle. I also enclose my donation of \$..... for the Northwest Hospital Building Program. It is understood if I am tied for high score I will be eligible to take part in the Tiebreaker.

(Remit by Cash, Money Order or Personal Check)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY OR P. O.

STATE

PR *Mail to:*

DR. REUBEN E. NELSON, Hospital President
209 Mutual Life Building, Seattle 4, Wash.

World's toughest engineering

THE gleaming streaks of light in this photograph are the head and tail lights of cars—Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks, Cadillacs and their leading competitors in each price class.

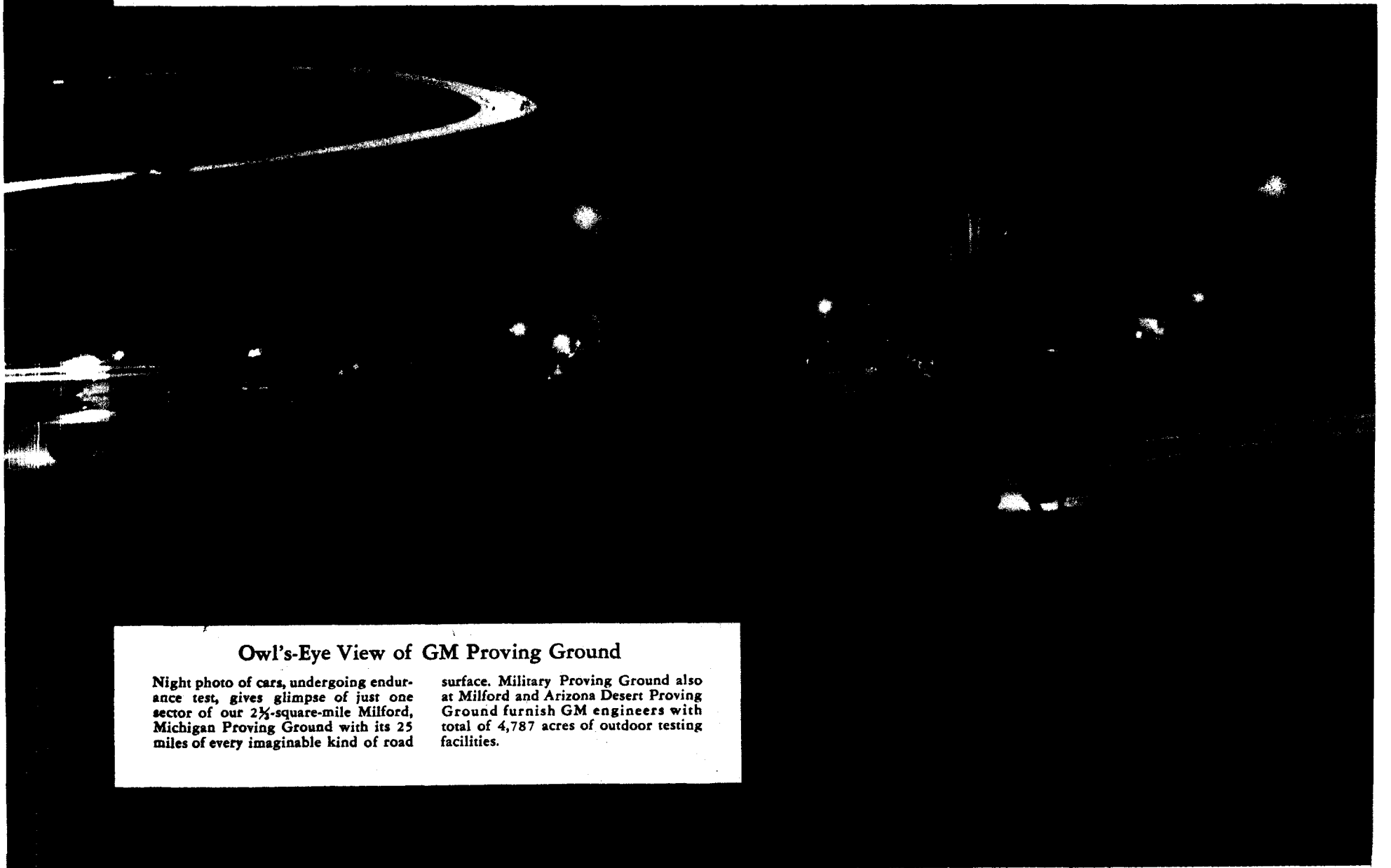
They are being pushed round the clock in a 25,000-mile night-and-day endurance test, so that our General Motors engineers can see just how well other makes stack up with ours.

For, in a competitive business like the motorcar industry, you have to know all the facts.

And one of the best ways to find them is to give cars an intensified version of the wear and tear they'd get in normal usage — then dismantle them and subject each part to precise laboratory analysis to see how well it has withstood the test.

Of course, this competitive endurance run is only one of the many tests we are constantly running off on our huge Michigan Proving Ground.

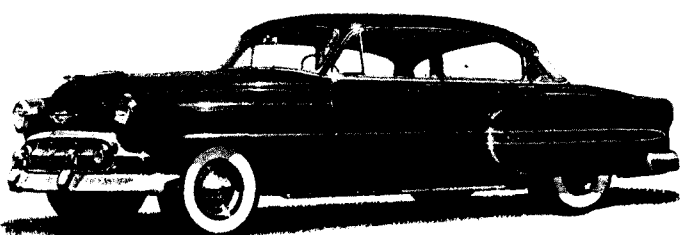
With all kinds of facilities, from 60 percent grades to Belgian block roads, we can test cars and trucks for springing, handling ease, hill climbing ability—anything we want to



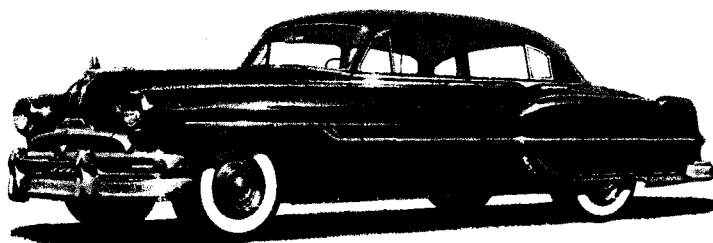
Owl's-Eye View of GM Proving Ground

Night photo of cars, undergoing endurance test, gives glimpse of just one sector of our 2½-square-mile Milford, Michigan Proving Ground with its 25 miles of every imaginable kind of road

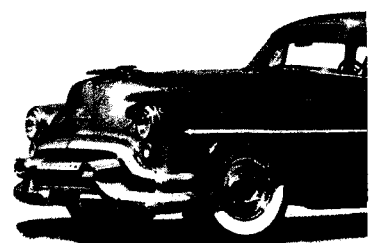
surface. Military Proving Ground also at Milford and Arizona Desert Proving Ground furnish GM engineers with total of 4,787 acres of outdoor testing facilities.



CHEVROLET



PONTIAC



tests tell us how good our cars are

find out about. In addition, our Arizona Proving Ground provides high temperature and dust tests.

So—when our engineers say you get a lot for your money in a General Motors car—they're talking facts proved on the world's toughest test roads.

Yes — in the last quarter century these tests have added up to 140,000,000 miles of experience, contributing to the technological improvements in every Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac. That's why the key to a General Motors car is bound to be your key to greater value.

GENERAL MOTORS

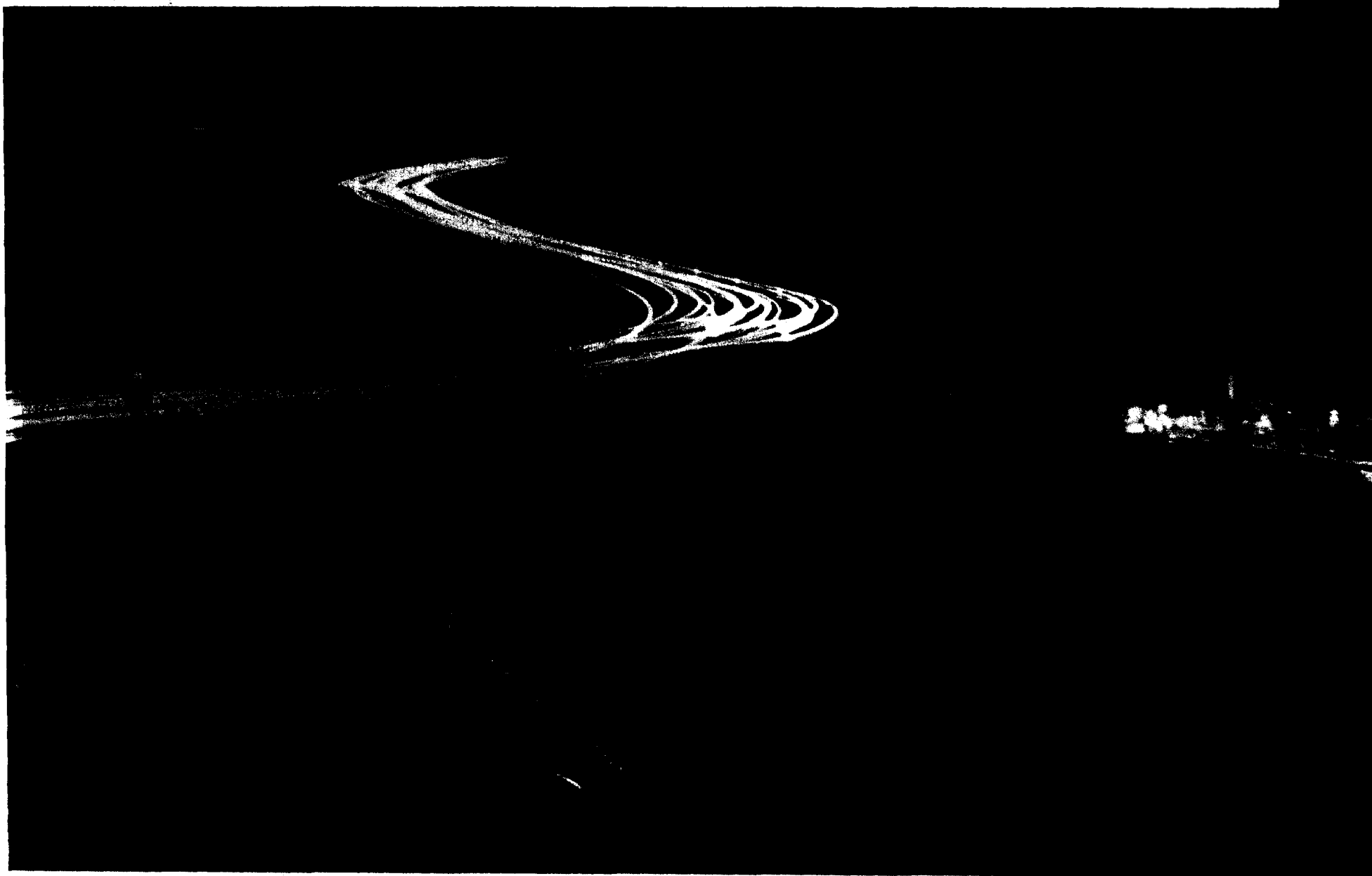
"More and Better Things for More People"



"Your Key to Greater Value — the Key to a General Motors Car"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

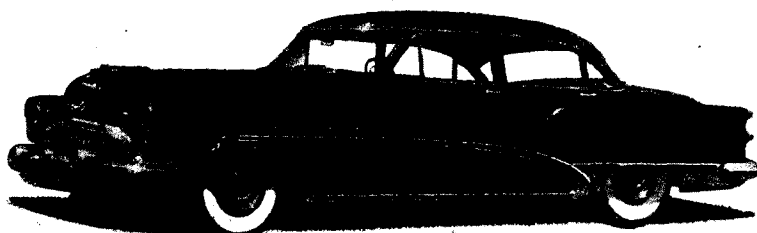
All with Body by Fisher • GMC TRUCK & COACH



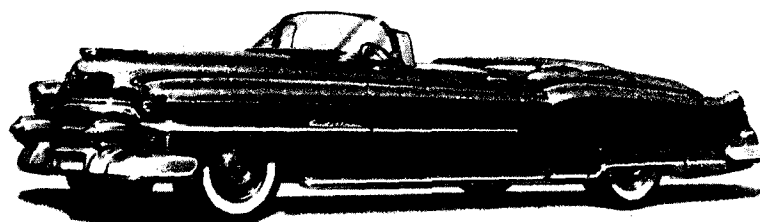
Tune in—General Motors TV College Football Game of the Week—Every Saturday, Sept. 19 through Dec. 5, and Thanksgiving Day. Check local paper for time and station.



OLDSMOBILE

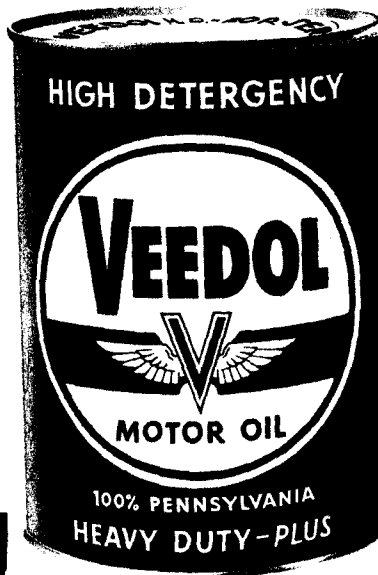


BUICK



CADILLAC

Seal in All Your Horse- power!

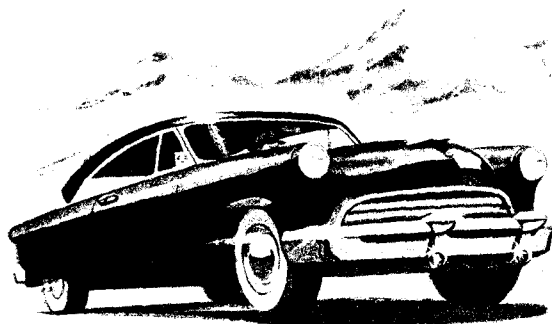


with the
Veedol High-Detergency
“Film of Protection”

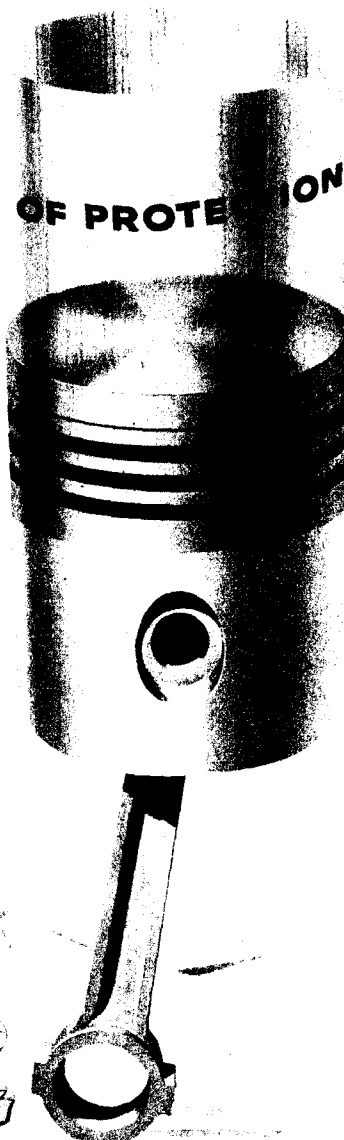
Use all the horsepower built into your powerful engine! Seal in the great performance your car can give . . . with the famous VEEDOL High-Detergency “Film of Protection.”

New VEEDOL High-Detergency motor oil is made from 100% Pennsylvania crude oil. It resists blow-by . . . seals in horsepower. Its detergent properties keep contaminants in suspension leaving a cleaner engine when drained. And it forms a protective anti-corrosion film on metal surfaces . . . fights the ravages of acid “engine sweat.” So . . .

Don't waste horsepower! Use all the power your car can deliver . . . by draining and refilling your crankcase with fresh VEEDOL High-Detergency motor oil every thousand miles!



FILM OF PROTECTION



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TIDE WATER
ASSOCIATED
OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco



Good police forces are rare—but



ZINN ARTHUR

Milwaukee has fine force. Here Chief John Polcyn gives citations to Joseph Karpinski (l.), Edward Cera. Sgt. George Sprague watches

police service cannot rise above the level of the men who operate it. Many individuals in our local police agencies represent the finest flower of American manhood, possessing integrity, competence, intelligence, vision and devotion to their duty. But shockingly sloppy methods of recruitment have darkened the ranks with incompetents, crooks, morons, sadists and psychotics. Dr. Douglas M. Kelley, a psychiatrist who is also professor of criminology at the University of California, has interviewed nearly 1,000 applicants for police jobs in the cities of Oakland and Berkeley. He has rejected approximately 35 per cent as emotionally unstable and immature or otherwise psychologically unfit for police work. On the basis of his experience, and that of other psychiatrists engaged in testing would-be policemen, Dr. Kelley estimates that one out of every three men accepted for police service in communities lacking psychiatric screening—and that means all but a few localities—may be psychologically unsuited for the job, although he may do well in many other occupations.

The markedly high suicide and homicide rates among policemen indicate the danger of placing emotionally unstable men in an occupation where a lethal weapon is always at hand in moments of acute depression or violent rage. Not infrequently the press carries front-page stories of a despondent policeman who has shot himself, or of a cop who, in a homicidal episode, has shot his wife, his children, his in-laws or his sweetheart. At one time, a wave of suicides struck the New York City police force; more than 100 members killed themselves within a little more than six years.

While no comparative statistics are available, some observers have a def-

inite impression that there are more crimes of violence among policemen, in proportion to their numbers, than among any other occupational group this side of the criminal line. This impression, while it may be exaggerated, has enough factual foundation to indicate another serious flaw in the way we pick our cops.

Duties of Modern Police Force

There was a time when it was said with some truth that all a man needed to be a cop was a strong back and a weak mind. But our complex society, with its rapid extension of human activities and a proliferation of laws to regulate them, demands men of professional status to do the policing job effectively. The duties of a modern police force have grown tremendously complicated since the old watch-and-ward days when citizens took turns patrolling in the town, and the later period when part-time or full-time public watchmen were employed by expanding communities. Yet our police organizations generally have been allowed to grow without plan or pattern, with poor selection and promotion systems, with low morale, with little or no training, with unskilled troops thrown against professional criminals.

One of our foremost police authorities, former Chief August Vollmer of Berkeley, California, has said that many police departments are operating at less than 10 per cent efficiency.

Only a fraction of reported crimes are ever solved, even in towns with relatively good police departments. For an inkling of what that fact means, take a look at some recent crime figures: it is estimated that more than 3,500,000 known criminals are on the loose in this country. The latest FBI

Collier's for October 16, 1953

some towns have had them for years



Desk Sgt. K. C. Pine of crack Berkeley, Calif., police department points out locations of city's patrol cars to Chief John Holstrom

statistics show that more than 2,000,000 major crimes were committed last year. A homicide occurs somewhere in America every 40 minutes, a rape every half hour, a robbery every nine minutes, an aggravated assault every six minutes, a burglary nearly once a minute, a larceny every 26 seconds.

Those figures are based on the ultra-conservative estimates of the FBI, which collects statistics only from localities meeting certain standards of crime reporting.

Not all communities meet those standards. The extent of ill-recorded or deliberately faked crime reports in many of our cities and towns is astounding. If all crimes were properly reported to and by the police, the number now officially listed in national statistics undoubtedly would increase greatly in most categories.

The crime-reporting system in New York City until recently was so absurdly inaccurate that the FBI refused to include the statistics in its Uniform Crime Reports. When the record system was improved, the number of known burglaries reported was multiplied 13 times and the number of robberies rose fivefold as compared with the last previous period for which figures were available. The tremendous increase represented no spurt in criminal activity; it was simply closer to the true incidence of crime.

A similar increase was recorded in Chicago some years back after the police department improved its sloppy methods of crime reporting. As Virgil W. Peterson of the Chicago Crime Commission points out, many offenses are never reported to the police and many more that are reported never get into the official statistical records. They may be omitted because of poor recording methods, or deliberately falsified to

Collier's for October 16, 1953

cover up police inefficiency and corruption or to help build a phony reputation for the city's political heads.

Further, and equally startling, recent FBI figures indicate that even of the burglaries and robberies known and reported by the police, *less than one third* result in arrests—and fewer than half of the suspects arrested are convicted.

There's no doubt about it, an enormous number of crimes go unreported, unrecorded, unpunished and unsolved.

Some Shocking Statistics

In Chicago, Peterson showed me shocking figures pertaining to top criminals who used Chicago and Cook County as their headquarters for decades. They accumulated many millions of dollars in illicit profits (as noted in their income-tax returns), were involved in literally thousands of offenses, including complicity in murders—yet have never been convicted of any crime in a local court. The same is true in many other areas, where big-shot criminals remain free of harassment by local police, and come a cropper occasionally only through federal or state action.

Our pious and oft-repeated slogan to the contrary, crime does pay for far too many people, Peterson observes. Many of our top-ranking criminals are seldom arrested—and then usually for minor offenses—and even more rarely convicted, as they continue to accumulate great wealth and enjoy the sort of luxury usually reserved for Oriental potentates.

All these facts and figures further attest to the gross inefficiency of our police service in most parts of the country.

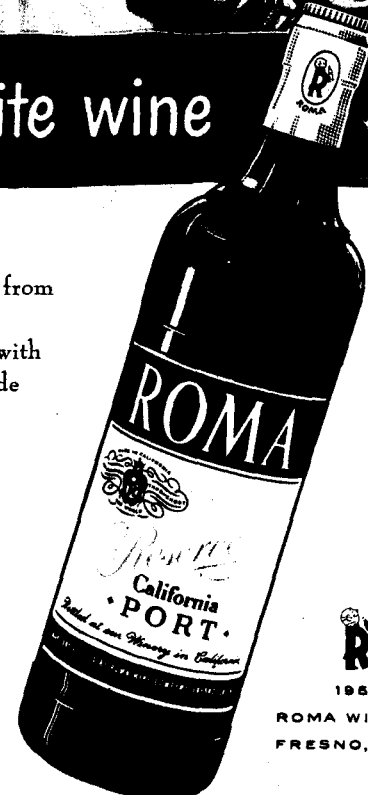
Inefficiency—and corruption—will

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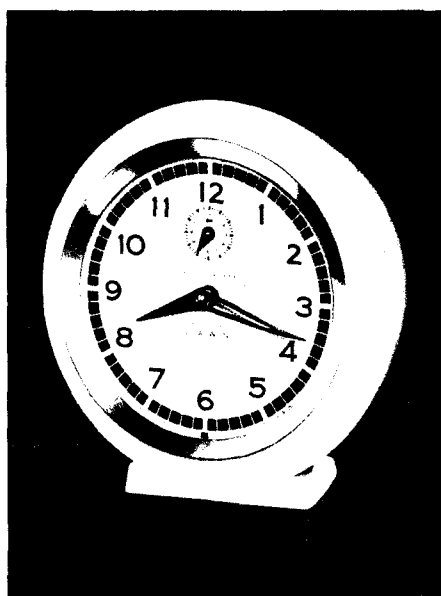
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One third the cops in most towns may be unfit

continue to plague our local police services so long as most departments continue to hire large numbers of sub-standard cops at cut-rate wages; so long as promotions are based largely on pull rather than merit; so long as efficient leadership is widely lacking; so long as police organization remains outmoded in most areas; so long as modern techniques for the detection and prevention of crime are ignored; so long as the proper training of policemen is neglected; so long as crooked politicians dominate so many police departments; so long as the public remains indifferent to law-enforcement problems; so long as the thousands of police departments throughout the country generally fail to co-operate in the common war against crime.

One major cause of inefficiency is that we tend to pick second- and third-rate men for our police executives, and rarely give them time enough to learn on the job. In a study recently made for the American Bar Association Commission on Organized Crime, Colonel Earle W. Garrett reported that the average tenure of the police heads of cities between 10,000 and 500,000 population is only four or five years, while the record is even worse in cities of over 500,000—where the average is two and a half years.

Rapid Turnover in Police Heads

Not very long ago, New York City had five police commissioners in a period of less than six years, and El Paso, Texas, has had three chiefs in the last four years.

This constant shifting of top executives, often attended by violent shake-ups and sharp turns in policy, plays havoc with police morale, promotes chronic jitters in personnel, and deprives a department of a stable tradition. In contrast is the record of two of our best-policed cities: Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has had only four police chiefs since 1888; Berkeley, California, has had only three police chiefs during the last 45 years.

Police chiefs who are appointed by responsible administrators usually do better than elected heads. Experts generally agree that the election system for sheriffs and other law-enforcement executives forces these officials to play politics to a greater extent than appointed officials, and affords no assurance of good selection.

"Many of the sheriffs of this country," says a leading expert, Dean O. W. Wilson of the University of California School of Criminology, "are barely fit for the old bell ringer's job."

When it comes to the recruitment of rank-and-file cops, administrators are hobbled in several important ways. Their pay scales can't compete, in general, with the rates offered by private industry. Promotion prospects are bleak for the general run of recruits. The powerful pull of prestige—which might override the lack of monetary inducement—is absent in most police forces. The result, many police executives told me, is that local law-enforcement agencies have to be satisfied with the bottom of the man-power barrel. At that, most police forces can't recruit even the quotas allowed them by the budget makers. Many chiefs readily admit that their qualifying standards for police recruits are far too low, but

explain that they are powerless to raise the standards until they can afford better inducements—in terms of money, prestige and promotional possibilities.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover points up the disastrous effects of our costly policy of penny pinching in police service: "Unwillingness to provide proper remuneration for the intelligence and effort required in the performance of modern police duties is a form of cut-rate law enforcement and it will not work. The logical result is a bigger crime bill in the form of murders, robberies and all the other manifold ways in which crime can be expensive. To pay the price in this fashion rather than in adequate salaries for police officers makes an extremely poor bargain."

The cut-rate cop policy has a devastating impact on police morale and efficiency wherever it prevails. I was astonished, in my own six-month nation-wide survey for Collier's, to find how many policemen were forced to take on extra jobs after hours to eke out a living. I found cops who were working as part-time baby sitters, gravediggers, night watchmen, poolroom and dance-hall bouncers, grocery and shoe clerks, gas-station attendants, plumber's helpers and what not.

The dilemma of the cut-rate cop is graphically illustrated in an officer's letter of resignation from the police department of Washington, D.C., which Police Chief Robert V. Murray showed me. Turned in before Congress voted the police and other District of Columbia employees a twelve per cent increase last spring, the letter read, in part:

"Since my entrance into the police department I have worked as a laborer, I have worked as a butcher's helper, I have been a painter, paper hanger and upholsterer's helper, have been a salesman and a delivery boy for a florist shop, have done concrete finishing and have been a helper on a beer truck. Even with these almost Herculean efforts on my part to remain in the job I

had chosen as a lifetime career, my wife had to go back to work in order to assure us a living income.

"Any man who has spent eleven years in a highly technical job such as police work, and by that time is not earning a living wage, is, in every sense of the word, an out-and-out failure. Either that, or he has been failed by the public which employed him."

Third of Police Wives Work

A recent survey showed that more than one out of every three wives of Washington policemen work to supplement the family income. And where the husbands do extra work, says Chief Murray, morale suffers.

"Many men come in tired after their extra stint, hardly fit for a policeman's working day. Also, there is a temptation to avoid making arrests just before a day off, because an arrest would mean a court appearance the next day—and the loss of a chance for outside work."

Until 1940, there were strict department rules in Washington against taking outside work. But when the man-power reservoir began drying up just before World War II, the department had to relax its rules to keep enough men to avert chaos. Today, says Deputy Chief Clarence H. Lutz, recruitment is still a problem.

"We can't find enough men who are really interested in police work. We get too many who have been failures at other jobs and take this as a sort of last resort. Some of them simply can't cope with the smart crooks they're up against. The better men take part-time jobs—and often develop them into full-time jobs and quit the department."

In 1938, Lutz told me, 3,700 men took the examinations for a few vacancies on the metropolitan police force. Now there are more jobs than applicants. In 1938, all applicants had to be residents of the metropolitan area; today men can apply from any part of

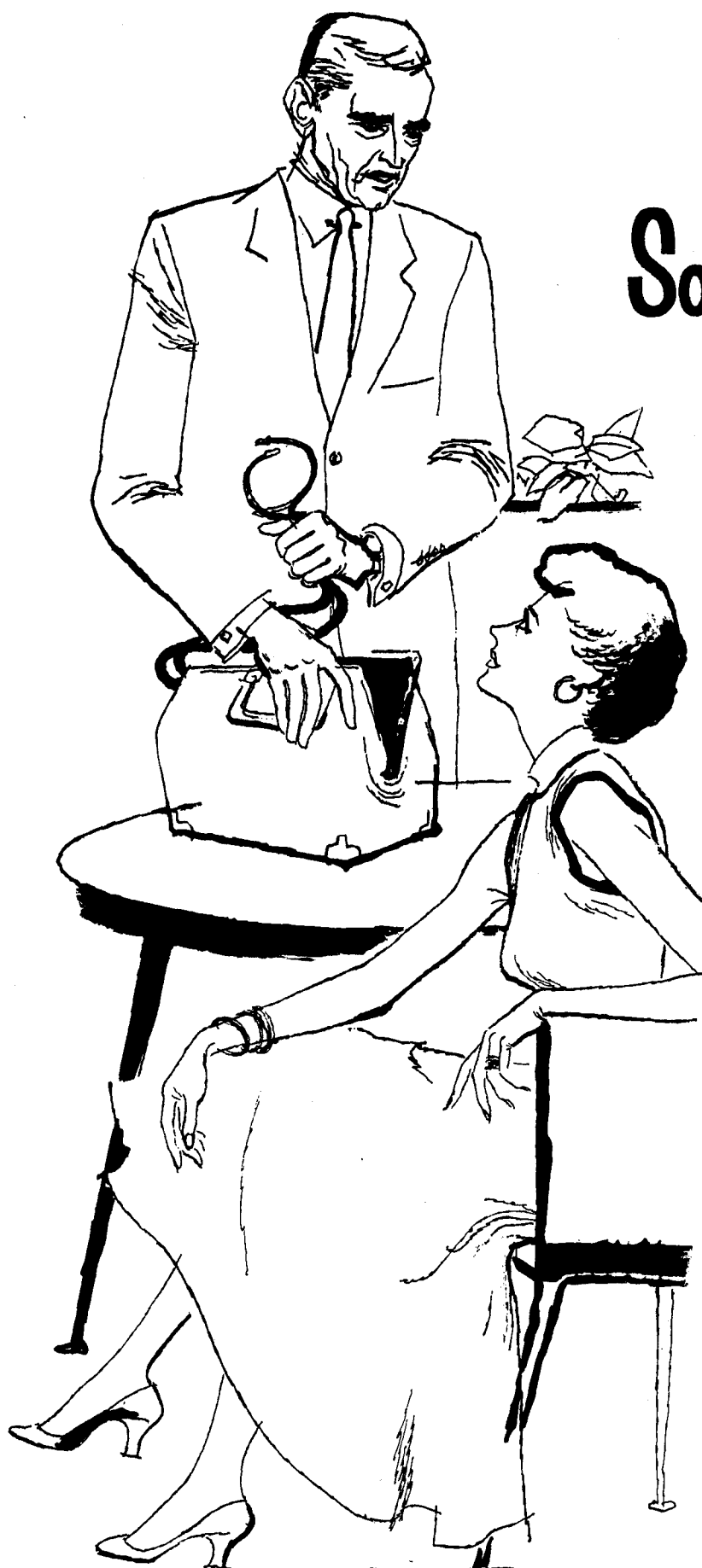


"How do you think I like to come home from a hard day in kindergarten, and find educational toys?"

COLLIER'S

LEO GARELL

Some facts you should know in selecting a laxative



Occasionally, just about everyone has trouble with his elimination.

Usually, it isn't caused by anything more than an upset in his everyday schedule. Sometimes staying up too late for a few nights can do it.

Or, for some people, taking a long car or train ride may be the cause. In such cases, you usually can benefit by taking a laxative. The question is, which is the best laxative for you?

Comparing some well-known laxatives

Most people don't know how to choose the laxative they want because they don't know enough about laxatives. They know what they want in a laxative. Effectiveness and gentleness. By effectiveness they usually mean speedy action. And they don't want to take a laxative that's harsh.

That's why the makers of Sal Hepatica produce, below, a comparison chart of some well-known laxatives.

As you see on the chart, Sal Hepatica has both gentle and speedy action—while the other three frequently used laxatives have one or the other of these properties, but not both.

This is because Sal Hepatica is a saline laxative and provides speedy re-

lief with gentle liquid bulk rather than by irritant action.

The benefits of liquid bulk

Thus, you can take Sal Hepatica before breakfast, and get quick, easy relief—usually *within an hour*. Such prompt action is invaluable to busy people who can't afford to let constipation ruin their day.

Or you can take Sal Hepatica $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before supper and enjoy gentle relief by bedtime.

Sal Hepatica combats gastric distress—helps sweeten a sour stomach. And as gastric distress (heartburn) is a condition which often accompanies constipation, you will find this additional feature of Sal Hepatica most helpful.

Recommended by doctors for 60 years

Since this world-famous laxative was first formulated, it has been recommended by four generations of doctors. And, in a recent survey, it was recommended by more than half the doctors interviewed.

Sal Hepatica has literally helped millions of people. And we sincerely believe it will help you. If you try Sal Hepatica the next time you need a laxative, we're sure you'll find it gentle and effective.

COMPARISON CHART OF FOUR WELL-KNOWN LAXATIVES

	Sal Hepatica	Milk of magnesia	Castor oil	Candy or gum phenolphthalein
has non-irritant gentle action	YES	YES	NO	NO
has speedy action	YES	NO	NO	NO
provides liquid bulk	YES	YES	YES	NO

Gentle,
speedy



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the United States, and still there are not enough.

"We have some men on the force now who aren't really fit for police work," Lutz says frankly. "But an old police chief once told me when I complained about the low caliber of some of our men: 'Before you start stripping the substandard men of their uniforms, try to figure out what you're going to fill those uniforms with.' I had to admit we couldn't find better men on the labor market with the salaries and working conditions we were offering."

From another Washington source I learned of a different problem of police recruitment that cropped up following the recent sensational revelations of criminal-police tie-ups in the District of Columbia.

Honest Robert Murray was promoted to chief of police in 1951, after the retirement of Robert Barrett, who refused to tell a Congressional committee the sources of part of his considerable income on the grounds of possible self-incrimination. Several of Barrett's top aides were implicated in charges of large-scale payoffs from dope peddlers and other racketeers. Some months ago, a Midwesterner passed a civil-service examination for a patrolman's job in the nation's capital. He was called to Washington and put into a cop's uniform. A veteran guided him to his beat, explaining the details of the job. At the end of a day, the newcomer asked:

"But what about the chances?"

"What chances?"

"Why, the chances for that graft the papers were writing about."

The man from the Midwest acceded to a request that he resign immediately.

Job Security for Policemen

Several recent surveys indicate that numerous policemen all over the nation have gone into the service only after failing at other occupations. There is one powerful attraction in most police agencies: job security for those below executive rank. I asked scores of cops in many cities what had brought them into police work. The most common response by far was summed up in this reply:

"It doesn't pay much, but it's steady. And you can look forward to a pension."

The pension, to be sure, usually doesn't pay much either, but since police work is mainly a young man's occupation, the retirement age comes relatively early. Usually, the pension is automatic upon retirement and permits the recipient to work at any other job without reducing his pension pay.

Since most policemen enter the service in their twenties, they are often eligible for retirement before they reach fifty; pension rights are often granted after 20 or 25 years of service.

It must be said, however, that many other policemen I polled became cops because they "like to work with people." There are others who deeply believe in law and order, and are proud to be part of the enforcement process.

In my rounds, I encountered a surprising number of young policemen who were following in the footsteps of their fathers. The father-son tradition is almost as strong in police work as it is in medicine. There were the two Roddenberry brothers in the Los Angeles Police Department, for example, both personable and well-educated young men who passed up opportunities for jobs paying far higher salaries to follow the profession of their father, who had pounded a beat for many years. Eugene W. Roddenberry, the older brother, resigned as an airline pilot on the New York-Calcutta run (\$700 a month with extras) to take a patrolman's job (\$270 a month).

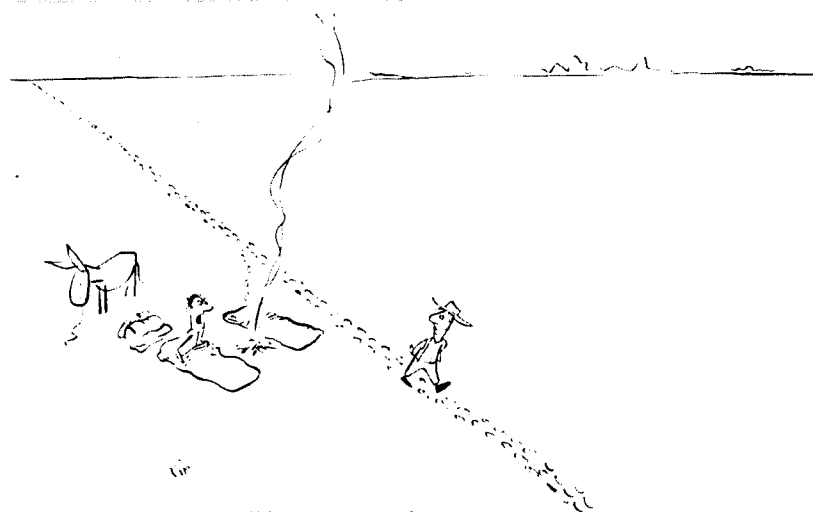
Patrolman Robert A. Walter, a friend of the Roddenberrys in the Los Angeles Police Department's planning and research division, recently turned down a \$740-a-month offer to become personnel manager of a private firm, preferring to hold on to his present job. There are many more like that, in many police departments, and they make up a hard core of good material that can be relied upon in any reformation of our substandard police service.

Eugene Roddenberry expresses the attitude of many sons of policemen when he tells why he joined the force:

"My brother and I always thought that Father was the best man ever. He worked a regular beat for 20 years, and there was never a breath of scandal about him. He used to tell us wonderful stories of his own experiences and those of his fellow policemen. He never tried to convince us to become cops, but we always knew that's what we wanted to be. We've never been sorry about our choice."

The Los Angeles Police Department, to which Roddenberry belongs, has been called by expert O. W. Wilson "the best-operated of any large city." No other city, with the possible exception of Berkeley, has adopted so many of the tools and techniques of modern police science.

The Los Angeles Police Department runs a first-rate training school for rookies and seasoned veterans seeking advancement; it has excellent recreational facilities to keep personnel



"Are you going to pace
back and forth all night?"

COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

Coat of
many seasons!



RAINFAIR RAIN TOPCOATS
Topcoat Smartness — Raincoat Protection

The coat to wear
any weather, anywhere!

Much more than a fair weather friend, the Rainfair Checkerton is showerproofed to be your best rainy day companion. Because it contains the new miracle fibre, Acrilan, the Checkerton has a cashmere-like feel and drape, looks like many dollars more than our price, \$25.75. Choose from blue or tan shades in tone-on-tone houndstooth checks.

Milium-lined sensation! The Citadel is insulated with miracle MILIUM lining for comfortable warmth even in cold weather. Outer fabric is worsted-like rayon gabardine. A many-season buy at \$24.95.

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Collier's for October 16, 1953

morale at a high level; it has an intelligence division that keeps track of major criminals throughout the country, anticipating possible visits to Los Angeles; it maintains a first-rate planning and research division with up-to-date records of crime and criminals; it has one of the highest standards of employment qualifications; it has a remarkable percentage of college-trained men on the force. Its chief, William H. Parker, constantly presses his subordinates to become better cops.

"We believe in a professional police service," he says, "one which high-quality men will eagerly seek to enter. We are trying to build toward that goal with everything we have."

The Los Angeles police force is by no means perfect, but it retains and develops many of the excellent methods introduced by August Vollmer in 1923-'24, when he took a year's leave of absence from his Berkeley post to become police chief of Los Angeles and revamp a demoralized agency steeped in scandalous practices.

The Berkeley Police Department is an even greater monument to the pioneering genius of Vollmer, who served as its chief for more than 25 years. His former pupil and successor, Police Chief John D. Holstrom, is recognized as one of the most progressive leaders in the field. He has perhaps the most carefully screened police force in the country. A man must have a minimum IQ of 112 to be accepted.

Twenty-four of his staff of 133 policemen are college graduates, 24 others have had some college education and another 27 are attending regular university courses. Nowhere in the country, perhaps, is the mutual respect between public and police greater than in Berkeley, a respect built on the policemen's regard for the citizen's rights and on the public's confidence in the integrity and ability of its cops.

In Milwaukee, another city with an outstanding police force, Mayor Frank P. Zeidler told me:

"We keep politics out of the police department and our police department out of politics. We expect clean and efficient police service, and we get it. Our police chief selects his own subordinates, subject to the approval of the Police and Fire Commission. Nobody has to pay anything to anybody to get a deserved promotion. Nobody has to kowtow to ward heelers. The police are responsible to the people as a whole, and not to politicians."

Police Chief John Polcyn told me: "In the last 20 years, very few Milwaukee policemen have had to be suspended or fired for serious misconduct. In March, we discovered that three married men on our force were running around with other women. They were fired. A few months ago, a traffic violator tried to fix a ticket by handing the policeman a \$10 bill. He was fined \$50 for attempted bribery."

"We have serious crime problems like every large city, and we don't solve them all. But we do try. We keep training our men from the moment they enter the service. The people of Milwaukee give us respect and co-operation, and we try to repay their confidence with honest, courteous and efficient service."

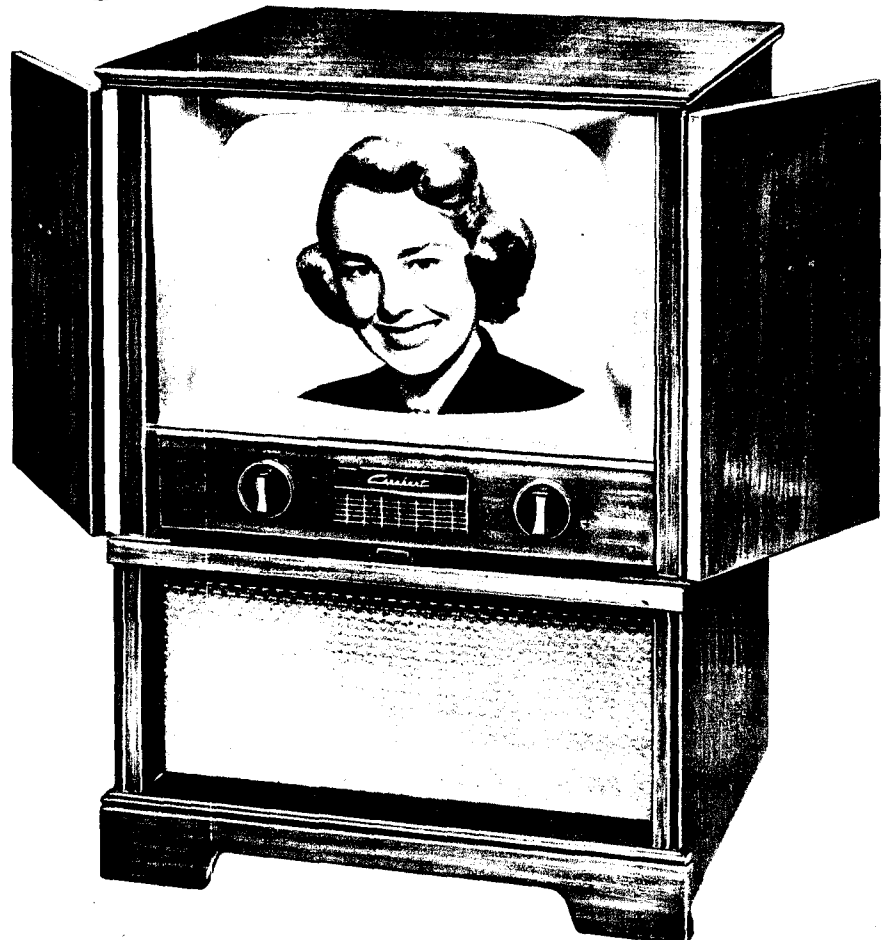
Men like these recognize the goals of good police service in a complex society of free men. They strive to attain these goals, ever conscious of the difficulties involved, especially of the problem of awakening public interest in effective policing. They, along with other conscientious and able police heads, have set standards for the many inadequately policed communities to shoot at.

Albert Deutsch will start a new series of articles on the police in a future issue

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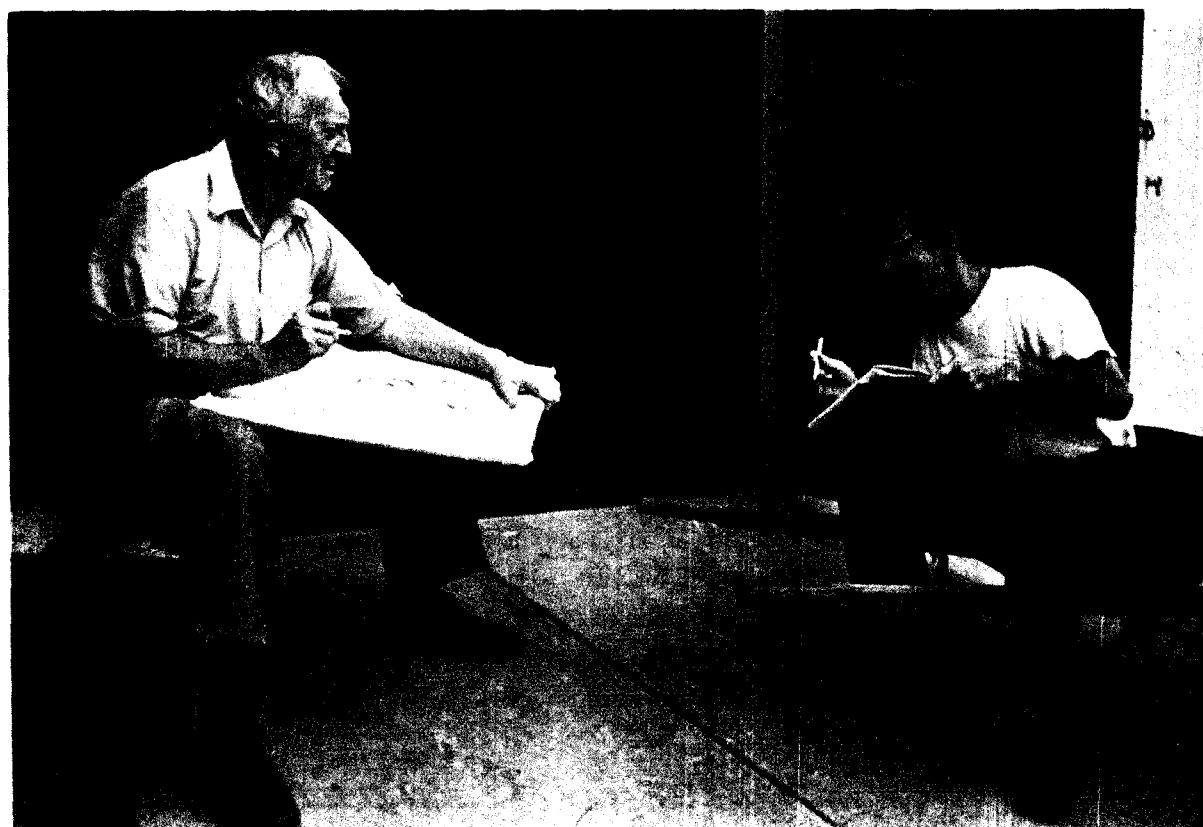
Collier's for October 16, 1953

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA



Round 1: Fine artist Benton made this portrait showing his opponent, Denys Wortman, sketching Benton in preparation for Round 2

Pre-senting—two great artists in a brain-twisting tussle of their paintpots and talent



Before fight: Wortman (l.) and Benton sit in opposite corners making notes for their paintings. (Right) Round 2: Wortman's painting of Benton glowering at the work in hand. Each painting took three weeks to complete and almost 50 pen-and-ink sketches



The Battle of BEETLEBUNG CORNERS

WHEN savages duel they tear one another to shreds with whatever monstrous weapons are at hand. But civilized gentlemen are not so crude. Their tiffs are fought with pointed words, barbs of wit or deft ideas which draw no blood.

Thomas Hart Benton, of Kansas City, Missouri, is one of America's most famous fine artists. Denys Wortman is a cartoonist, the creator of Mopey Dick and the Duke, a widely syndicated newspaper cartoon. Benton and Wortman have been meeting in Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, near a place called Beetlebung Corners for the past 30 summers. They are great friends. But beetle-browed Tom Benton is a spirited soul who likes nothing better than a fight. Last month he challenged the placid Mr. Wortman to the most sophisticated duel since medieval poets flung verses at one another: he suggested that they oppose artistic talents in a match to see which of them could produce the better portrait of the other.

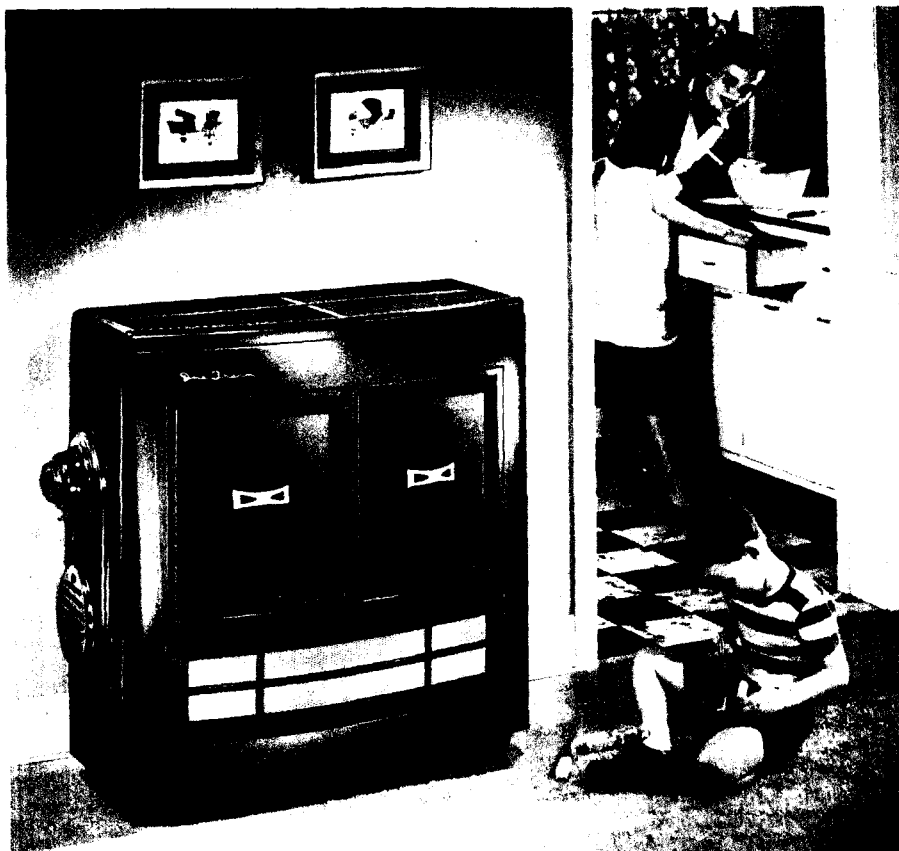
Wortman was reluctant, but he says: "Sitting for hours with that pirate glowering at me with his superanalytical stare and his sketchbook was too much for me. I had to defend myself."

The results of the momentous duel appear on these pages. To a wrestling referee it probably doesn't look like much of a battle, but an art critic who has seen the portraits writes: "The two paintings demonstrate impressive facility in technique, tremendous power and extraordinary balance of subject matter with philosophical intent." Translation: "Man, wotta fight!"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SAM ROSENBERG



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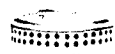
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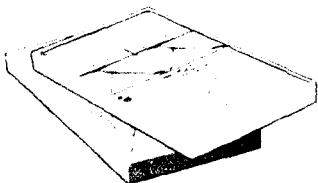
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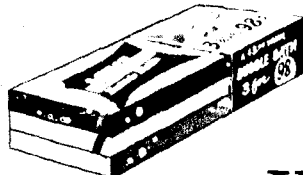
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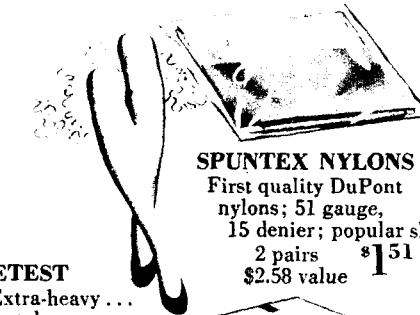


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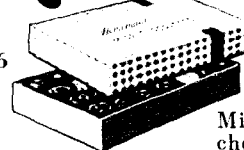
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Elastic adhesive bandages that stretch and cling. Waterproof. Plain or mercurochrome.

Reg. 39¢ **27¢**

You can depend on any drug product

SALE

SALE DAYS

Wednesday October 14th
Thursday October 15th
Friday October 16th
Saturday October 17th

Use this ad as your shopping list and order in advance. Your Rexall Family Druggist will gladly lay away your order, to be picked up any time during the sale.

... At Rexall Drug Stores Everywhere



CHRISTMAS CARDS

Cascade—20 assorted cards.

Reg. 60¢ **2 for 61¢**

DeLuxe—20 exquisite cards.

Reg. \$1.00 **2 for \$1.01**



REXALL GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES

Adult or Infant, 12's.

Reg. 43¢ **2 for 44¢**



LAVENDER OR ADRIENNE SCENTED BATH POWDER

Fragrant, fine-textured.

Reg. \$1.25 **2 for \$1.26**



REXALL PANOVITE

Each capsule supplies all vitamins with known minimum daily requirements.

Vitamin A	5,000 U.S.P. units
Vitamin D	1,000 U.S.P. units
Vitamin B ₁	2.5 mg.
Vitamin B ₂	2.5 mg.
Vitamin C	50 mg.
Niacinamide	20 mg.
Vitamin B ₆	200 mcg.

100's Reg. \$3.10 **2 for \$3.11**



LAVENDER MENTHOLATED SHAVE CREAM

3 1/4 oz. Brushless or 3 1/2 oz. Lather

Reg. 59¢ Tube **2 for 60¢**



REXALL ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN

50 orange-flavored, 1-grain tablets.

Reg. 35¢ **2 for 36¢**



REXILLANA COUGH SYRUP

Pleasant tasting.

Reg. 59¢ **2 for 60¢**
4 oz.



MONACET APC TABLETS

Helps relieve headaches, muscular pains and cold discomforts.

25's Reg. 33¢ **2 for 34¢**

100's Reg. 79¢ **2 for 80¢**

☐ **Rexall Boric Acid.** Powder or crystals. A soothing, cleansing lotion for eyes, nose, throat and skin surfaces when used in solution. Also ideal as a household cleansing agent.
4 oz., 37¢... **2 for 38¢**



☐ **Rexall Spirit of Camphor.** Helps relieve discomfort of cold sores, 33¢... **2 for 34¢**

☐ **Lavender After-Shave Lotion.** Refreshing, masculine; leaves skin fresh and stimulated for hours. Reg. 85¢... **2 for 86¢**

☐ **Rexall Milk of Magnesia.** A mild, creamy-smooth compound that gets away from that "earthy" taste usually associated with Milk of Magnesia. Its gentle but thorough laxative and antacid action helps relieve temporary constipation, heartburn, and sour stomach due to excess acidity.
Pint 43¢... **2 for 44¢**

☐ **Rexall Eyelo.** A soothing, cooling and cleansing eye lotion. Reduces irritations caused by exposure to dust, wind, smog, sunlight or strong light. Half-pint with handy eye-cup, 69¢... **2 for 70¢**



☐ **Rexall Hygienic Powder.** Makes an ideal cleansing solution for use in spray, gargle, or syringe when dissolved as directed. Also excellent for soothing superficial scalds and burns when applied externally.
6 ounces 75¢... **2 for 76¢**

☐ **Klenzo Nylon Tooth Brushes.** Choose from 4 styles with medium-hard or soft bristles. Assorted colors. 39¢... **2 for 40¢**

☐ **Fungi-Rex, Greaseless.** Gives soothing, fast relief from itching and discomfort of athlete's foot. 1 1/2 oz. 75¢... **2 for 76¢**

☐ **Theatrical Cold or Cleansing Cream.** These fine grade cold and cleansing creams have been favorites of the theatrical profession for over 40 years. Both are ideal for removing make-up, as well as for general home skin care. Full pound, \$1.00... **2 for \$1.01**



☐ **Rexall Glycerin.** Excellent for softening skin. 3 oz. 75¢... **2 for 76¢**

☐ **Rexall Peroxide of Hydrogen, 3%.** Ideal cleansing solution for cuts and abrasions. Helps check cold sores in early stages. Relieves irritations caused by poison ivy or by stings of non-poisonous insects.
Pint 45¢... **2 for 46¢**

☐ **Alco-Rex Rubbing Alcohol Compound.** A cooling, invigorating body rub. Also effective in reducing body temperature in fever.
Pint 49¢... **2 for 50¢**

☐ **Elite Linen Pound Paper.** These large flat sheets of fine, linen-finish stationery offer an exceptional value. Package of 50, 85¢, **2 for 86¢**. Fifty matching envelopes of the same fine stock, 85¢... **2 for 86¢**

☐ **Helen Cornell Bobby Pins.** 24 regular or 18 rubber-tipped pins. Choose from black or bronze, 10¢... **2 for 11¢**

☐ **Garden Spice Stick Cologne.** Refreshing, convenient, spill-proof, \$1... **2 for \$1.01**

☐ **Rexall Peptona.** A popular, moderately priced tonic for the treatment of simple or nutritional anemia. Builds up the appetite. Full pint, \$1.39... **2 for \$1.40**

☐ **Rexall Aspirex Cough Drops.** Relieve minor throat irritations, 15¢... **2 for 16¢**

☐ **Mi-31 Throat Tablets.** Delicious, easy-to-take wafers, relieve coughs due to colds, leave mouth fresh. 24's, 25¢... **2 for 26¢**

☐ **Adrienne Bath Salts.** Soften water, subtly scented: 13 oz., \$1.10... **2 for \$1.11**

☐ **Rexall Boric Acid Solution.** Soothes and cleanses eyes. 4 oz., 25¢... **2 for 26¢**

☐ **Plastic Scuffs.** Ladies' assorted sizes and designs, 49¢... **2 for 50¢**

More 1¢ sale
bargains on
next page →

that bears the name Rexall

Right reserved to limit quantities. Prices subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Items, prices and dates may vary slightly in Canada. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 48, California.

SHAVING AIDS

- ☐ **Rexall Ready Shave.** A rich, easy-shaving lather always at your finger tips for it's packaged in a push-button, pressurized container. Just press for billows of rich lather. 10 oz., \$1.00.....2 for \$1.01
- ☐ **Rexall Witch Hazel.** Makes an excellent after-shave lotion as well as facial astringent. Full pint, 57¢.....2 for 58¢
- ☐ **Rexall Shaving Cream.** Brushless or lather. Gives speedy, "slick-as-a-whistle" shaves at a bargain price, 39¢....2 for 40¢
- ☐ **Rexall Shaving Lotion.** Stimulating, refreshing. 6-oz. bottle, 49¢.....2 for 50¢
- ☐ **Permedge Razor Blades.** 20 single or 18 double edge. Extra long life, extra keen. Every blade guaranteed, 49¢....2 for 50¢
- ☐ **Klenzo Lather Shaving Brush.** Long-lasting bristles, \$1.....2 for \$1.01
- ☐ **Lavender Shaving Bowl.** A large supply of whisker-wilting Lavender shaving soap. Fresh, manly scent, \$1.10.....2 for \$1.11
- ☐ **Rexall Styptic Pencil.** Jumbo size. Stops bleeding of razor nicks, 15¢....2 for 16¢
- ☐ **Rexall Bay Rum.** After-shave lotion and skin freshener; made from the finest imported distilled oil of Bay leaves. Pint, 59¢.....2 for 60¢



TOILETRY TIPS

- ☐ **1. Lavender Stick Cologne.** A gently scented, refreshing cologne in handy no-waste stick, \$1.00.....2 for \$1.01
- ☐ **2. Adrienne Cleansing Cream, Cold Cream or Hand Cream.** These products offer exceptional value, as they are of highest quality. 85¢.....2 for 86¢
- ☐ **3. Helen Cornell Hormone Cream.** Contains 10,000 International Units of natural estrogenic hormones per ounce. A luxurious night cream. 2 oz., \$1.00....2 for \$1.01
- ☐ **Hasol Hand Lotion.** A non-sticky, fast-drying hand lotion. Smooths and softens hands after exposure to weather or water. Excellent as a powder base and cuticle softener. 8 oz., 79¢.....2 for 80¢
- ☐ **Dainty Deodorant Cream.** Effective, long-lasting deodorant and antiperspirant. Odorless. Won't harm clothing. 1½ oz. jar, 49¢.....2 for 50¢
- ☐ **Adrienne or Lavender Cologne.** Choose the dainty, invigorating fragrance that suits you best. 4 oz., \$1.25.....2 for \$1.26
- ☐ **Helen Cornell Toilet Soap.** Six cakes of fine, delicately scented toilet soap beautifully packaged. An ideal gift for a friend... for yourself. \$1.19.....2 for \$1.20
- ☐ **Dainty Deodorant Stick.** Easy to use... no waste, no muss. Won't stain dresses. Lasts for hours. 2½ oz., 89¢....2 for 90¢
- ☐ **Adrienne Face Powder.** Imparts a soft, glamorous look... lasts and lasts. Choice of shades. Regularly, 85¢....2 for 86¢
Compressed (with 2¼" puff), \$1.....2 for \$1.01
- ☐ **Lavender Talcum.** Fine talc, delicately scented, 3¼ oz., 40¢.....2 for 41¢
- ☐ **Mascal's Hand Lotion.** A smoothing, softening lotion that combats the roughening effect of wind and water. Ideal as an after-shave lotion. Pint, 69¢.....2 for 70¢
- ☐ **Dainty Deodorant Cologne.** Famous cologne deodorant now in handy, plastic squeeze-bottle. It's fast, it's safe, it's so effective. 3 oz., 98¢.....2 for 99¢
- ☐ **Sequoia Pine Bath Oil by Lorie.** Churns into a million bubbles of refreshing fragrance... softens hardest bath water. 6 oz. bottle, \$1.00.....2 for \$1.01
- ☐ **Mascal's Hand Cream.** A greaseless, vanishing cream that softens and smooths rough skin. Offers protection from weather when used as powder base. 6¼ oz., 59¢, 2 for 60¢

Two-for-one.. 1 Plus a Penny!

REXALL SALE

At Rexall Drug Stores Everywhere

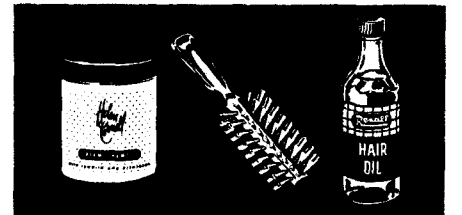
SALE DAYS

Wednesday Oct. 14th
Thursday Oct. 15th
Friday Oct. 16th
Saturday Oct. 17th

- ☐ **"8480" Nail Clippers.** Made of durable spring steel, 25¢.....2 for 26¢
- ☐ **Adrienne DeLuxe Velour Powder Puff.** Large 3" size, 15¢.....2 for 16¢
- ☐ **"8480" Talcum.** Soft, fragrant, absorbent talcum in handy oval can with perforated applicator. 1 lb., 59¢.....2 for 60¢
- ☐ **Rex-Olive Complexion Soap.** Large 3½" x 2¼" cake. Gives creamy-rich lather, ideal for skin care, 10¢.....2 for 11¢
- ☐ **Violet Cerate Cream.** Keeps hands soft and smooth. 3 oz., 85¢.....2 for 86¢
- ☐ **Dainty Deodorant Soap** with miracle deodorant Actamer. No special deodorants needed when you use this mild, rich-lathering soap daily. Large cake, 25¢....2 for 26¢
- ☐ **Adrienne Foam Rubber Powder Puff.** Cloud-soft. Lasts so much longer... just wash to restore like new, 10¢....2 for 11¢
- ☐ **"8480" Nail File or Tweezers.** Exceptionally good quality, 19¢.....2 for 20¢
- ☐ **Langlois Dry Skin Soap.** A scientifically pure soap for dry and normal skins. Richly scented. Box of 4, \$1.50.....2 for \$1.51
- ☐ **Lavender Bath Salts.** Dainty lavender fragrance; 12-oz. jar, \$1.10.....2 for \$1.11

- ☐ **Rexall Antihistamine Tablets.** Give prompt relief from the discomforts of colds and hay fever. 15's, 49¢.....2 for 50¢
- ☐ **Rexall Beef, Wine & Iron Tonic.** Tasty appetite stimulant, useful in simple or nutritional anemia where an iron tonic is needed due to lack of iron in the diet. Ideal for people needing tonic during convalescence. The iron and ammonium citrates supply iron, which tends to increase red blood cells in simple or nutritional anemia. The beef peptone furnishes nutrition. Full pint, \$1.50.....2 for \$1.51
- ☐ **Rexall Diuretic Pills.** An effective stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. 60's, 2 for 70¢
- ☐ **Rexall Iron, Liver & Bone Marrow Compound.** An excellent tonic valuable in convalescence and in treatment of nutritional anemia. Furnishes iron that helps in the formation of red blood cells. Stimulates appetite. Half-pint, \$1.39.....2 for \$1.40
- ☐ **Rex-Rub.** A stimulating rubbing solution that helps relieve muscular aches and pains. Greaseless. 6 oz. bottle, 89¢....2 for 90¢
- ☐ **Rexall Cold Tablets.** Relieve discomforts of headaches and irritation of mucous membranes due to colds. Help reduce fever. Bottle of 30, regular 39¢.....2 for 40¢

- ☐ **Rexall Pabizol.** Mild sedative and astringent action eases discomforts of simple diarrhea...relieves minor irritation of stomach membranes. 4 oz., 55¢....2 for 56¢
- ☐ **Rexall Gypsy Cream.** Gives soothing relief from discomfort of sunburn and minor skin irritations, heat rash, poison ivy and oak, the bites of non-poisonous insects, hives and chafing. 8 oz., 69¢.....2 for 70¢
- ☐ **Rexall Orderlies.** The original chocolate-flavored laxative. Effective without being harsh. Children's favorite. 60's....2 for 61¢



HAIR GROOM BUYS

- ☐ **1. Helen Cornell Cream Shampoo,** 4 oz. or Coconut Oil Shampoo, 8 oz. Choose your favorite from these two lather-rich, magical cleaning shampoos. No special after-rinse needed, regular 79¢.....2 for 80¢

DENTAL NEEDS

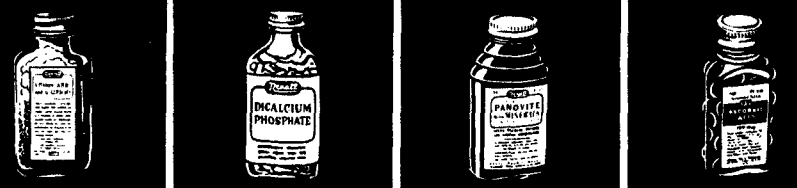
- ☐ **Rexall Denturex Adhesive Powder.** Holds false teeth firmly in place. 3 oz., 55¢.....2 for 56¢
- ☐ **Rexall Ammoniated Tooth Powder.** Helps prevent tooth decay when used after eating. Licensed by the University of Illinois Foundation. 3 oz., 43¢....2 for 44¢
- ☐ **Rexall Flavored Sodium Perborate.** Makes ideal mouthwash or gargle in solution. 4 oz., 59¢.....2 for 60¢
- ☐ **Rexall "Self-Acting" Dental Plate Cleaner.** Easy, fast. 7½ oz., 69¢....2 for 70¢
- ☐ **Rexall Dental Floss,** 30 yds. 2 for 26¢



REXALL REMEDIES

- ☐ **1. Rexall Petrofol Mineral Oil.** A highly refined mineral oil that is tasteless, odorless, colorless, non-habit-forming. Action is gentle but thorough. Non-fattening. Pint, 59¢.....2 for 60¢
- ☐ **2. Rexall Analgesic Balm.** A soothing cream that quickly helps relieve pain and discomfort of sore, lame muscles caused by over-exertion, exposure. 1 oz. 2 for 66¢
- ☐ **3. Rexall Glycerin and Rose Water.** Keeps face and hands soft and smooth. 4 oz. bottle, regular 49¢.....2 for 50¢
- ☐ **Rexall Aqueous Nose Drops.** Give effective relief from minor congestion and irritation of the mucous membranes of the nose which accompany a cold. Make breathing easier. 1 oz., 49¢.....2 for 50¢
- ☐ **Rexall Pile Ointment.** Relieves irritation and discomfort of simple piles... promotes healing. 1 oz., 75¢.....2 for 76¢
- ☐ **Rexall Cold Sore Lotion.** Relieves and helps dry out cold sores. Combines the soothing, protective properties of benzoin and camphor with the drying properties of alcohol. ¼ oz., 29¢.....2 for 30¢

VITAMIN VALUES



- ☐ **1. Rexall ABDG Capsules.** One capsule each day supplies these vitamins—Vitamin A—5000 USP Units (1¼ times M.D.A.R.*). Vitamin D—800 USP Units (2 times M.D.A.R.*). Vitamin B₁—1 mg. (equals M.D.A.R.*). Vitamin B₂—2 mg. (equals M.D.A.R.*). Niacinamide—10 mg. (M.D.A.R.* not established). 100's, \$1.59.....2 for \$1.60
- ☐ **2. Rexall Dicalcium Phosphate** with calcium gluconate and viosterol. Each capsule supplies ½ the minimum daily requirement of calcium, ½ the required phosphorus and twice the required viosterol (Vitamin D₂). An excellent supplement to the diets of expectant and nursing mothers... and for any one lacking in calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D. 100's, \$1.24.....2 for \$1.25
- ☐ **Rexall Beta-Caps.** Potent B-complex capsules containing the following vitamins—Vitamin B₁—1.5 mg. (½ times M.D.A.R.*). Vitamin B₂—2 mg. (equals M.D.A.R.*). Niacinamide—10 mg. (M.D.A.R.* not established). Vitamin B₆—1 mg. (M.D.A.R.* not established). Calcium Pantothenate—250 mcg. (need in human nutrition not established). 100's, \$2.00.....2 for \$2.01
- ☐ **Rexall Thiamin Hydrochloride Tablets.** Each tablet supplies 1665 U.S.P. Units of B₁... 5 times minimum requirements*. 100's, \$1.51.....2 for \$1.52
- ☐ **Rexall Yeast and Iron Tablets.** Recommended adult dose supplies seven times the minimum daily adult requirement of iron, plus valuable amounts of B₁ and B₂. 100's, 75¢.....2 for 76¢
- ☐ **3. Rexall Panovite with Minerals.** A single capsule gives you all the vitamins with known minimum daily requirements* plus minerals—Vitamin A—5000 USP Units (1¼ times M.D.A.R.*). Vitamin D—1000 USP Units (2½ times M.D.A.R.*). Vitamin B₁—2.5 mg. (2½ times M.D.A.R.*). Vitamin B₂—2.5 mg. (1¼ times M.D.A.R.*). Niacinamide—20 mg. (M.D.A.R.* not established). Vitamin C—50 mg. (1¼ times M.D.A.R.*). Plus valuable amounts of calcium, cobalt, copper, iodine, iron, manganese, magnesium, molybdenum, phosphorus, potassium and zinc. 100's, \$4.19.....2 for \$4.20
- ☐ **4. Rexall Ascorbic Acid Tablets.** Each tablet contains 100 mg. of Vitamin C (3½ times minimum daily requirement*). Helps prevent disorders of teeth, bones, tissues and gums caused by Vitamin C deficiency. 100's, \$1.98.....2 for \$1.99
- ☐ **Rexall Brewer's Yeast Tablets.** Supply valuable amounts of Vitamin B₁ and B₂ at nominal price. 250's, 98¢.....2 for 99¢
- ☐ **Rexall Vitamin B₁₂ Concentrate.** Each capsule contains 5 mcg. of red Vitamin B₁₂—so important in aiding the prevention of nutritional anemia due to B₁₂ deficiency. 100's, \$2.00.....2 for \$2.01
- ☐ **Rexall Halibut Liver Oil Capsules.** Each capsule supplies 5000 units or 1¼ times minimum requirements* of Vitamin A plus 85 units of Vitamin D. 50's....2 for \$1.11

Rexall Drug Products are Guaranteed

- **2. Klenzo Hair Brush.** Sturdy nylon bristles will wear indefinitely. Professional or half-round style. Choice of blue or pink handles, \$1.00.....2 for \$1.01
- **3. Rexall Hair Oil.** Keeps that well groomed look all day. Cherry-red liquid with masculine scent. 4 oz., 29¢.....2 for 30¢
- **Helen Cornell Liquid Cream Shampoo** with Lanolin and Klenzoron. Makes billows of lather in hardest water. Leaves hair soft, gleaming and easily manageable. Economical 8-oz. bottle, 98¢.....2 for 99¢
- **Klenzo DeLuxe Hair Brush.** Professional style, long-lasting nylon bristles; blue, rose or clear plastic handle, \$2.00..2 for \$2.01
- **Maximum Hard Rubber Ruttail Comb** or all-purpose comb, 29¢.....2 for 30¢
- **Plastic Ruttail Comb,** 10¢.....2 for 11¢
- **Plastic Dress Combs,** men's and ladies' styles, regular 10¢.....2 for 11¢
- **Nylon Pocket Comb or Bobby "Curling" Comb,** 25¢.....2 for 26¢
- **Goodform Nylon Hair Nets.** Choose from French or standard mesh, regular or bob. Elasticized, 7 shades, 10¢.....2 for 11¢
- **Rexall Cream Hair Tonic.** High quality liquid petrolatum and modified lanolin in emulsion; contains no alcohol; removes loose dandruff, gives that "just-combed" look all day long; 53¢ bottle....2 for 54¢



BUYS FOR BABIES

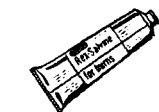
- **1. Rexall Polymulsion,** a pleasantly flavored liquid containing Vitamins A, C, D, B₁ and B₂; mixes readily with baby's formula, fruit juice, etc., \$3.59...2 for \$3.60
- **2. Rexall Percocod Tablets ("Vitamin Candy").** Tasty tablets designed for children who prefer an easy-to-chew tablet. Two tablets supply 1 1/4 times the minimum daily requirement of Vitamins A and D, derived from natural sources. 110's, 98¢, 2 for 99¢
- **3. Hall's Borated Talcum Powder,** a careful blend of finest talc, boric acid, magnesium carbonate and other ingredients. Contains no Zinc Stearate. Cools and soothes baby's skin; helps prevent and relieve chafing, heat and body rash, 1 lb., 59¢, 2 for 60¢
- **Rexall Stork Nurser,** the complete feeding unit; nipple duplicates natural feeding. 8-oz. bottle calibrated in cc's and ozs. Rubber cap keeps nipple sterile. Easy to use... simply heat and remove cap, 35¢, 2 for 36¢
- **Rexall A & D Tablets.** Each tablet contains 1 1/4 times minimum daily requirement of Vitamins A and D. An easy and pleasant way to give these valuable vitamins to youngsters who are graduating from liquid vitamins. 100's, \$1.19.....2 for \$1.20
- **Rexall Quik-Swabs,** 100 sterile cotton-tipped applicators, ideal for nursery and general household use, 29¢.....2 for 30¢
- **Nursery Castile Soap,** pure, mild non-irritating; 3-oz. bar, 19¢.....2 for 20¢
- **Nylon Bottle Brush,** right length for easy cleaning, long-lasting, 25¢.....2 for 26¢



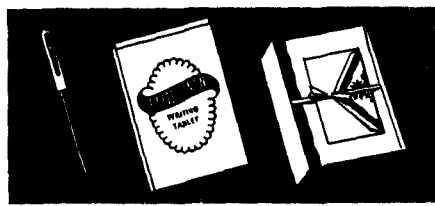
MEDICINE CHEST NEEDS

- **1. Rexall Mentholated White Pine & Tar Compound.** Time-tested favorite for relief of coughs due to colds. Soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, helps clear throat passages. 8-oz. bottle, 79¢.....2 for 80¢
- **2. Rexall Cascara Aromatic,** fluid extract. Pleasant-tasting tonic laxative that aids in the relief of simple constipation. 4-oz. bottle, regular 95¢.....2 for 96¢

- **3. Rexall Tincture Benzoin Compound.** Full U. S. P. purity and strength. Use in steam inhalation for relief of minor irritation of the bronchial tubes and larynx. 1 oz. bottle, regular 43¢.....2 for 44¢
- **Rexall Aspirin,** 36 5-grain tablets in a handy tin for pocket or purse...2 for 28¢
- **Rexall Cherry Bark Cough Syrup.** Contains no alcohol or narcotics. Soothes and relieves coughs from colds. Exceptionally pleasant tasting. 8 oz., 89¢.....2 for 90¢
- **Rexall Castor Oil,** U.S.P. purity. Gives prompt, thorough and dependable action without harmful effect. 3 oz., 45¢, 2 for 46¢
- **Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Tape,** sticks better, stays put longer, is positively less irritating. 1" x 5 yds, 39¢...2 for 40¢
1 1/2" x 10 yds., 39¢, 2 for 40¢
Tri-wide roll, cut 1/4", 1/2", 3/4" x 5 yards, regular 59¢.....2 for 60¢
- **Rexall Tincture Iodine,** 1-oz. bottle with applicator, regular 33¢.....2 for 34¢
- **Rexall Soda Mints,** 140's, 35¢..2 for 36¢
- **Rexall Essence Peppermint,** U.S.P. purity and strength. Warms the stomach and helps remove gas, 1 oz., reg. 50¢..2 for 51¢
- **Rexall Aromatic Spirit of Ammonia,** U.S.P. purity and strength, 1 oz...2 for 30¢
- **Rexall Cotton Balls,** 65's, 35¢, 2 for 36¢
- **Rexall Mercurochrome,** 2% solution, 1/2 oz. bottle with applicator, 25¢, 2 for 26¢
- **Rexall Tincture Green Soap,** liniment of soft soap, U.S.P. A thorough cleanser, an excellent shampoo. 8 oz., 69¢...2 for 70¢
- **Rexall Cascara Compound Tablets (Hinkle).** An excellent laxative compounded of well-known cathartics for prompt and complete evacuation without excessive discomfort or weakening after-effects. Not intended for children. 100 tablets, regular 50¢.....2 for 51¢



- **Rex-Salvine,** an antiseptic salve for soothing minor burns, scalds, cuts and scratches. Relieves surface pain, reduces local congestion and inhibits germ growth. Excellent for simple skin irritations. A first-aid "must." 1 1/2-oz. tube, 57¢.....2 for 58¢
- **Rexall Toothache Drops,** for temporary relief of pain caused by dental cavities. Intended for use only until a dentist can be consulted. Large size, 35¢.....2 for 36¢
- **Rexall White Pine Tar & Cherry Compound.** Unusually palatable syrup used for several generations for relieving minor bronchial irritation and coughs due to colds. 3 oz. bottle, regular 39¢.....2 for 40¢
- **Rexall Analgesic Liquid.** A quick-acting liniment for relief of muscular aches and pains due to fatigue or exposure, slight sprains, simple headaches and neuralgia. 1 1/2 oz., reg. 69¢.....2 for 70¢
- **Rexall Antacid Gas Tablets.** Contain Magnesium Trisilicate, Magnesium Carbonate and Oil of Peppermint. Neutralize excess stomach acidity, ease gastric distress and flatulence. 40's, 39¢.....2 for 40¢
- **Rexall Corn Solvent.** For the painless removal of corns and skin calluses. Discourages infection. 1/2 oz., 35¢.....2 for 36¢
- **Rexall Lanolin.** Smoothing salve for tender, chafed, chapped or rough skin. Especially suitable for infants. 1 oz., 29¢, 2 for 30¢
- **Rexall White Liniment.** Effective household liniment that helps relieve muscular aches, pains and stiffness due to over-exertion or exposure. 4 oz., 39¢.....2 for 40¢
- **Rexall Lip Aid Salve,** 39¢ tube, 2 for 40¢
- **Rexall Eudicaine Ointment.** A non-toxic, antiseptic salve for relief of itching, dry eczema and minor skin irritations. Especially effective in stubborn cases of diaper rash. 1-oz. tube, 59¢.....2 for 60¢
- **Rexall Sodium Bicarbonate.** Meets U.S.P. standards, 1 lb., reg. 43¢, 2 for 44¢
- **Rexall Throat Gargle.** Quickly, effectively soothes simple throat irritations. Half-pint, 89¢.....2 for 90¢
- **Rexall Epsom Salt.** U. S. P. purity and strength. Made by a process which assures a much less bitter taste than ordinary Epsom Salt. Ideal for temporary relief of constipation. 4 oz., 19¢.....2 for 20¢



- **1. Retractable Ball Point Pen,** press top to write, press again to retract. Easy writing without skipping. New non-smear ink will not stain or fade. Black with gold cap and clip. Uses standard refill, \$1.29, 2 for \$1.30
- **2. Elite Linen Finish Ink Tablets.** Good quality paper, note or letter sizes, ruled or plain; full-size blotter, 25¢.....2 for 26¢
- **Elite Linen Envelopes.** Match above tablet, social size, wrapped in cellophane. Package of 27, 25¢.....2 for 26¢
- **3. Riviera Bordered.** 36 letter sheets; 24 designed with 2-tone lithographed blue and gold border; 12 plain sheets; 24 printed lined envelopes, \$1.00.....2 for \$1.01
- **Lord Baltimore Playing Cards.** Bridge, Poker, Pinocle; single deck; choice of colorful backs; extra long-lasting, 95¢.....2 for 96¢
- **Regal Box.** 36 letter sheets; 24 embossed and lithographed in blue, red and gold, with blue and gold top border, 12 plain; 24 printed lined envelopes. \$1.00.....2 for \$1.01
- **Lord Baltimore Fountain Pen.** Streamlined model; assorted colors with gold colored clip and band on cap; 14K gold-plated, stainless steel point, \$1.00...2 for \$1.01
- **Lord Baltimore Mechanical Pencil.** Matches above pen; propel-repel action; clip, band and point in gold trim; contains eraser and 4 extra leads; comes in blue, black, maroon and green, 69¢.....2 for 70¢
- **Commercial Envelopes.** White, for home use; 3-5/8" x 6-1/2", 10¢ pack..2 for 11¢
- **Royalton Writing Paper,** white with faint embossed pattern; 24 flat single sheets with 24 matching envelopes, 85¢....2 for 86¢
- **Gossamer Text.** Lightweight fabric paper in distinctive pastel blue; 36 single sheets, 20 lined envelopes, \$1.00 box, 2 for \$1.01
- **Graylyne Letters.** White with fashionable faint gray lines; 36 sheets with 30 matching envelopes. Reg. \$1.00 box...2 for \$1.01
- **Thank You Notes,** 10 exquisite gold engraved notes and matching envelopes; 50¢ box.....2 for 51¢
- **White Vellum Notes,** suitable for all occasions. 20 high quality notes and matching envelopes, 65¢.....2 for 66¢
- **Flowers on Parade.** 16 quality French-fold notes with floral designs in full color; 16 envelopes, \$1.....2 for \$1.01
- **Junior Miss Notes.** 10 French-fold notes with sophisticated Junior Miss designs in full color, 10 envelopes, 50¢....2 for 51¢
- **Writing Inks.** Washable and Permanent, Blue and Blue-Black; 3 oz., 15¢, 2 for 16¢
- **Cascade Filler Paper.** Faint wide and marginal ruling, 2- and 3-hole punch, top quality. Reg. 10¢ pack.....2 for 11¢
- **Precision Pocket Lighter.** Windproof model, chrome finish, easily filled; made in U.S.A., \$1.50.....2 for \$1.51



- **1. Victoria Hot Water Bottle.** Smooth finish, high quality rubber; molded in one piece. 2-quart size. Share this buy with a friend, and you both get one at half price. Regular \$2.39.....2 for \$2.40
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- **Victoria Combination Syringe.** Hot water bottle with fountain syringe attachments. 2-qt. capacity, reg. \$3.19, 2 for \$3.20

- **2. Rexall No. 6 Pine Oil Disinfectant.** Disinfects, deodorizes and cleanses—all in one operation. Economical—use one gallon of water to four tablespoonfuls of the disinfectant. When used according to directions, is non-corrosive and non-caustic. Pint, reg. \$1.09.....2 for \$1.10
- **3. Rex-Maid Household Gloves.** Extra fine quality; made of natural latex rubber, non-slip finish; come in 3 sizes—small, medium, large. Regular 79¢ pair....2 for 80¢
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- **Extension Cord.** 6' long, cube tap, choice of brown or white, 59¢.....2 for 60¢
- **Shoe Laces.** Black, brown or white, 27" long, long-lasting tips, 5¢.....2 for 6¢
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- **Klenzo Complexion Brush.** Super-soft nylon bristles in plastic block. Transparent backs in choice of three beautiful colors. Extra long-lasting, 98¢.....2 for 99¢
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- **York Plastic Billfolds.** Men's and Ladies' assorted styles and colors; removable pass case; ladies' models have change purse, men's models have secret compartment. Regular \$1.00.....2 for \$1.01
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to Give Satisfaction or Your Money Back



'I—uh—' Henry began. Then Curzon breezed in. "Hi, beautiful," he said, and chucked Miss Dunn under the chin

MOUSE *into* MAN

By J. MALCOLM MORRIS

Henry was an underdog. Even his reflections talked back to him. But now
he was tired of being stepped on; he wanted to step out—with Miss Dunn

MISS DUNN made the difference. The first time Henry saw Miss Dunn was the first time he realized that there is a reason for things. The law firm of Leeds & Macklin had needed a new stenographer for a month, but Henry, though he had not known it, had needed something like her in his life for a long time. Not that she was exactly in his life. That was the problem—how to get her into it.

And that was only one problem. He suddenly realized that there were many problems in his life. It was not that all work and no play had made Henry a dull boy. It was just that it had made him the most forgettable character in the world.

Henry had labored for the law firm of Leeds & Macklin for five years, ever since his graduation from law school, and in that time had never presented a case in court. He had a brilliant legal mind but he was a book man. He did all the technical preparation on the cases the firm handled.

Bud Curzon, the other bright young man in Leeds & Macklin, was the courtroom boy. He was tall, exceedingly handsome, spoke in a deep voice and had a breezy personality. He could think quickly on his feet but only as a tactician. When cornered in court he could always manage to get an adjournment or recess until Henry could figure out the answers for him.

The combination of Bud's personality and Henry's brain had been very successful for Leeds & Macklin. And everyone had been content with it—until Miss Dunn came to work there.

After he had seen her, Henry began to realize that the books and briefs he carried home to work on each night were uninspiring companions. He drew up a brief on what was wrong. In the first place he was developing into the work horse of the firm, and Bud Curzon was already the pampered Derby winner. Henry was well paid for his present work, but it looked as if the future belonged to Curzon. When a junior partner was chosen, it would certainly be the personality boy who could meet and talk to people and bring business to the firm. And then there was

the problem of getting on a friendly basis with Miss Dunn.

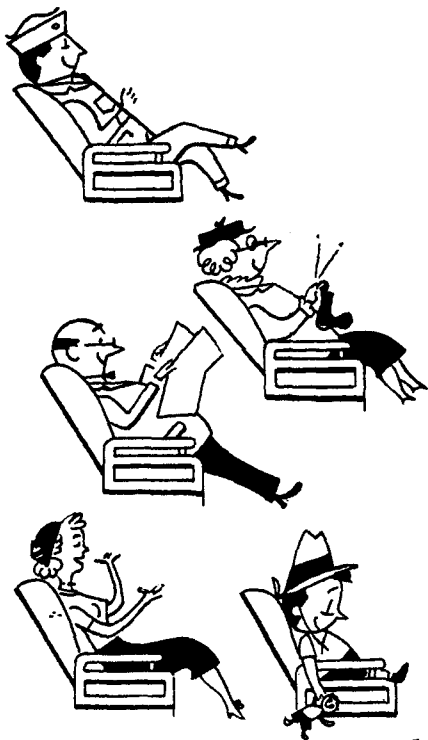
Henry decided to approach things scientifically; he bought a book on how to win friends and influence people. He read it through at one sitting, but it did not seem to do much good. The main advice it gave was to influence the other person by letting him do the talking. This was exactly the sort of thing Henry had been doing all his life, and it hadn't worked.

He discarded that book and bought another. It was called *Know Your Strength*, a guide to the means of tapping the tremendous latent reservoirs of power that are your natural heritage. That was the stuff. That was what he needed. The book was most inspiring and very logical. It even had a formula for developing the "success habit." The idea was to choose a simple problem each day, one he knew he could solve, and then make certain he solved it before the day was over. Each day a more difficult problem should be chosen. That way he would become used to succeeding—so used to it, in fact, that success would become a habit. He was to act as if it were impossible to fail. Eventually, so the book said, there would be no problem he could not conquer, no limit to the force he could command.

That sounded good to Henry. He had always been a creature of habit, and the idea of the success habit had a particular appeal for him. He reread that chapter the next morning at breakfast and chose a simple problem to start him off on the road to becoming the new Henry Hadden, man of steel. But that morning Miss Dunn was wearing a special type of dress, and one look at her made Henry decide to jump the gun. He decided to face and conquer two tasks that really should have been at the end of his list, when the latent force within him had been fully developed. He decided to face Judge Leeds in a showdown, demand that he be allowed to present in court the case of *Hardesty vs. Hardesty*, the one he was currently preparing, and after that he would walk right up to Miss Dunn and tell her he wanted a date.

Everybody was happy that morning. The office boy

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whistled through his teeth as he scratched an adolescent love letter on the firm's engraved stationery. Miss Dunn hummed to herself as the typewriter keys clicked out a merry rhythm. Bud Curzon, in the privacy of his office, put his feet on the desk and smiled sleepily as he thought about last night's date. Judge Leeds, in his office, chortled out loud at the two fat checks that had come in the mail.

HENRY happily paced back and forth in his office. This was his day of renaissance. He repeated the speech he had prepared to shock Judge Leeds. When he was satisfied with it, he squared his shoulders, thrust out his chin and went to the judge's office.

Judge Leeds looked up from the two checks on his desk in slight annoyance. He had not finished savoring them. But then he saw Henry's jaw and decided to handle the matter quickly. "Hadden," he said, before Henry could open his mouth, "very glad you're here. Been meaning to talk with you but, you know, business taking up my time and all that. Hadden, the fact is that Macklin and I have decided we want to make some concrete gesture to show you how much we think of you. You're the type of lawyer we respect, not the courtroom actor but the solid, dependable, real lawyer. Don't think that because your name doesn't get into the papers that we don't know your worth to the firm." He stood up, moved around the desk to throw his arm about Henry's shoulders. "We know you take more pride in being a lawyer than an actor. So, retroactive to the first of the month, your salary is increased ten per cent. Oh, don't try to thank me," he added as Henry opened his mouth. "It's nothing that you don't deserve."

He patted Henry on the shoulder with a motion that turned him toward the door and sent him on his way.

Henry went back to his own office, sat down at the desk and tried to figure out what had gone wrong. An increase in salary was not what he wanted or needed. But what could he have said? The judge would have hit the ceiling if he had seemed ungrateful. He picked up his book and went through that latent-force chapter again. Perhaps he had tried to accomplish too much too soon.

He decided to resort to what the book called the Magic Mirror Technique: *Face yourself in the mirror. Remember that you are your own best friend, the one person you can never let down. Get tough with that person in the mirror. Ask him if he's a man or a mouse. His pride will allow only one answer.*

Henry walked over to the mirror and, with a piercing eye, looked at the young man he saw there. The young man looked right back at him just as fiercely. Henry thrust out his jaw. So did the young man. Henry pointed his finger in a dominating manner. So did the young man. "Look here," Henry said, "what are you, man or mouse?" "You flash a piece of cheese, and you'll soon find out," the young man replied. Henry was startled.

"You make me sick," the young man continued. "You've got no more backbone than a piece of raw liver. You're scared of your boss, you're scared of that cute trick in the office, you're scared of Bud Curzon, you're scared of the office boy. Why, look at the way you're cringing now. You're scared of me, and I'm you. You're even scared of yourself."

Henry felt faint. He put his hand up to his forehead. "It's all wrong," he said. "It's all backwards. I'm supposed to be telling you off. The book said so."

"The book, the book. The book's okay. Don't blame anything on the book. You're just trying to make the



"Marilyn Monroe"

COLLIER'S

"Right!"

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Collier's for October 16, 1954



"He's one of those nice guys you knife
in the back only when you have to"

WILLIAM
VON RIEGEN

book do the work for you. Look, get out into that office and ask that girl for a date tonight. Right now."

"But . . ."
"Don't give me any buts. Get out there, and get out there quick or you and I are washed up. You understand? I can't keep my self-respect as a reflection if I'm just a reflection of nothing. Now get out there, and don't take no for an answer."

HENRY turned on his heel and stamped out into the main office. He could feel his latent power vibrating within him. "Yes, Mr. Hadden," Miss Dunn said, looking up and giving him her sunburst smile.

This smile was so bright and dazzling that it blinded Henry as if he were looking into the noonday sun. It swelled his heart to such a size that he could hardly breathe. "I—uh—that is—" Henry began.

"Excuse me, Henry—in a hurry," Bud Curzon said, breezing between them. "Look, beautiful, I have to have these by noon. Get them done and I'll remember you in my will." He chuckled Miss Dunn under the chin and left.

"I'm afraid these will take me the rest of the morning, Mr. Hadden," Miss Dunn said to Henry. "I'll be free after lunch if there's some work you have for me."

"No, that's all right," Henry said, hopelessly. "I have to go up to the state prison this afternoon to get a statement from an inmate. Tomorrow will be all right."

And with that he went back to his office to brood. This defeat had not been quite so definite as the one he had received from Judge Leeds, but it was a disheartening setback. . . .

The day's events ran consistently; the trip to the prison was wasted. There had been an escape an hour before
Collier's for October 16, 1953

Henry got there, and no one was allowed in. He walked from the prison to the bus stop, wrapped in gloom. He reached the stop just in time to see a bus pull away from the curb. Henry told himself that his life was to be a continuous series of missed busses.

He went over to the window of a stationery store and moodily stared at the dried and dusty-looking window display. Faintly at first and then more and more strongly, he heard a familiar voice. Henry looked up quickly. There, staring at him from the window, was his reflection. He stared back in disgust.

"Now, come, come," the reflection said, "you don't have to look at me like that. You were doing fine until you went chicken. What happened?"

"Oh, never mind what happened," Henry said dejectedly. "Just don't bother me. Go away."

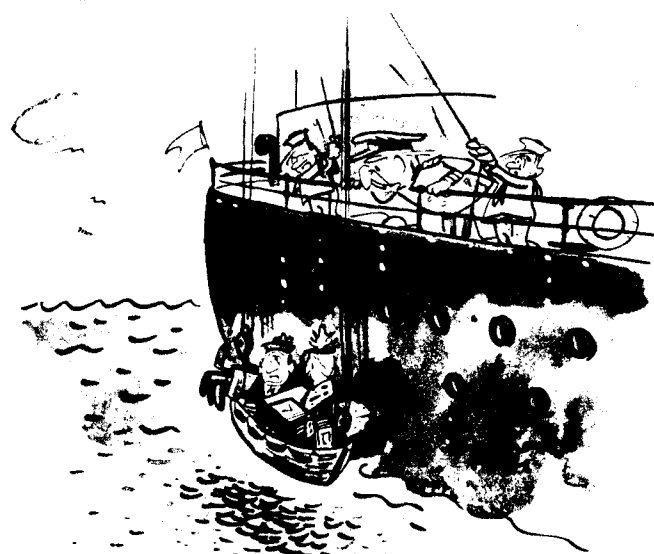
"Now, look," said the reflection, "don't be like that. I'm your friend. Maybe I just got you worked up too quickly. I'll tell you: Why don't you go into the store and call up that girl on the telephone and ask for the date? It should be easy that way. I should have thought of it before."

"The telephone!"

"Yes, the telephone. Go ahead; it's easy," the reflection said.

Henry walked into the store muttering "telephone, telephone" under his breath as if it were a new word he had just learned. The store was a seedy-looking little place, presided over by a seedy-looking man who at the moment was listening to the radio with an all-absorbing interest. An announcer with a voice full of health and masculine power was giving the latest data on the man hunt for Duke Cella, the escaped prisoner. The local authorities were convinced that Duke was still in the vicinity and certain that he would be picked up shortly.

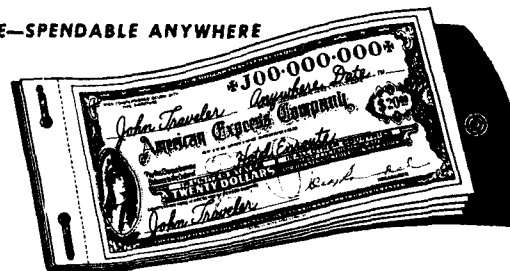
Henry pulled out a dollar bill and



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held it out to the storekeeper, "Could I trouble you to change—" he said.

"Just a minute, bud! Can't you see I'm busy?"

Henry stood back and waited.

A red-faced man came dashing into the store. "Give me a can of lighter fluid," he shouted at the proprietor, "and make it snappy. I'm in a hurry."

The storekeeper took a can off the shelf behind him, gave it to the red-faced man, made change for him, and then went back to his radio. The red-faced man squeezed into the telephone booth.

"I—" Henry said.

"Just a sec, bud! This'll be over in a minute."

Henry felt rage mounting in him, but it was the same helpless rage he felt practically every day of his life.

A heavy-set woman, obviously in a temper, barged into the store, slamming the door behind her. She slapped an open box of cigars on the top of the counter with such force that several bounced out. "What's the big idea?" she said loudly. "What do you think I am—a greenhorn? I paid for fresh cigars. My old man says these are so stale they must be what your father was going to give out when you were born. I want my money back."

"Now look, lady," the storekeeper said, "I don't—"

"I want my money back—now!"

Henry moved back toward the telephone booth, where the florid-faced man was still talking. When the heavy-set woman stopped to catch her breath he went back to the counter. He held out the dollar bill to the storekeeper again. "Would you mind changing—"

"Well! Of all the nerve!" exclaimed the heavy-set woman. "You might wait for your turn. I ain't finished."

Her forbidding manner made Henry fold completely. He gave up and went out of the store. Outside on the street several grimy little girls were playing hopscotch. When they saw Henry, two of them stuck out their tongues at him.

Henry needed a long walk. He turned down the little alley that ran along the side of the stationery store. He had gone only about a hundred yards when he felt the pressure on his back and heard the low, menacing voice. "Okay, buddy!" it said. "Just be quiet and nothing'll happen to you. Step back into this doorway and don't try anything funny!"

HENRY turned around slowly and saw a swarthy man with a sullen face, dressed in a prison uniform. He had a vicious-looking, snub-nosed revolver in his right hand. "Don't be scared, buddy!" the man said. "This isn't a stick-up. I just want to trade clothes with you. Besides, on you this'll look better than on me."

Duke Cella was wrong about the prison uniform looking good on Henry. It was a very poor fit. The sleeves and the trousers were both too short, and the cap came down over his ears.

"My, my!" said Duke. "You look real cute. Turn around and let's see how you look from the back!"

Henry turned around. He didn't remember the butt of the revolver hitting his head. He just suddenly found himself in the middle of a pleasant dream of Miss Dunn.

He was not unconscious very long, but when he came to he had a splitting headache and couldn't imagine what he was doing slumped in a doorway. The prison uniform brought everything back to him in a clear and disheartening flash. This was the end!

This made him the perfect laughing-stock. He dragged himself to his feet and supported himself against the wall for a moment until the dizziness passed, then he slowly walked down the alley to call the police.

When he got to the corner the little girls were still playing hopscotch, but this time when they saw Henry they screeched and fled down the street. Henry felt an evil satisfaction.

Henry's entrance into the store was no less sensational. The complaining woman was still at the counter giving



the proprietor the last piece of her mind, but at the sight of Henry she gasped herself into silence. The proprietor cried, "Duke Cella!" and immediately put up his hands. Henry felt a strange sensation: this was the first time anyone had ever been afraid of him. It was a heady feeling.

He swaggered past the heavy-set lady. "You, bud!" he said, pointing to the storekeeper, "give me a handful of nickels! I got some calls to make. And give me a pack of cigarettes!" The man turned to pick up the cigarettes. "Step on it, buddy," Henry snapped. "I ain't got all day." The proprietor jumped. Henry opened the package of cigarettes and hung one in the left corner of his mouth. "Let's have a light," he said out of the right corner of his mouth.

His imitation of Duke Cella was excellent. Judge Leeds had been wrong about his not being an actor. He swaggered over to the telephone booth and

jerked the door open. "Okay, buddy!" he growled to the red-faced man inside, "get out of there before I break you into little pieces!"

The red-faced man's jaw dropped and he staggered out of the booth. Henry had just put a coin in the slot when he heard the little girls screeching outside the store. "There he is! There he is!"

A PONDEROUS policeman shoved past the little girls and pushed the door open, but when Henry came out of the telephone booth, the policeman retreated hastily. Another policeman, less ponderous than the first, ran up, and then both, with drawn pistols, entered the store.

"Okay, Cella!" said the ponderous cop. "Come quietly or come dead!"

Henry didn't speak. He shifted the cigarette in his mouth and sneered.

"Put the cuffs on him, Pat!" said the ponderous policeman, "and I'll call the wagon."

The second policeman holstered his gun, and handcuffed Henry to him. Then he pulled out his gun again and pressed it into Henry's ribs.

The ponderous policeman squeezed his bulk into the telephone booth and called police headquarters. "We've caught Duke Cella," he shouted into the telephone. "Yeah, that's what I said, Duke Cella. Yeah, he's a tough baby but we got the best of him. What! But he's here in the store, I tell you—What's that?" The elation was gone from his voice. He listened for a moment, then poked his head out. "What's your name, mister?" he asked.

"Henry Hadden," Henry told him. "Well, why the Sam Hill didn't you say so?" the policeman said.

"You didn't ask me," Henry said.

The policeman drew his head back into the booth. "Yeah, it's Hadden all right," he said into the telephone. "Yeah, yeah, we'll bring him right down. Send up a car."





COLLIER'S

"See? Actually it's as simple as falling off a log"

THURSTON GENTRY

"This guy ain't Cella," he told the group. "They caught Cella at a bus stop. This guy's just a guy that Cella stole clothes and a wallet from. He's just a lawyer."

At this announcement the attitudes of the red-faced man, the seedy-looking proprietor and the heavy-set woman changed immediately. The red-faced man advanced toward Henry truculently. "Why, you punk," he said. "So you were gonna break me up into little pieces, were you? Why, I—"

Henry's next move was purely instinctive. He flipped his cigarette at the red-faced man's face, hitting him in the middle of the forehead and sending a shower of sparks all over him.

The man staggered back as if he had been hit with a baseball bat. "I—you, you—" he spluttered. "Officer, you saw that. Do something!"

"You asked for it, mister," the cop said. The red-faced man stamped out of the store.

The heavy-set woman took a deep breath preparatory to launching a tirade. Henry caught her with her jaws extended. "Well, fatso," he said. "You got something on your mind?" The woman gasped and closed her mouth.

Henry turned to the proprietor. "You can put those cigarettes on the cuff," he said. "I'll pay you when I get around to it. And now, Officer, if you'll remove this bracelet—I don't think it goes with my personality."

THE papers did not make much of Henry's small part in the capture of Duke Cella. Some of them played it for the small laugh it afforded. Henry didn't mind. He was now a tough guy.

The office boy had a wisecrack on his tongue when Henry got to work next morning, but when he saw the look on Henry's face, he hopped up from his chair. "Good morning, Mr. Hadden," he said respectfully.

Henry strode into his own office with determination. The first thing he did was to take the success book out of his desk drawer and drop it into the wastepaper basket. Then he called Miss Dunn to his office. "I have some dictation for you," he said in a crisp, businesslike voice. "Sit down. The first is a memo to Judge Leeds: *Dear Leeds—*"

At that moment the office door burst open and Bud Curzon came into the

room. He crouched, his arms crooked as if he were holding a submachine gun. "A-a-a-a!" he said. "A-a-a-a! Stick 'em up! I'm Duke Hadden!"

He went on with his act, as Henry calmly lighted a cigarette and walked toward him. Then Henry flipped his cigarette at Bud Curzon's face. It was another perfect shot, square in the middle of the forehead. Henry evidently had a talent for that sort of thing. "Get outta here!" he growled.

WHEN Curzon had recovered from his surprise and brushed the sparks off his shoulder, he had a mean look on his face. "Look, you punk!" he said, as he walked toward Henry.

"Get outta here," Henry said, picking up his water jug. "Get outta here before I wrap this around your neck!"

"Okay," said Bud, "if that's the way you feel about it. Holy gee! Some people can't take a joke." He started for the door.

"And by the way, knock before you come into this office. I might be busy."

As he said this, Henry looked Miss Dunn up and down with a critical eye. Miss Dunn shivered. Then she flashed her sunburst smile, and Henry looked straight into it. "Now, about the memo," he said. "*Dear Leeds: I find myself dissatisfied with the way things are being handled in this law firm, especially with the way in which cases are presented in court. Therefore, I have made a decision that either I handle the Hardesty case in the courtroom, or I shall have to accept one of the several offers I have had from more progressive law firms. I will expect your answer by noon. Type that up right away.*"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Dunn. When she got to the door he stopped her.

"By the way," he said, "I find myself free this evening. I'll pick you up at seven o'clock and we'll do the town."

"Oh, but I was going to . . ."

"Seven o'clock," Henry repeated. "Sharp, Miss Dunn! I don't like to be kept waiting."

The smile Miss Dunn gave him this time was one he had never seen before. It was slow and secretive. "I'll be ready, Mr. Hadden," she said.

"By the way," Henry said, "my friends call me Duke."

—J. MALCOLM MORRIS

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"We're happy the way we are. We wouldn't
be happy if we were married and poor and
tied to each other so we couldn't escape"

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

*et he was powerless to resist her. Whatever he had been, and
whatever he had wanted to be, was forgotten; he could no longer turn back*

The Shadows of THE IMAGES



By WILLIAM E. BARRETT

Author of the best-selling novel The Left Hand of God

The Story: BEVERLY COLTER was young, beautiful, arrogant—a college student whose divorced parents had provided her only with money. When Beverly bought a compelling wooden figure of the devil in an antique shop, she knew it would shock PAUL LOGAN, a young law student and devout Catholic. Paul was more than shocked; he was appalled by the malevolence in the image, the monstrous evil it personified. Paul's older brother, TOM LOGAN, a detective lieutenant who had all but given up Catholicism, was also disturbed by the image; he recognized the same face of evil he saw in his police work. But despite their protests Beverly became attached to the figure of Lucifer and placed it in her bedroom. In the meantime, Tom had fallen in love with VICTORIA LEIGHTON, a slim dark-eyed girl and a convert to Catholicism. Vicky's grandmother, ELIZABETH, although vehement in her own unacceptance of the Church, respected Vicky's form of worship and the two lived together in harmony. Beverly continued to ridicule Paul's faith and to rationalize his objections to her image of Lucifer, but she always stopped short of alienating him completely. And though Paul had wanted to avoid emotional entanglements until after his graduation, he was strangely fascinated by Beverly; with combined feelings of anger, pity and love he was irresistibly drawn to her. Eventually, though it was against everything he had always stood for, Paul began having a love affair with Beverly.

II

PAUL and Beverly had driven into the mountains on Sunday, Easter Sunday. He had been aware of the day with a dull ache in his soul. It was the first time he had missed Mass on Easter Sunday in all his life. Behind him the forty days of Lent stretched black and barren. He had avoided churches, closed his mind against prayer. Occasionally he had turned back in memory to the sermons and retreats of other Lenten seasons. "Through sin," those remembered priests said, "we assume the guilt of Calvary. We become one with the howling mob. We, each of us, can be likened to the soldiers wielding the scourge, the drivers of the nails of Crucifixion."

The rationalist might laugh at such imagery, but Paul Logan, avoiding the church on Good Friday, did

not laugh. He struggled all morning on Easter Sunday to rid himself of the conviction that he had chosen sides, selected his own role, in that tragedy of nearly two thousand years ago.

He drove with Beverly to the mountains, and she knew what day it was too. She wore a beige jacket and a dress of apricot color, which made her blue eyes seem darker somehow. Beige and apricot belonged to her, to her bloneness and smooth fresh coloring. "You're wishing you'd never met me, aren't you?" she said.

"No."

"I complicated everything for you. You lived such a simple life before you met me."

"It wasn't so simple."

"I think it was. You were happy. If you wanted something, you prayed for it, and if you didn't get it, you were satisfied. You didn't want anybody like me or anything like the things we do together. It was very simple."

Paul stared ahead at the highway. "You're sulking now, just because it's Easter," she said. "I never heard of anything so silly."

"I never knew anybody who considered so many things silly."

"Some things *are* silly. I think Easter is silly. I don't believe in resurrection; when you're dead, you're dead. People dig a hole and bury you. That's all there is."

"Stop it!" He spoke sharply, and there was authority in his voice. He took a lot from Beverly, and she knew how to maneuver him into impossible situations, but she stopped when he told her to stop. She got her way only up to a point. She glanced at him and changed the subject.

Later she reopened the argument, and eventually the argument became a quarrel. Paul was always wrong in a quarrel. He said too much and got into indefensible emotional situations. In the end, he apologized.

That had been their Easter Sunday. He had gone home with Beverly that night, and the quarrels and bitterness and the mental confusions of the day had melted in tenderness. Beverly had stood close to him, with her arms around him, her face raised to his. "I want you to be happy about us," she said, "because I love you." She

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did not love Paul—not in the sense of the word love as he used it—but when her lips said, "I love you," nothing mattered, yesterday, today or tomorrow. He lost himself in her, completed and fulfilled.

There were no coherent words for the experience of loving Beverly, but he hated the hard, aching return to reality. She would not marry him. He had laid siege persistently, but his weapons were weak against her simple defense. She lived extravagantly and had money for her every need by virtue of the fact that she was an embarrassment to the two people who had brought her into the world. They maintained her luxuriously wherever she desired to be, rather than accept her as a complication in the separate lives they had chosen for themselves. Paul was a student, with no income and with his law degree still to be won. He had nothing to offer her, in a material sense, and Beverly's sense of values was material.

"There's no use in talking, Paul," she'd said. "We're happy the way we are. We wouldn't be happy if we were married and poor and tied to each other so we couldn't escape."

PAUL thought of all these things the next day as he sat in Tom's apartment waiting for Tom to come home. He considered leaving a note, then decided against it. The big news he had could not be reduced to a note. He touched the letter in his pocket.

He had succeeded in winning the most coveted summer job of the law-school year. Henry Lewis Kaylor, a celebrated judge who had made courtroom history for three decades, was now retired and living in California. He was writing his autobiography, and he wanted a young law student to work on his correspondence and on the many documents relating to his more spectacular cases. It meant three months of valuable experience and more money than Paul had ever earned in a summer.

It would be good to talk to Tom, to hear Tom's voice telling him what he already knew—that he had done well in winning this opportunity, that even a brief association with Henry Lewis Kaylor would be a priceless background when the time came to establish his own practice. He wanted to hear somebody else say that, and he knew that Beverly would not say it, because Beverly did not think in such terms, nor of such values.

Nor did Beverly have any idea how much the law meant to him. He had tried to interest her at the beginning, and he had told her of his dreams and hopes. She'd laughed when he'd talked of seeking an opening on the district attorney's staff after graduation.

He'd taken her to court once. It had been on a day when he'd heard that a couple of interesting cases were on the calendar of Division Five of the District Court. He had been appalled to find out they'd walked into a rape case that Tom had talked about. The three defendants, Tony Pelado and the Garry brothers, had long records. A girl named Teresita Rojas was the complaining witness. Tom had been on the desk when she'd come in, bruised and beaten, and from what Tom had said Paul knew it was likely to be a rough case to hear.

He needn't have worried about Beverly, however. She had listened to the cross-examination of Teresita Rojas with quiet attention, completely unshocked and untouched. Paul had fol-

lowed the testimony with interest, first with attention to the legal points of the case and then with sympathy for Teresita Rojas. He had studied the three defendants. One was tall, big but stoop-shouldered, with a mustache too small for his face; the other two were small blond brothers with pock-marked complexions and weak chins. Paul had looked at them and wondered at these three who called themselves men, who sat smirkingly unaware of the enormity of their crime.

He had glanced down at Beverly and had seen her watching the trio with distaste; but he had known it was distaste for unattractive hoodlums who offended her sight—not distaste for the crime against Teresita Rojas nor for the fact that a smart defense attorney was using every trick in the book to rip the state's case apart and confuse the jury. When they had left, the defense attorney had been telling the jury they shouldn't take the word of one girl against three men, and Paul had been sick with the knowledge that the jury would not convict.

Later, in the car, he had started to point out that here was a case where the district attorney's office was doing its best to defend the law and an innocent girl, but Beverly had interrupted him: "It gave me the creeps to look at those people. Those two slimy little toads and that big wolf! Ugh."

"I wish the jury would see them in the same light," Paul had said.

"Why? The girl wasn't any better. If she's going to walk on dark streets at night, she should expect that sort of thing."

Paul hadn't answered. Her lack of sympathy had shocked him, and he'd realized then that Beverly would never understand how he felt about the law.

Sitting in Tom's apartment now, he thought about all the other things he believed in that Beverly couldn't understand. She had an unholy knack for reducing his life and his beliefs to absurdity—oversimplifying, distorting, using a childish or glib phrase to dismiss everything she didn't believe in.

Paul reached into his pocket for a cigarette, remembered that he did not have any, and decided that Tom must be on some long, indefinite junket with Vicky Leighton. He had wasted his afternoon waiting.

IT WAS cold in the mountains—too cold for idleness. Tom Logan sawed two logs and split them, and then paused to rub one sleeve over his forehead and look toward the cabin.

There was a vast silence around him, and the mountains rose to white peaks silvered by sunlight. The tangy odor of the pines was in his nostrils. The cabin belonged to Sam Benson, who lived in Texas most of the year. Tom drove up several times during the winter to check up on it, and he had the use of it often in the summer.

He bent above the logs, moving them into a tidy stack, and Vicky called to him from the cabin: "Coffee's ready!" "Coming!" He gathered logs for the fire, and Vicky held the door for him when he reached the end of the path. He tramped across the large living room, dumping his logs beside the stone fireplace. The cold, damp smell of emptiness in the cabin was gone; there were people in it now, and warmth, and the fragrance of coffee.

There was a glow of warm color in Vicky's skin. She was wearing gray slacks and a lumberjacket shirt open at the throat. Her dark eyes were shining. "I often wondered why peo-

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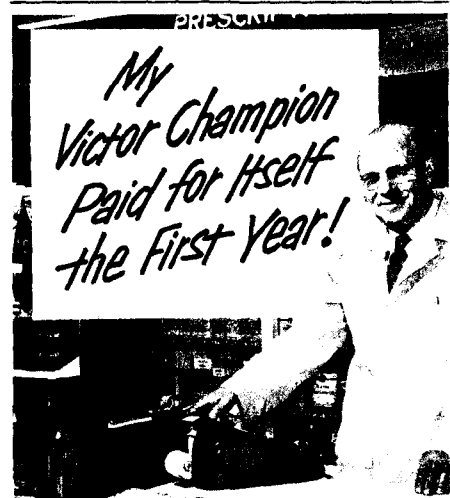
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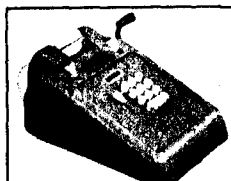
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ple owned mountain cabins," Vicky said. "Now I know."

"Why?"

"It's easier to do all the dull, everyday things you have to do, knowing that it's there. Even if you don't visit it often, it's a wonderful thing to have—just for the having."

"I never put it in words, but you're right," he said. He gestured vaguely. "I don't seem to know how to talk unless I've been drinking."

IT WAS the first time he had mentioned the one date he'd had with her when he'd taken more than two drinks. They'd started out to celebrate Vicky's new job in a telegraph office—"More money and I'll have a chance to meet people," she'd said, looking very happy and very young.

Tom had watched her talk, wanting to tell her how he felt about her and not daring, and somehow he had felt himself drinking more than he was eating. He hadn't got drunk, but he had had enough to loosen his tongue, and he dimly remembered having told Vicky the story of his life.

He'd been too embarrassed to bring up that evening until now. Vicky looked at him across the rim of her cup and there was laughter in her dark eyes. "You did talk," she said.

He grinned wryly. "I know," he said. "I have vague memories of my voice going on and on, like a run-down phonograph."

"I'm glad it happened," she said gravely.

"Why?"

"Because I didn't really know you, Tom, until that night."

"Do you now?"

"A little. I'm not good about men—maybe because I didn't have any around me while I was growing up."

"I must have been something to know that night. I'm sorry."

"You haven't a thing to be sorry about. Not one mean thing came out, not one nasty thing, not one low thing." Her dark eyes were wide. "It does come out with the liquor if it's there," she said. "Doesn't it?"

"I don't know."

"There's one thing that did come out strongly the other night though," she said. "I'd say that you were ashamed of your work, ashamed of the police."

He stared at her, startled. "No! I'm proud of it." He was certain he'd never made any apologies for the shield he carried. "There wasn't any shame, Vicky," he said. "My work isn't easy. Few men can do it. I have the feeling that I'm needed, and it's a good feeling. You belong to something very human and loyal and fine when you belong to the cops." He hesitated and drew a half-breath. "But there's very little of the best side of it that a man can share with a woman," he said. "She gets all the worst side."

Vicky said, "That bewilders me. What do you think a woman is?"

"The kind of woman I'd want deserves better hours than the hours I keep, better places than the places I frequent, acceptance in circles where I'm not accepted."

"A cleaner life than you lead? A finer life? A braver life?"

Tom rose swiftly to his feet. "Vicky"—she raised her eyes and there was fright in them—"would you share it?"

Her face was suddenly pale. "Yes," she said.

He swept her into his arms and kissed her tenderly. Then all the dams that held passion back were swept away.

She struggled against him a moment before she relaxed. Her hand crept across his shoulder and rested there. A blind, surging desire, pent up through this day and many other days, came over him. He kissed her chin and her eyelids, the softness of her throat, feeling a convulsive resistance in her that was only half-resistance.

Then she drew her head away from him, and he saw a startled awareness in her eyes. She didn't know, he thought. Nobody had ever kissed her like that before. She just didn't know!

He released her slowly, reluctantly. "I love you, Vicky," he said.

"I love you," she said.

Vicky's voice was as quiet as his had been.

He drew her against his shoulder.

"Before man is life and death, good and evil; that which he shall choose shall be given him."
Ecclesiasticus 15:18

"I held that back a long time, Vicky," he said. She did not know how strong desire could be, he thought, and she must not find out too soon—because this was for all of her life and all of his. Passion was an ingredient of love, but only one ingredient of many.

Later, when they rode down the winding canyon, he drew her close to him, gently, possessively, protectively. "I'll be good to you, Vicky," he said.

She shook her head and burrowed into his shoulder. She was, he knew, still bewildered, and she was his to cherish, to keep forever safe. Her voice was muffled by the cloth of his jacket. "Oh, I'm so darned ignorant," she said.

THE bells of Coleman Memorial Chapel were chiming the hour of three when Beverly opened the door of her apartment and hung her coat and beret in the closet. She moved about restlessly and then went into the bedroom, took a pale green negligee from the closet and changed. She made a ritual of undressing, folding each garment and putting it away as she removed it. I ought to write all this in a diary, she thought. On May 25, 1951, Beverly Colter discovered she was going to have a child.

She sat on the edge of the bed. There would be no diary entries; she did not believe in diaries. But she did not believe in babies, either—that was the trouble. She had not had to drive to a strange town this morning to ask a strange doctor anything. She knew what was the matter with her, and she had suspected it for some time. Her difficulty had been in admitting it.

She looked at the figure of Lucifer standing proudly on the shelf she had given him, three feet above the foot of her bed. There was something smug about the smile on Lucifer's lean countenance, and infuriating mockery in the confident poise of his dark, smoothly muscled body.

"I've never done anything I didn't want to do," she said.

It was an old boast, and she flung it at the image of Lucifer now as one would whistle in a haunted house. Lucifer seemed to smile at her coldly, contemptuously. She did not remember when she had first started talking to the figure. It had all happened so easily, so naturally. He was there and he compelled attention—seeming less a creation in wood than a being of baffling wisdom and incomprehensible hu-



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mor, staring down at her while she slept, watching her wake up. She turned her back on him now and pondered her problem, frowning.

I can't tell Paul, she thought. I'm glad he's going away tonight. Then she corrected herself. She was glad that Paul was leaving only in the sense that he would, at best, complicate the problem she faced. She did not want the problem, but since she had it she wanted to deal with it in her own way, not in Paul's way.

THERE was an operation. Beverly thought of it calmly. She'd known girls who accepted illegal operations as one of the facts of life, unpleasant but inevitable. She remembered two girls to whom it had meant more than that. One of them had died, an ugly death surrounded by scandal and the arrest of an old doctor who took drugs; the other had lived, but with something wrong inside her, something frighteningly, mysteriously wrong that reduced her to a walking skeleton, obscenely thin, with deep, dark lines bracketing her mouth and shadow-blue hollows under her eyes.

It was the second girl who walked like a wraith in Beverly's mind, insisting on being remembered. Beverly felt nausea at the thought of submitting her body to some furtive practitioner. Things went wrong too often.

She lighted a cigarette and drew the smoke deep into her lungs, frowning at the dust motes that swam in a shaft of sunlight from the window. The seeds of life inside her were probably no bigger than those specks of dust, she thought, but nothing could be done about them that did not involve terror and humiliation and disgust.

She was aware of the image of Lucifer again, intruding into her thoughts. She refused to turn her head. "Okay, friend," she said, "I know you're there. Stay out of this!"

The image seemed to be a living, breathing presence in the room. She imagined the lean, sardonic face watching her, amused, knowing she was in trouble, waiting to see what she did about it. She felt a surge of rebellion and antagonism. "You think I can't

get out of it, don't you? Well, you're wrong!"

The sound of her own angry voice steadied her. Talking to a wooden image was no sillier than thinking around in circles and frightening herself to death. She set her chin defiantly and the Lord of Evil waited. After all, it was her problem.

"I am not going to have an operation," she said grimly, "not unless I can have it my way, by a good doctor in a regular hospital where nothing horrible can happen to me."

She said it and waited. It was a speech, a string of words, not even decently clothed in hope. If not that, then what? She knew what Paul's answer would be. He would want to marry her and take her to live in some miserable apartment, where she would swell and spread and give life to this thing inside her. She shook her head. There had to be a better answer.

All the alternatives repelled her. She turned them over in her mind as she would turn the pages of a catalogue. She had money enough for any need or any plan, and she had no religious scruples or moral doubts to narrow her range of action. The only standards she had to meet were her own.

THE room had become dark, and she had still found no answer when the sound of the telephone broke the quiet. She rolled back on the bed, glad for the reprieve from thinking, and picked up the receiver. "Dingbat's Delicatessen," she said. "We have pigs' feet today."

"Fine. I'll order some later. Why don't you ever stay home?"

"I had a date with an Eskimo, but I've been home for hours." It didn't make much sense, but it didn't have to make sense. She groped her way back to sanity through the normal insanity of a conversation with Paul.

"I'm all packed," he said. "Just about ready to go."

"I'm not. I'm not even dressed yet."

"Fine. I'll be right over."

"You will not. I'll come and pick you up. Fast! I promise."

After she had hung up, Beverly lay quiet for a few minutes, feeling a warm



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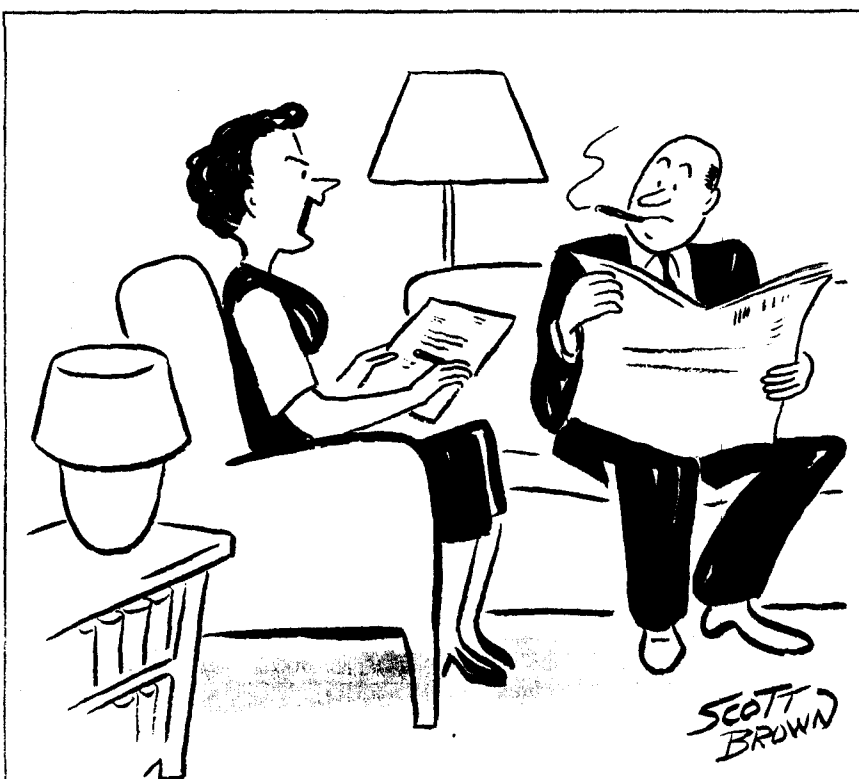


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102

glow in her veins, vaguely excited. Last night had been their farewell party, hers and Paul's. It had been a good party, a very good party, and they had not needed other people. Now Paul was going away, and she could not follow him because he would be living at the house of a stuffy old judge for whom he would be working.

I wonder if I'm in love with him? The question formed in her mind as she lay staring into the darkness of the room. She had talked of love with Paul, of course, and sworn that she loved him; but she had thought and talked about love all her life, and she had never really believed in it.

SHE thought that by all laws of reason and common sense, Paul ought to be easily replaceable. There were handsomer men, bigger men, stronger men, richer men, more experienced men. Strangely, she was indifferent to them. She wanted only Paul.

"Illusion! It won't last." She had said that at the outset, but the illusion persisted, and her need of Paul had grown rather than diminished. She would not marry him, nor marry anyone, but she could not imagine herself spending months apart from him, either. Tonight, incredibly, was their last night.

She sat up, startled. She had forgotten the time. She bounded to her feet, then stretched her hand frantically to the wall. Her throat tightened with nausea as it did in the mornings, and she had the momentary sensation of being dropped in a fast elevator. She closed her eyes.

Slowly, very slowly, her sense of balance came back to her, and her body quieted. She drew a deep breath. For a while she had been able to thrust the unwanted problem out of her life, to think and talk and plan as though it did not exist; but the problem was real. She could not run away from it nor banish it nor ignore it.

She sat on the edge of the bed, sick with the knowledge of it, and the solution came to her amazingly out of nowhere. She knew, within the space of five minutes, what she was going to do about the whole problem.

It was, at first, only a desperate thought linked to a memory, wild and impractical and luridly melodramatic.

On the verge of rejecting it, she asked herself suddenly: Why not? It was a plan that could hardly fail; she could be rid of the child quite legally, and even Paul need never know. He would be gone by the time any news about her might break.

Her mind raced on, then, planning each scene as she would stage it, eliminating the melodrama of desperation, leaving the dramatically attainable. She saw herself doing what she would have to do, in a role that would be frightening and difficult. "I can do it," she said aloud. "I can do all of it."

She heard the chimes of Coleman Chapel and leaped to her feet. Paul was waiting, and she had so little time.

She went to the mirror, and her fingers moved with deft confidence, applying the make-up sparingly. She did not want the effect of pallor, but she wanted to come close to that. She took three dresses from her closet, studied them, and selected a guileless off-white jersey with a full skirt. She put on the least spectacular of her coats, a short white wool, and a small white felt hat.

Paul was pacing up and down waiting for her, his two battered suitcases resting on the grass beside the walk. Beverly brought her car into the curb, scraping the white sidewalks. "I'm late," she said.

"You are? How did you find out?" "I turned on the radio. All the stations carried it."

"I don't know why. It isn't news."

PAUL had a key to her car on his key ring. He opened the trunk and tossed his bags in. He was slightly angry, but more nervous than angry. Beverly, who knew all his moods, was particularly sensitive to them tonight. So much depended upon the predictability of his reactions. He walked around the right side of the car and got in.

Beverly looked up at him. "Hello, Paul," she said.

"Hello, you!" He put his arm across her shoulders and kissed her. She freed herself reluctantly.

"Not here!" she whispered. "Some beaver will be selling tickets for it."

They laughed together softly, in tune with each other again, and Beverly started the car. Tonight she had to keep her head. She had to serve a purpose. It was her last chance.

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"Par is seventy-two? Then why didn't you stop me two hours ago when I had that many?"

"We've got more than two hours, Paul," she said softly, "before I have to take you to the bus."

"Two hours and eleven minutes. It isn't enough."

"You'll be happy when you get away from me."

"Did I ever do anything to make you believe that?"

"You said it."

"What?"

"Before we knew each other so well. When you were still trying to convert me."

"I never tried to convert you."

"Yes, you did. You preached a lot of Catholicism at me."

HIS mouth tightened. Beverly could watch his face out of the corner of her eye as she drove. She waited patiently, driving slowly, heading south-westward.

"Look," he said, "this is no night for argument. I never tried to convert anyone in my life. I don't remember any Methodist or Lutheran or any other religious person who ever tried to convert me. It's the people who don't believe anything who are always challenging belief. If I preached Catholicism at you, as you so quaintly put it, I was defining my position. You were always too sure that anything you didn't happen to believe was silly."

"Anyway, I learned a lot about what you believe," she said. "That's why I'm sure you'll be happy when you get away from me."

"That's the second time you've said that."

"It's true. A Catholic can't be happy in a state of mortal sin. You said that yourself. What we do together is mortal sin, isn't it, Paul?"

She saw his body jerk as if he'd been slapped. He looked at her in shocked surprise, then looked swiftly away. She knew how to stir his conscience, how to goad him to anger, but she built the mood deliberately tonight, patient in the building, not hurrying it. "I'm sorry, Paul," she said.

She drove down a deserted street toward a stretch of abandoned railroad track. Beyond that lay the ruins of a lumberyard that had been destroyed by fire—the shell of a brick building, a sooty cement platform. It was a place of silence and shadow. Beverly stopped the car between the platform and the skeletal wall and turned off the lights. The silence was theirs, then, and the darkness. Paul turned to her and she twisted toward him, drawing her feet up onto the seat as she turned, with her head and shoulders on Paul's lap, and her eyes looking up into his face. "Love me?" she asked softly.

"You know I do." She fought hard to keep her mind free as his lips closed on hers.

"The last time," she whispered. "There will be someone else in California."

"No!"

"Yes! I can see her," she said. "Some pale little thing, smirking demurely at you in church. Somebody just as scared of hell as you are, and scared of sin, and willing to repent with you after she's had her fun, creeping into a confessional with you."

"Stop it, Bev!"

"I won't!" She felt hysteria rising in her. It was no longer necessary to keep her mind clear. The way ahead was marked and certain. She half-believed what she was saying. "Some sniveling little breast beater!" she said. "That's what you really want. You won't have to stay away from church

with her. You can crawl back together—"

She felt his fingers pressing hard into her right shoulder. He spun her away from him, and her left shoulder hit the door of the car. "Don't do that!" he said. "I told you before that I wouldn't take it."

"Take what?"

"That nasty trick of giving me angels, but they have to be *simpering* angels; giving me a girl in California, but she has to be *sniveling*; giving me a church that I must *crawl* to, and a confessional to *creep* into—"

She leaned against Paul again and laughed. She curled her fingers into a fist and hit him on the jaw, gripping him around the neck with her left arm to save herself from falling. She laughed again, and his head jerked away from her fist, hitting her cheekbone. She felt dazed but she punched at him again.

"Bev! Stop it!" he said harshly. "Are you crazy?"

She heard his voice and she thought: This is how it always ends. He hates me, but he always stops before he hurts me. She felt futile. It was so easy to infuriate him, to lash him into anger, but his anger never stayed off the leash. She gripped a handful of his hair and twisted it.

Pain made him rough. He pressed the heel of his hand against her chin, pushing her head back, reaching across her mouth and nose with his fingers, smothering her until she released her grip on his hair. She banged her head against the instrument panel in escaping his grip and she fell to the floor, grinding one knee against the rough floor mat, glorying in the destruction of her stocking, the rip in her dress, the scraping of her skin. There was a trickle of blood from her nose and a buzzing sound in her ears.

PAUL'S voice came to her from a great distance. "Bev! Bev, darling! I'm sorry. Get up here."

He was helping her back to the seat. Strength returned to her with effort and motion. She climbed over into the back seat, sobbing. Paul joined her and when she felt his arm behind her shoulders, she turned her head to his chest. Paul was talking to her, and she let him talk, marveling as she had marveled before at his capacity for accepting blame, for taking guilt to himself. "I'm sorry," he said huskily. "I didn't know what to do about you. I wouldn't have hurt you. Ever!"

Her fingers found his breast-pocket handkerchief. "It was my fault, Paul," she said. "I was a beast."

"No."

"I was. I just hated your going away. Love me, Paul. Just a little."

She turned her face to him, and he kissed her. She gripped him fiercely, feeling an answering excitement in him; an excitement which soon carried them away. Finally, her hand caressed his smooth, lean jaw. "I've got to let you go," she said. She sat up suddenly, twisting away from him. "What time is it?" she asked.

"Who cares?"

"We've got to care." She looked at the luminous dial of his watch. It was eleven five. She felt a fierce urgency. Time was important—time was everything. She looked at Paul. "You can't get on a bus like that," she said. "Get a clean shirt and another suit out of your bag. I'll go up front. But hurry!"

She climbed over the seat again and rested her arms on the wheel, cradling her head on them. The most difficult

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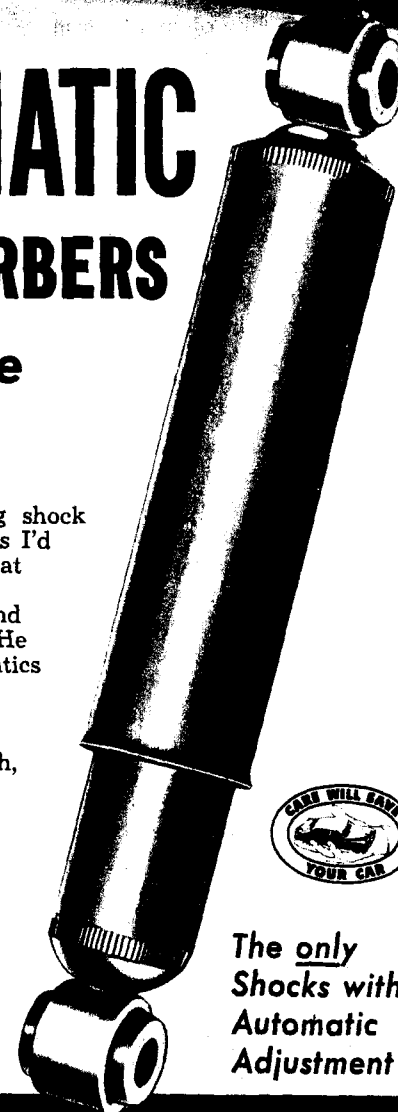


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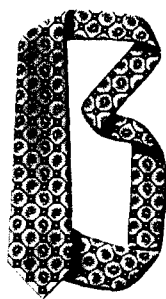
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part lay ahead of her, but she was strangely indifferent. She knew, listening to Paul, that he was hurrying. She lifted her head and took a pair of sun glasses, wrapped in an old scarf, out of the glove compartment. She put the glasses on and wrapped the scarf around her throat.

Paul came sliding over the back of the seat. "Look, Bev—" he said.

"No speeches, please. I can't. We can't. We haven't time anyway," she said, pressing the starter with her foot. "Write me a letter. But don't be sorry. Don't ever be sorry."

SHE backed the car out of the space between the loading platform and the wall and drove swiftly toward the bus station. Paul lighted a cigarette. "Did I hurt you, Bev?" he said.

"No."

"I must have. I'm sorry."

"Forget it."

"I didn't want tonight to be like this."

"Why, tonight was wonderful." She slowed for the approach to a small bridge. "I'll let you out fast, behind the bus station. I don't want anyone looking at me."

"I could go tomorrow night. I'd like to take care of you."

"I'm okay. Just take off. No farewells. I'll miss you like crazy. You know it. You'll miss me too."

"We could be married out there, Bev, if you'd come out there, if you'd take a chance on me."

"Please, Paul! Keep it light!" She drew a deep breath when she saw the bus station ahead of her. "Good-by, Paul," she said.

"No, Bev. *Hasta mañana.*"

"Long time *mañana.*" She swung the car into a vacant taxi stand at the curb. "Okay. *Mañana*, Paul."

She hadn't looked at him since she had started driving. He put his arm across her shoulders, drew her to him swiftly and kissed her, then opened the door. As soon as he had his bags out she drove away.

She saw him briefly in the rearview mirror. Paul would be gone in a few minutes, riding in a bus across the mountains. He would be in another city, in another state by early morning. After that, there'd be the desert, and the cities of the West Coast, where the news of State City—that might involve her—would not be news at all.

She drove purposefully. She turned down a dark warehouse street, holding her breath against the chance appearance of a curious policeman in a cruiser. A left turn took her onto a truck street that crossed the railroad-spur tracks. The viaduct above her was bright, but she drove in dense shadow behind an old icehouse. She flicked off the car lights and waited for five minutes, then another five for luck. Nobody came near her.

Her nose was sore. She touched it gently, shrinking from her own touch, then took a deep breath and pressed the heel of her hand against it hard. Tears streamed from her eyes and she put her head down. Her nose was bleeding again, more freely now than at first. She sought for the tear in her dress where Paul had ripped it and she jerked it violently, extending the tear. Then she ripped the buttons off her dress. She hurled her once-white coat into the back seat.

Her mind was working at top speed now. She took the scarf from around her throat and held it against her bleeding nose. Then she let it fall to the floor of the car and dropped her hat on top of it.

At the last moment, she remembered her money. She opened her bag and withdrew thirty-two dollars in bills, a half-dozen coins. She scattered the other articles in the bag recklessly, inside and outside the car. She held the money tightly in her clenched hand, her eyes searching for a place to put it. It had to be a good place—policemen were smart about things like that. Then she remembered the tools in the trunk of the car. She never bothered with them and she was certain that no one else would ever bother with them, either. She darted back, opened the trunk and fumbled with the straps of the canvas tool sack until she had an open corner. She crammed the money inside and locked the trunk again. It was a perfect place, and she did not have to lose her money, either.

Handling the money and the canvas sack reminded her of fingerprints. The police would expect to find some, or they would expect criminals to be smart about them. She climbed hurriedly back into the car and retrieved the scarf from the floor. With it she polished the wheel and the dashboard, the door handles, the doors themselves, the glass, everything in sight. She worked with nervous, panicky haste. Her nose was still bleeding, and she scuffed her shoe over the few drops of blood that fell to the ground on the left side of the car, where she did not want blood to be. She hurried back to the right side of the car and a stone turned under her foot.

She felt herself falling and relaxed into the fall, hitting on one knee, then rolling onto the black, sooty earth behind the icehouse. She picked herself up and screamed. The scream climbed high toward the viaduct, and she was frightened of the sound of it herself.

She screamed twice more, then ran back to the car and pressed down on the horn.

She kept pumping it, sending the loud, blaring sound out into the night in a series of long-drawn wails.

THE people on the late shift in the telegraph office had little contact with human happiness. The wired messages of night were mostly cries for help or news of disaster. The people who came into the office brought tidings of death and illness, of misfortune and of missed trains. They sent collect wires to distant friends or relatives, and they haunted the office waiting for money that did not always come. Other people came in, responding to the wires that another night shift in another city had taken, people with crumpled bills in their hands. Two of those people stood before Vicky Leighton as the hands of the clock moved toward eleven.

The woman was short, overweight, nondescript, with straight black hair. She laid two five-dollar bills on the counter. She had three one-dollar bills in her left hand.

"I send ten-dollar telegram to my husband," she said. "How much?" Without waiting for a reply, she turned to the man beside her. "It is not enough money. It must be fifteen," she said.

The man was tall and powerful. He had a black mustache that followed the line of his long upper lip. "Ten is enough," he said.

"Fifteen."

"Ten."

The woman turned to Vicky. "I send ten dollars to my husband. It is in Texas. San Antonio."

Victoria took the information down without comment, filling out the form.

"Luis Sablon," the woman said.

Victoria knew that. She knew these people. These were the Pelados. They lived in the same block with the Seboso family, who were her grandmother's tenants. The woman was Margarita, who had married Luis Sablon. The man with Margarita was her brother, Tony Pelado, who had a long police record and who had been arrested several times on rape charges. She finished making out the form and looked at the woman, ignoring Tony Pelado. "We'll send it off immediately," she said.

Victoria left the counter and walked back to one of the desks with the message. She could hear Margarita's voice, the quick, angry Spanish that she addressed to her brother. Margarita was angry still about the sending of ten dollars when she wanted to send fifteen. They were standing just inside the door when Victoria came back to the counter, but other people needed attention and she forgot them.

SEVERAL minutes later, Vicky saw that Tony Pelado and his sister were gone, the argument obviously settled. Vicky had an impression in her mind that they had stood inside the door arguing, then outside, and that they had turned back once to reopen the funds question at the counter. Her impression, however, was vague. It wasn't, she told herself, important.

The door opened, and Tom Logan came in. He leaned against the wall in the corner, unfolded a newspaper and started reading. He had a respect for Vicky's job and for her working hours; he did not intrude on them. Tom was just another man in a dark, double-breasted suit and a gray hat, but the assorted people waiting in the office were aware of him. There was something, some current that he set in motion when he entered a room.

Tom had laughed when Vicky had told him of the current. "It's the cop smell," he said. "I use the right soap and some of the stuff they advertise on the radio, but I can't get rid of it."

Eleven o'clock struck, and he raised his eyes from the newspaper. Slowly and solemnly he winked one eye at her, then turned a page and resumed reading. Vicky turned the desk over to the night girl and hurried upstairs. If there was a cop smell, there was a telegraph-office smell, too. She thought about that as she washed her hands in the restroom.

It was indecent to know so much about people, to stand behind a counter and look into the shabbiness, the meanness, the deceit and the dishonesty of so many motives. There were glimpses of nobility too, of course, and of generosity and of self-sacrifice, of human warmth and sympathy; but they did not balance the rest.

Vicky made up her mouth and fluffed out her hair, using the utmost care to create an impression of carelessness. A man who was observant kept a girl on her toes, and Tom Logan was observant. Tonight was a very special night. When she came back through the office, Tom shoved away from the wall and tossed his newspaper carelessly on a bench. "Hello, Vicky," he said.

"Hello, Tom."

Vicky looked up at him as he held the door for her—at his bronzed face; his gray eyes with the fine lines at the corners that would someday be crow's-feet; at his mouth, with the brackets around it that were soft lines now.

They were silent until Tom turned

Collier's for October 16, 1953

the car into Winchester Street. Within two blocks the theatrical brightness of the downtown section was behind them, and they were moving in the twilight, with the dark streets ahead of them. It was a matter of habit, of unwritten agreement, that they did not talk of personal things where the lights were bright and the traffic heavy.

VICKY turned in the seat now, her arm across the back, running her finger along the ridged seam of the seat cover. "Did you bring my ring?"

"What do you think?"

"I think you did."

"Why ask?"

"Just to hear you say so. You didn't tell me."

"Want to see it?"

"Yes."

Tom steered for the curb, pulling into a long space ahead of a sign that read: *No parking from here to the corner.* "Now?" he said.

"No. It wouldn't be fair."

"Why did you say yes, then?"

"I had to be honest, didn't I? I'm dying to see it. But I'll wait. It will be so exciting for Elizabeth."

"She'd be just as excited, even if you saw it first."

"Whatever you want, Tom," she said. "Whenever you want to give it to me."

He swept her into his arms and kissed her. "We'll wait. It's a feature of the birthday party," he said. "It's what we agreed to do."

He drove again, and after the first moment of illogical disappointment Vicky was glad that he had taken over the decision and that he had decided as he did. She believed that a man should choose the ring for the girl he loved—that it should not be something for which they shopped together, like furniture. It might be an old-fashioned idea, but she liked it.

She liked simple parties, parties that came after eleven o'clock at night if that was when she happened to finish working; she liked the building of memories; she was a romantic. Tom, no matter what he might be of neces-

sity, was a romantic too. He sensed so many of her wants before she expressed them, understanding them beyond any need for explanation. He understood about Elizabeth too—Elizabeth was fading. They could not hope to be married very soon, and Elizabeth might not share the wedding.

The ornamental lamps in front of St. Edmund's Church brightened the block ahead, and then they were drawing up to the opposite curb and Tom was helping her out. Elizabeth was sitting beside the window, watching for them.

"I thought you'd never get here," she said. "I was about to go back to bed."

She would not have gone back to bed, of course—not if they had kept her waiting for hours. Elizabeth took her own birthday seriously. Elizabeth was a woman who had retained the capacity for excitement in a body grown frail—she loved ceremony.

In the kitchen, Vicky paused for a moment in the act of lighting the candles on Elizabeth's birthday cake. Paul was leaving tonight for California. She had meant to ask Tom about him, but her mind had been crowded with her own interests, and she had forgotten.

There were nine candles on the cake. Elizabeth had lived for eight decades and, at eighty-four, she was living her ninth. Vicky picked up the cake and started singing: "Happy Birthday to you."

That was Tom's cue. Before she reached the door of the dining room, he had switched off the lights and his voice joined Vicky's.

Elizabeth sat primly with her hands clasped in her lap, but in the light of the candles her eyes glowed. "Thank you," she said. "It's a lovely cake. It's long indeed since we were so many as three—"

She looked from Vicky to Tom before she leaned forward and blew suddenly on the candles and extinguished them all with a single breath.

Tom relighted the candles one by one, and Elizabeth's face emerged slowly from shadow, smugly trium-

phant. "There's not many at my age could blow nine," she said.

"Not one!" Vicky said. "Now close your eyes." She brought out her package, beautifully wrapped. Elizabeth removed the green-and-gold paper with trembling fingers and a child's eagerness. She stared at the blouse that Vicky had bought for her, then turned misty eyes toward Vicky.

"Victoria, you shouldn't," she said. "Hard as you work!"

Tom had no wrapping on his gift; he extended a shabby gray jeweler's box. "Happy birthday, Elizabeth," he said.

She hesitated a moment before she snapped the catch and opened the small case. It contained a polished ebony cross on a thin chain of silver. She raised her eyes to Tom's.

"It was my mother's," he said. "I never expected to meet a woman I'd want to have it. But I did."

Elizabeth pushed her chair back slowly. Tom took one step toward her and she stepped into his arms. "No nicer thing was ever said to me in all my years," she said.

Tom kissed her gently. Then he looked at Vicky, and there was a great happiness in his face, a warm light in his eyes. My heart was so right about him, she thought, and my stupid head argued. He's the most wonderful person in the world.

He released Elizabeth and took Vicky's hand in his. He pulled another small jeweler's box from his vest pocket. "For forever, Vicky," he said.

He let go her hand then, and she snapped the catch as Elizabeth had done. Her ring gleamed, responding to the small flames of the candles with a living fire of its own.

"Tom!" she said. And that was all. She saw him through a mist, and she had no voice. She passed the box to him, and extended her left hand.

THE telephone rang clamorously. It was a shrill, urgent sound, and Tom stiffened. His eyes went swiftly from Vicky to Elizabeth. It was too late for anyone to be calling them. "Mine," he said.

He was in motion as he spoke, a man conditioned to answering alarms in the night, so well conditioned that it would never have occurred to him that he could ignore one. He swept the telephone out of its cradle with a quick, practiced swoop. "Logan speaking," he said.

When he came back to Vicky, he was no longer a man attending a party. He answered the question in her eyes reluctantly. "It's Beverly," he said. "Three thugs ganged up on her. She was taking Paul to a late bus. They must have got her on the way home."

Vicky drew a deep breath. "Is she badly hurt?"

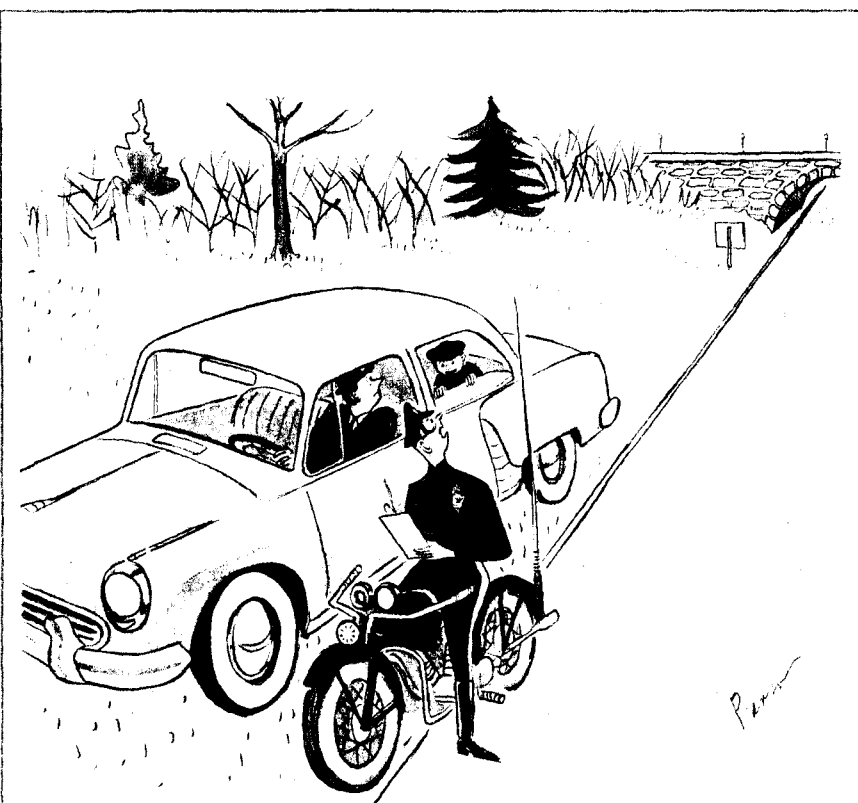
"Raped. They've got her in County Hospital. I've got to go down."

He looked at Elizabeth. "I'm sorry to spoil the party," he said. He put his arm across Vicky's shoulder. "This isn't the way I planned it."

He lifted her hand and kissed it, and then he dropped his arm from her shoulder and opened the box. Vicky tried to draw her hand away. "No, Tom. Not if you have to go—"

He slipped the ring onto her finger anyway, and then he kissed her; but there was a hardness in him, a grimness that did not go well with kisses and engagement rings. Vicky did not look at the ring.

He turned to the door, and he was in a hurry. She heard his car starting up, and Elizabeth's hand touched her



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arm. "It's his job," she said softly. "It's what he has to do. Please let me see your ring."

Vicky held it out to her. The candles were burning low and sputtering. There was an odor of burning wax in the room. The cake had not been cut and the coffee had not been served, but the party was over.

"It's a lovely ring," Elizabeth said.

THE hospital room had green walls and a window with a green shade. The bed was white-enameled iron. Beverly Colter lay motionless, her eyes closed. Now that the interview with the detectives was over she was fighting against panic.

She looked up when the nurse offered her a sedative. The nurse's face was friendly, genuinely concerned. She believed me, Beverly thought. Aloud, she said: "I don't want to sleep. Not yet. I want to talk to Lieutenant Logan when he comes. And I want to talk to the doctor again too."

The nurse nodded. "I'll tell him," she said. "Ring if you want anything."

After she had gone Beverly stared at the ceiling. In her mind, she went over the story she had told the detectives and couldn't find a hole in it. Some of it she had taken from Teresita Rojas' story, which she'd heard in court with Paul, and some of it she had improvised.

She was glad that she had remembered how ashamed Teresita Rojas had been. There was a certain way a girl who had been raped was supposed to feel and act, and it was difficult for Beverly to connect shame with herself. She had been very careful to describe the three men as she remembered them

herself. She was sure she had not used any of the words that Teresita Rojas had used.

When the two detectives had asked if there were any way she could identify her money, she thought at first the question might be a trick. She couldn't see just where the trap might be, though, so she had said, "Yes, I spilled some nail polish when my money was lying on the dressing table. Some of it got on the bills, along the edges."

Looking back at that part, she found it exciting to discover in herself a capacity for inventing detail, a capacity she never knew she had. She had never spilled nail polish on money, but she had spilled some on an address book she had, and it was something that could happen just as easily to a wad of bills. It would make her story sound more convincing, she suspected.

She became aware of a tight feeling behind her eyes now, and her bruises were beginning to throb. It occurred to her that the nurse knew what she was talking about, that sleep would be a relief. Beverly was afraid of a sedative, though, afraid of any drug. She might still have to talk to Tom tonight, and she hoped to have an interview with the doctor. She couldn't risk talking to the doctor without all her faculties under control.

She heard the door open, and the police surgeon crossed the room and stood beside her bed. His eyes looked weary. "Hello, Doctor," she said.

"Hello." He had a friendly voice. "How are you feeling?"

"Lousy."

"Jonesy says you wouldn't take a sedative."



"Hah! Just as I predicted, Harrison—only the lowest form of plant life exists on this planet!"

COLLIER'S

STAN FINE

"Jonesy is so very right. I'll take a cigarette."

He sat on the chair that the detective had occupied.

"What happens if I get a baby out of this?" she said.

He raised his eyebrows. "Is that worrying you?"

"Of course."

He sat quietly, studying her, and she was just a little afraid of him. She'd been subjected to a lot of indignities since they brought her in. He might know more about her than she wanted him to know.

"The odds are all against your having a baby from what happened tonight," he said. "Don't imagine trouble for yourself."

His last sentence reassured her somewhat, although the first sentence did not. "I don't have to imagine trouble," she said. "Trouble moved in on me. What I want to know is—will you take care of me if I am going to have a baby out of it?"

"Me? No, ma'am." He smiled a little lopsidedly, comically drawing out the "ma'am."

"I don't mean you, or anybody in particular," she said sharply. "I mean the city or the state or whoever takes care of such things."

The humor went out of his face. "If you mean an operation," he said quietly, "nobody takes care of such things. It isn't done—not legally."

"It has to be! Do you mean to say that a girl has to have the baby of some dirty thug who attacks her?"

"No. I'm just saying that we don't perform an operation."

"It's the same thing."

"No, it isn't. We've had a lot of rape victims in here who didn't have babies."

"Did some of them?"

He looked at her without answering, and she was afraid of him again. It seemed to her that he was thinking: Some girls have babies without being raped.

AFTER the doctor had left, Beverly lay quiet and rigid. The whole elaborate structure she had built up in her mind came tumbling down around her. She clenched her hands into tight fists. I slipped up with him, she thought miserably.

She had forgotten that she was supposed to be a bewildered and humiliated girl who had been raped; she had been too much Beverly Colter. Looking back now, she did not believe she had convinced the doctor at all. He probably believed she had been raped, all right, but he did not consider her an innocent young girl. And he might, or might not, know she was pregnant.

She had a feeling of defeat where he was concerned, but she was no longer afraid of him. Doctors were accustomed to keeping secrets. She was the friend of a police lieutenant, and the doctor would report only such facts as he was called upon to supply. As long as he did that, it made no difference what he thought.

She forced herself to recognize then that there was a way to get around her problem, if not out of it. She could go to California to Paul, and marry him. Her father would give her the money.

She stared at the ceiling, thinking of all she had gambled on this. And she had lost. . . .

There was a single low-powered lamp burning behind the visitors' desk at County Hospital, and an aged man sitting in a chair under the light, Collier's for October 16, 1953

reading. Tom Logan headed for the desk, and then changed his course in mid-stride as detectives Campion and Malone emerged from the elevator.

"How is she?" he said.

"Looks pretty good," Campion said.

Tom gestured toward the wicker divan in a corner of the entrance lobby. "Let me have it," he said. "I didn't get any details on the phone."

CAMPION sat beside Tom, and Malone sat facing them. Campion was a veteran who worked with a notebook. He drew his book out now and squinted at it. "Downtown got it at twelve twenty-eight," he said. "Somebody blowing an auto horn by the old icehouse down under the viaduct. Patrolmen Cassidy and Schlemmer got there at twelve thirty-one. There was a girl in the car with a bloody nose and looking pretty beat up. She said she had been raped and robbed. The car was hers and her pocketbook was empty, her stuff scattered around. She said her name was Beverly Colter. Cassidy brought her here, and Schlemmer stayed with the car. They got a description of the men who attacked her and called us at precinct. They told us she was a friend of yours."

"Who attacked her?"

"Tony Pelado and the two Garry brothers."

"You're sure of that?"

"She couldn't have described them better with a camera."

Tom Logan rubbed one powerful hand against the other, the palms grinding. He wasn't letting himself feel anything yet; he was merely listening.

"Doc Abbott found evidence of rape," Campion said quietly. "She also has bruises on her arms and her legs, and scratches. There are marks on her face. We got a statement from her, a good statement. She remembers about all she could be expected to remember. She described those three like a picture."

"Have you got anything else?"

"Not yet. The car was wiped for prints. One thing is kind of funny, though."

"What?"

"Schlemmer couldn't find any traces of them. No footprints. No anything outside the car. She says they had their own car. We don't know where they parked it, and she doesn't remember."

Tom grunted impatiently. "If they wiped the car, they didn't leave signatures any place else."

"That's probably it. There's another thing. They took better than forty bucks of her money and divided it among them. Pelado threatened her with a knife. It might be easier on her and easier for us—tougher, maybe, for them—if we made it armed robbery instead of rape."

Tom rose. "Whatever we make it, we're going to make it stick," he said. "I want evidence, and I want everything connected up. I don't want any holes left for a sharp lawyer. If we'd riveted it on them when we had them in the Rojas case, this wouldn't have happened."

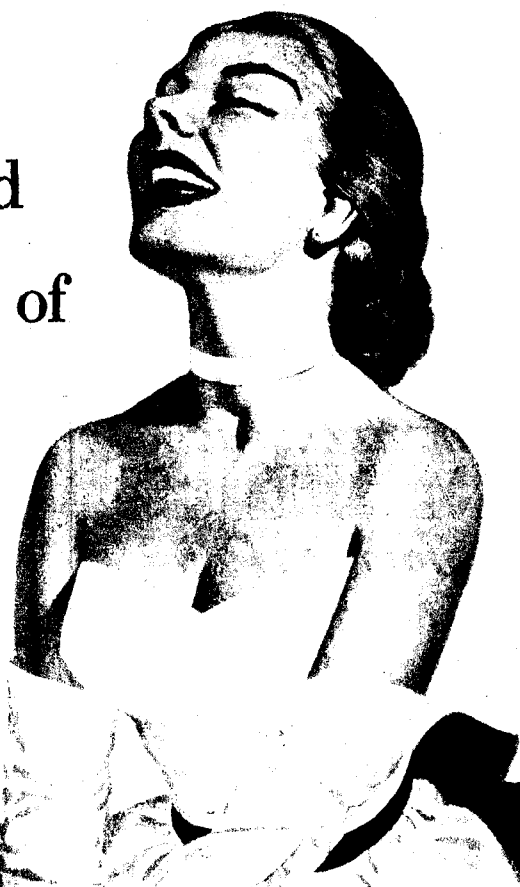
"The money they took from her had nail polish spilled on it," Campion said softly.

Tom Logan raised his head swiftly, and there was a quiet moment of understanding when his eyes met Campion's. "Okay," he said. "That ought to wrap it up."

Campion read the message in Tom's glance. "Yes, I think it will," he said.

Tom turned then and strode down

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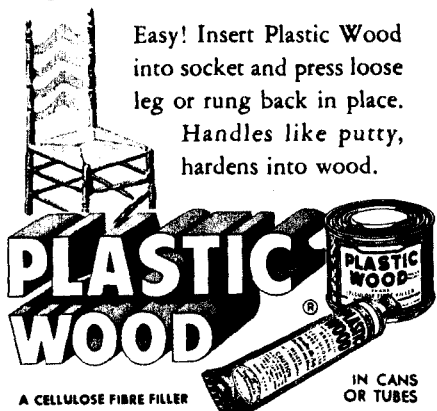
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the corridor to the elevator. The nurse who sat under the green-shaded desk light on the third floor was Alice Jones. Tom nodded a greeting to her. "Beverly Colter, Alice," he said. "How is she?"

"Pretty good, considering. The full shock of it hasn't hit her yet, poor kid. She's in three-twelve, Tom."

"Thanks."

He walked softly down the hall to 312. When he reached Beverly's side, he could see the blue swelling on her cheek, the bruise on her chin, her swollen nose. She stretched one hand to him.

"I've been hoping you'd come, Tom," she said.

She started to cry then. "I'm afraid I'll have a baby," she said, "and nobody will do anything about it. They'll just make me have it."

Tom looked at the small, soft hand that was lost in his, and he was remembering Paul. This was Paul's girl. Paul was in love with her. Lying here in the hospital bed, she was defenseless, as she had been virtually defenseless against the ruthless brutality of three thugs. "You won't have a baby," he assured her.

"How do you know?"

"I just don't believe it." It seemed futile to quote statistics to her, and he knew there wasn't anything he could say that would have any force behind it.

"Can't something be done if it happens, Tom? Won't the city or somebody take care of it?"

"You mean an operation?" He raised his head and looked at her. "No," he said. "That's murder, Bev."

SHE drew a deep breath. "It isn't. I don't believe that. That's just a religious idea. I don't believe that anything is a person till it's born. I don't want to have a child of some dirty hoodlum. Nobody can give me any sensible reason why I should."

"Suppose you stop worrying about something that isn't going to happen," he said finally. "Is there anything I can do for you right now?"

"Yes. Don't tell Paul. I don't want him to know, but if he's got to know sometime, I'll tell him."

"All right."

"There's something else. I want my father. He's in Chicago. Call him right now and tell him to come here. Tell him what happened to me."

"It's pretty late, Beverly. It's an hour later in Chicago. How about morning?"

"No. Call him now. He'll come if you tell him I want him."

Tom stood for a moment looking down at her. Beverly did not look so soft, so crushed, so appealing now. There was something hard and imperious about her. He tried to shake the feeling off. It was natural enough, after all. She had had a harsh experience, a brutal experience, and she must, he thought, be nearly at the end of her resources.

"I'll call him immediately, Beverly," he said, "and I'll look in on you tomorrow. I'll send the nurse in when I leave, and you'd better let her give you a shot or something so you'll get some sleep."

She turned toward him and smiled, a smile that her bruised face made a trifle grotesque. "You're so good, Tom," she said. "I'm sorry if I've been jumpy. I guess I need a cigarette. Do you mind leaving me a couple?"

He left her his package. All her

charm had returned in a moment. She looked like a little girl, a child cruelly hurt in an accident. The memory of her that he took away with him was of someone very young, very brave, very much afraid. It was a memory that overpowered him with pity for her and, with a cold hatred of the men who had hurt her.

THE next morning Tom woke up feeling groggy after three hours' sleep on a cot in the station house. He drank a container of black coffee in a series of quick gulps. He thought of all that had happened the night before, and he didn't feel good about anything. There was Vicky, and the party they'd both looked forward to. If the telephone had only rung five minutes later, at least he could have given her the ring with the words and feelings he had planned.

He thought of Paul and Beverly too, and finally of the scene he'd avoided thinking about—his arrest of Pelado. His bitterness had made him far too rough. Captain Serani had reprimanded him in terms that made him want to turn in his shield, but he knew the captain had been right. He had made Pelado's arrest a personal mission of vengeance.

As Tom walked to his office now, he was aware that Detective Lieutenant Logan had lost caste. He was being doubted, as a rookie is doubted when he uses a gun in a situation that does not call for a gun.

Detective First-grade Michael Quinlan followed Tom into his office. Quinlan had taken over Campion's report and had followed through on it. He was another old-timer, and he was respectfully correct in his presentation of the report.

The Garry brothers claim they went to the fights last night, Quinlan read. They had gallery-seat stubs in their pockets. After the fights, they claim to have taken two girls for a ride in their car. The girls named substantiate their story. Both girls have records of arrest for vagrancy and prostitution. The

crowd cleared the arena after the fights by ten thirty-six P.M. The Garry brothers were arrested on their return home at one fifty-seven A.M. Mike Garry had twenty-two dollars and thirty-seven cents when he was arrested. Two of the bills in his possession were streaked with red stain—nail polish. Raph Garry had seventeen dollars and ninety-three cents. Three of the bills in his possession were similarly streaked along the edges.

Tom Logan closed his eyes and frowned. Already a creeping feeling of guilt came to him. Ever since he had given the nod to Campion in the hospital, he would never know whether the money found on the Garry brothers had really had nail polish on it or not. He couldn't ask Campion. If the money hadn't been streaked, then Campion would have seen to it that it was. Pelado and the Garry brothers were certainly guilty, but if Campion had marked the money, then Tom was party to faking evidence. He would have to live with that doubt.

Still frowning, he looked up and gazed blankly at Quinlan. Quinlan turned a page and continued reading Campion's report: Attempts to question Tony Pelado after his arrest were frustrated, he read, by the inability of the suspect to answer the questions. Suspect was taken to County Hospital for treatment of a broken jaw received while resisting arrest.

Quinlan stopped reading and looked up. Tom nodded. "Okay," he said. "Stay with it."

He watched Quinlan go out and turned to answer his phone. "Miss Leighton is outside," a voice said.

IT WAS the first time Vicky had visited the station house. He rose eagerly to meet her, conscious of the way he looked after sleeping in his clothes. Vicky was wearing her russet dress with the green belt and accessories. His diamond gleamed on her finger.

"Vicky," he said. He took a step toward her and would have kissed her, but she waved him back, looking



Collier's for October 16, 1953

quickly over her shoulder. "Please, Tom," she said. "Anyway, this call is police business."

"No!" he said and grinned at her. "I guess I'm a witness," she said doubtfully as she sat down.

Tom sat down at his desk and looked across at her. "How about a cigarette?" he said. She looked startled. "Of course," she said. She opened her bag and passed the package to him.

"Now, what's this witness business?"

She sat forward on the chair. "It's important, Tom," she said. "You arrested Tony Pelado last night for—for attacking Beverly. He didn't do it."

Tom felt his muscles stiffening. "What do you know about it?" he said.

"His sister came to see me this morning. She recognized me last night, although she pretended she didn't. Her name is Margarita Sablon. She came in last night to send a money order. Her brother, Tony Pelado, was with her."

"When was this?"

"A few minutes before you came in."

"How many minutes?"

"I'm not sure. I had another customer. They stood inside the door arguing, then outside—arguing about whether to send ten dollars or fifteen to her husband."

"I reached the telegraph office at ten-fifty," Tom said, "and Tony Pelado was not there then, inside or outside. To be guilty of this crime, he had only to be at Ninth and Pacific at eleven-thirty. He was there, and he's guilty, Vicky. Don't let anybody confuse you."

"I'm not confused. His sister, Margarita, says that he took her home, stopped in and had a glass of beer, and then went out to where he lives. He was arrested out there, and it takes about twenty or twenty-five minutes to get there from her house."

"His sister, Margarita, will say anything that she thinks will get him out of trouble," Tom said stiffly. "So will Paquita, his common-law wife. They're lying to give him an alibi."

"Where else can he get an alibi? Those are the people he knows. If he's anywhere, he is with them. He's with his family or friends every night, and you see him with them. But when he gets in trouble, you say he wasn't with them and that you won't believe his witnesses. You say they're all liars."

"You haven't listened to as much perjury as I have, Vicky. In this case, all you have is the statement of Pelado's sister that he took her home and stopped in for a beer. I say that he didn't, that he and the Garry brothers went riding, and they attacked Bev."

"But you don't know," Vicky bit her lower lip. "Tom, please," she said. "I never want to interfere with your work, but I have a feeling about this."

TOM brushed his hand across his eyes. In spite of himself, he was getting angry. "If you mean by your 'feeling' that you have a hunch," he said, "it isn't enough. We don't do police work on hunches. The plain, inescapable fact is that Beverly described Tony Pelado and the two Garry brothers, men she'd never seen before. The detective who took her statement said she couldn't have described them better with a camera. The way they acted was very close to the way they acted in other cases, and they took her money, another pleasant little trait of theirs. . . ."

Vicky listened to him quietly. "It's psychologically impossible, Tom," she said. "Between ten-thirty and eleven, Tony Pelado was sufficiently concerned

about a family problem to make a trip down to the telegraph office with his sister. I just don't believe that he could change mood immediately, leave his sister there on the sidewalk, rush off somewhere to pick up two other men and commit rape—all within an hour. I just can't believe it."

"All right, you don't believe it," Tom said. His mouth tightened. "To disbelieve it, you have to accept the word of his sister, and you have to throw out the direct evidence of Beverly Colter. No matter how much you dislike Beverly, you can't do that."

Vicky rose from her chair. "Whether I like Beverly or not is beside the point," she said evenly. "I don't hate anyone. You have to hate a man very bitterly to attack him and beat him up and break his jaw when you arrest him. If you were certain of Tony Pelado's guilt, as you say you are, you could have left him to the law."

Tom stood staring at her. "You don't understand," he said.

"I'm afraid I do," she said. Her lips were trembling. She stripped the ring from her finger with one swift gesture and laid it on the desk. "I have to do that," she said. "I wasn't going to do it here, or right now, but I've got to. It was never really mine anyway. There was something, even last night, that didn't want me to have it. That phone rang when it did because . . ."

SHE stopped and swallowed hard. There were tears in her eyes. Tom started around the desk, and she picked up her gloves swiftly. "No, Tom," she said. "You were right once. It is a different world. I can't live in it."

She turned and was gone. Tom started after her but stopped when his telephone rang. He picked it up and heard the smooth, pleasant voice of Martin Kemp, the district attorney of State City. "Ah, Logan," Kemp said. "Glad I caught you. I hear you've got Pelado and the Garry boys again."

"You hear things fast."

"I do, boy. I certainly do. The girl's father was talking to the mayor this morning. He's a very important citizen—oil and grain and airlines and all that. He wants these thugs to get all that's coming to them. And so do I."

"Right. We'll give you a case. And if you get them sent up forever, it's not long enough."

Martin Kemp laughed. "They'll get enough, Logan," he said. "Nice talking to you."

Tom hung up and stared across the room. It occurred to him then that he had just been talking to the next governor of the state. Nobody was going to defeat Martin Kemp. He was pleasant, he was genial, he had charm. He served the right people, and he had the knack of convincing the wrong people that he was serving them.

Outside in the bull pen, an inept cop was beating away at a typewriter, a shrill voice was complaining, and a baby's cry was subsiding into choked sobbing. The place was full of trouble, yet every single person in the room believed that he, or she, had it all.

He looked down at his desk and saw a package of cigarettes—Vicky's. He did not touch it. He merely looked at it. He had an idea that it was more than a package of cigarettes, that it was a symbol of something. He was not good at symbols. Half the time he thought he knew what they meant, but more than half the time he was wrong.

His eyes and his mind avoided the ring that lay beside the cigarettes.

—WILLIAM E. BARRETT

(This is the second of five parts)

Does The Bible CONTRADICT Itself?



You might think so, from the variety of meanings people take from it today.

Divorce and remarriage, for example, is widely prevalent among Christians. And some try to justify it by Holy Scripture. Yet Jesus said: "What God has joined together let no man put asunder" (Mark 10:2-12). And St. Paul tells us: "For the married woman is bound by law while her husband is alive . . . that a wife is not to depart from her husband; and if she departs she is to remain unmarried . . ." (Rom. 7: 2-3).

Confession to a priest is scoffed at by many Christians. "We confess our sins to God," they say. But if Jesus wanted us to confess directly and privately to God, why did He say to the Apostles: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose sins ye retain they are retained" (Jn. 20: 21-23)?

The Bible says that Christ did establish a church. For He told his Apostle Simon: "... thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." But what church is it? Did Christ mean that just any church was His Church? Or did He give His Church marks by which men might recognize it?

All Christians agree that faith in Christ is absolutely essential to salvation. But some believe that faith is the *only* essential. Catholics believe the words of St. Paul that God "... will render to every man according to his deeds" (Rom. 2:6) . . . and the words of Jesus: "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father" (Matt. 7:21).

Christians also take from the same words in the Bible, varied and often conflicting opinions on many things—for example: on the need for and effects of Baptism, and the real or symbolic

Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. Is it any wonder that sincere people, trying to understand what Christ meant to tell us, are confused?

Catholics are often accused of opposing the Bible. This, of course, is ridiculous, for the Catholic Church is the mother of the Bible. And Catholic teachings are sometimes called "unscriptural," which will be found equally untrue by any one who takes the trouble to investigate.

We believe, in fact, that a correct understanding of Catholic teaching will convince you of this and bring new joy and understanding to all who truly seek Christ's way. We shall be happy to send you a free pamphlet on several Bible questions commonly misunderstood by many. It will come in a plain wrapper . . . and nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet No. C-42.

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The Salami Queen was given crown of frankfurters, but quit when asked to change her name to Miss von Smell

Now Salami is DELICATE

SALAMI, in the words of a top man in the trade, is "mushrooming like a snowball." His metaphor, I found, is no more mixed up than the wacky world of the kosher delicatessen—where newly rich salami makers are battling with stuffed casings for the national market, and where I first met Lily Pushin near the pastrami tree.

An old-time salami maker introduced me to Lily during a tour of his factory in New York City, center of an industry which has, well, mushroomed like a snowball in a dozen years from a \$10,000,000 to an estimated \$50,000,000-a-year business.

The old-timer led us through a fragrant forest of salami and pastrami trees to a thicket of frankfurter trees. (A tree, in the trade, is the metal frame on which the provisions are hung to be smoked and cooled.) He pointed to the day's output of franks, all blushing a fevered, toothsome red.

"The big ones here are specials," he said. "Then you got griddles and cocktail franks and Lily Pushin."

It was fairly easy to figure out that the specials were outsize frankfurters, the type that is usually boiled before being eaten. The griddles obviously were the familiar hot dogs of roadside stands. The cocktail franks were the dainty variety nibbled at cocktail parties. But Lily Pushin?

Not until I met Ruby Schwartz, general manager of Barnet Brodie, Incorporated, an old Brooklyn firm now in the thick of the salami race, did I find out who—or rather what—Lily was. Explained Ruby: "The man meant 'Lilliputian,' a tiny frank. They've been calling it 'Lily Pushin' ever since I've been in the game."

Before World War II, the popularity of Lily Pushin, salami and other kosher beef delicacies was limited largely to Jewish residents of New York City and a scattering of *émigrés* from the Big Town. That was only natural because kosher means that the food has been prepared in accordance with Jewish dietary laws under the supervision of a rabbi, and New York City has the largest Jewish population in the country.

But today kosher delicatessen products have captured the fancy of people of all creeds throughout the United States. Eager customers include Wyoming ranchers, GIs from Texas, Midwestern housewives, Pacific Coast fishermen—even a famous visitor from France, movie star Fernandel.

Fernandel got his first taste of kosher salami a few months ago when he visited New York to make location shots for the new Jacques Bar-Cité Films production, *Public Enemy No. 1*. What followed awed even veteran delicatessen patrons. Fernandel ate salami in great chunks, not slices, and washed them down with mighty drafts of wine—for breakfast.

"Salami," he proclaimed, "is the great thing for the voice when you eat him for breakfast. Mi-mi-mi!" He arranged forthwith to get supplies of the garlicky gobs when he returned to France.

Zsa Zsa Gabor, who appeared with Fernandel in the movie, also took to eating salami, but for a different reason. "I am eating the salami in self-defense when I work with him," she explained.

To help satisfy the steadily increasing demand for salami and kindred products, 50-plus kosher provision factories in New York City alone now pour out a garlic-laden stream of all-beef masterpieces.

There's kosher salami itself, a mixture of beef and beef trimmings, cured, spiced, stuffed into a casing and hickory smoked. There's pastrami, a chunk cut out of a beef plate—the under part of

a beef forequarter—cured, spiced and smoked until it sports a black overcoat. There's smoked beef—pastrami minus the spices. There's rolled beef—two pastramis rolled and tied. There's pickled tongue, corned in the manner of corned beef. There are the familiar and always popular frankfurters, bologna, liverwurst and corned beef. And finally there is *knubblwurst*—salami gone balmy with a garlic complex and restrained in a tight little strait jacket.

All these delicacies are riding the crest of the kosher delicatessen popularity wave. But what started it all? What's behind salami's sudden surge in sales?

Leonard Pines and Ed Sholemson, partners in the Hebrew National Kosher Sausage Company of Brooklyn, give the major credit to Arthur Godfrey. The CBS radio-television star got interested in salami in 1950, and soon had thousands of his listeners drooling for it even though they'd never so much as smelled the spiced meat before.

Godfrey's interest was awakened after Saul Richman, a breezy theatrical press agent newly hired by Hebrew National to bolster its sales, sent him a big salami on the off-chance that he might mention the firm on his show. Arthur saw something inherently droll in the salami. Besides, he tasted it and liked it—and promptly told his radio and TV audiences so.

The public reaction to Godfrey's endorsement of salami was sensational. Thousands of letters poured into his office asking where a "Godfrey salami" could be bought. Some listeners wrote direct to Hebrew National. A woman in Diamondville, Wyoming, wrote: "Heard over Arthur Godfrey's program about the world's best salami. Please send me a seven-pound one. If it's what Arthur says it is, I'll send for more."

A Seattle, Washington, correspondent asked Godfrey where she could get salami for herself and the teachers at her son's school. A Paw Paw, Michigan, woman wanted a salami for her son, just back from the Korean war. From Sacramento, California, came this plea: "Please, Mr. Godfrey, where can I buy Hebrew National salami? Today I almost thought I could smell it over the radio." And from Korea came a letter signed by eight GIs who asked: "What is the name of the salami you eat? It sounds delicious. Where can we get some?"

Hebrew National's salami sales soared. The



It was love at first taste when French actor Fernandel sampled salami. He started eating it in great chunks, with wine—for breakfast

*The giant beef sausage no longer belongs
solely to New York delicatessen lovers—it's
nation-wide favorite. To find out why, come
and meet Lily Pushin near the pastrami tree*

EATIN'

By MURRAY ROBINSON



company plowed back some of its profits into advertising, and its competitors were hotfooted into similar expenditures, although not without resentment at this departure from the salami norm. In 1950, the kosher industry's total promotional budget was less than \$200,000, according to experts. This year, the same sources say, the bill will hit \$3,000,000.

Press agent Richman, plied with pastramis and fat rolled beefs by his grateful employers after the Godfrey episode, thought up new stunts and gimmicks to keep salami—and Hebrew National—before the public. Among his projects were the selection of a Salami Queen and a Frankfurter Queen.

One of Richman's first reigning salami sovereigns abdicated only 12 hours after she had been crowned with a tiara of Lily Pushins. It seems her real monicker was Marjanne von Schnell, and Richman asked her to change it to "von Smell." "It'll tie you in closer to salami, honey," he said soothingly. She quit.

Jean Williams was later crowned Frankfurter Queen against a backdrop of franks. Photographers popped away merrily, and Pines and Sholemson beamed—until an eagle-eyed inspector of the U.S. Department of Agriculture poured ice-cold celery tonic on their fun. "Out with all those frankfurters," the inspector ordered. "They came in contact with the queen's body." It cost the firm almost a treeful of franks.

Last year, Richman and Don Degnan, his Irish assistant, decided that Hebrew National's one-billionth frankfurter was about due off the linker, or automatic linking machine. A dachshund was rented to lend tone to the ceremony and Pines had a speech all ready. But at the last minute the dachshund swiped the historic frank, and Pines promptly forgot his speech.

The tireless press agents also had Sholemson's engineers design a heart-shaped salami for St. Valentine's Day and persuaded the company to put up a Hymie, an Oscarlike salami statue, for the best performance on the Yiddish stage. The Post Office Department finally got after Richman when he began sending salami-scented billets-doux through the mail to newspaper fashion editors. "Eau de salami," he called the scent.

After Richman left Hebrew National for its competitor, Barnet Brodie, Degman took over and promptly announced that Hebrew National was Collier's for October 16, 1953.

working on a "salamifurter"—a pocket-sized salami for the convenience of subway riders, golfers and other sportsmen who might get hungry away from home. It was to come equipped with a pocket clip, like a fountain pen, Degnan said. He also predicted early production of a shillelagh salami for the Celtic trade.

Richman struck back for Barnet Brodie by organizing the S.A.L.A.M.I., or Society against Lies, Assertions, Merriment and Intolerance toward salamis, and went about handing out membership cards.

He also proclaimed a new Salami Queen, one Laurie Lawrence of South Africa. Clad in a little black netting here and there, she was given a carload of salamis to deliver to members of the press around New York. On the way, she stopped off for lunch. When she got back to her car, the salamis were gone. The matter was reported to the police. Only one newspaper reported the "theft." And that one story cut Richman to the quick by omitting the name of his firm.

Meanwhile hardly anybody agrees with anyone else in the salami game, and you'll find plenty of people who attribute the bologna boom to more than Arthur Godfrey and the antics of press agents.

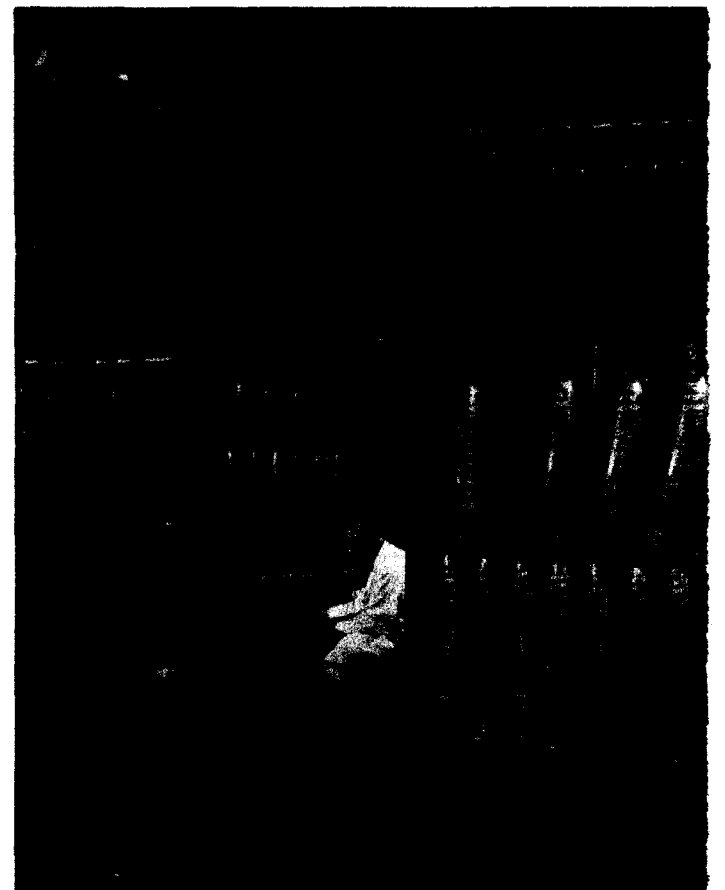
Israel Forman, who bought out Barnet Brodie to add to his Formost Kosher Sausage Company in Philadelphia and another operation in Miami, Florida, says he started the boom. "I went after the national market in 1946," he says. "I brought kosher products into cities like Atlanta, Palm Beach, Jacksonville and Daytona Beach, and kept banging away with advertising slogans to reach people who never heard of salami before."

Robert and Julius Altman, of the Manhattan Provision Company and its affiliate, National Kosher Meat Products Company, say World War II and the Korean war really started the nationwide yen for kosher delicatessen. "New York boys in the service shared the salami they got from home with buddies from all over the country and the boys from beyond the Hudson developed a taste for it," Julius says.

Abe Gellis, head of the Isaac Gellis firm, established by his grandfather, says 80 per cent of his company's business today is outside New York. He goes along with the Altman brothers in crediting the two wars with spurring salami sales, but adds a fascinating new note:

Artificial insemination of cattle helped the

When radio-TV star Arthur Godfrey mentioned how much he enjoyed salami, thousands of his listeners wrote in seeking some of the delicacy



CARL PERUTZ

Ed Sholemson, one of the partners in Hebrew National Kosher Sausage firm, Brooklyn, inspects salami tree in drying room of his factory

BETTER THAN BEER?



can it be?



Try Carling's Red Cap Ale



...and see!

At Carling's we brew both beer and ale—and each is mighty popular. But more and more people are telling us Carling's Red Cap Ale gives them more pleasure than any beer they ever tasted. They say it's light and dry as the smoothest beer, yet with that extra flavor—that "heart" which only a fine ale can provide! They call it the "light-hearted" ale.

Tonight, why not try it? See whether you are one of those who find Carling's Red Cap Ale tastes even better than beer!

CARLING'S
Red Cap Ale



© 1953, BREWING CORP. OF AMERICA, CLEVELAND, OHIO

He was smoking beef—and accidentally burned it. T

industry to its present heights," he says. "Bull meat is a must for sausage and salami. It was in short supply for a long time because bulls were valuable on the hoof. Now that we have artificial insemination, we can get all the bull meat we need."

If you want further proof of the conflicting opinions that rule the salami game, try to find out why chicken salami is called chicken salami even though there's no chicken in it.

"It's because it used to have chicken in it," one expert says. "It never had chicken in it," another chimes in. "It had chicken fat." "Not so," adds a third. "Before they had artificial casings, the stuffing was put into chicken casings." And so the argument goes on. All that's known for sure is that chicken salami is actually plain beef salami forced into a square shape by being smoked in a wire cage. Why put plain salami in a wire cage? The most reliable explanation I found was: "It's the custom of the trade."

Salami Known in 228 A.D.

Despite its recent popularity boom, salami is an ancient food. Athenaeus, in the *Deipnosophists*, dating back to 228 A.D. and oldest of the cookbooks, says Eubulus speaks of salami in *The Laconians*, and Mnesimachus mentions it in his play, *The Horse Breeder*.

Nearly every country in Europe has its own version of salami, and most workers in the American kosher field are of European origin. Who introduced kosher salami in the U.S.? Here, again, you find a great divergence of opinion. But there is some evidence to support the claim that the honor belongs to Isaac Gellis, who emigrated from Germany around 1870 and opened a one-man factory in the basement of a Manhattan tenement. Comedian Eddie Cantor was one of Isaac's delivery boys nearly 50 years ago. The present Gellis firm is in the same building.

Jacob Altman, a pastrami patriarch, president of the Manhattan Provision Company and father of Robert and Julius Altman, says American pastrami came into being by accident.

"About 50 years ago," he explains, "Sussman Volk—he's gone now—was making smoked beef in his store on Delancey Street. In Romania, they had something called pastrami, but not in New York. So Sussman Volk was smoking his beef—and he almost burned it up. It was all black. Who could afford to throw anything away? So he remembered about pastrami. He smeared up every piece of black beef with paprika and spices. He heated it up—and he put on sale New York's first pastrami. The people were crazy for Sussman Volk's accidental pastrami. Afterwards, we improved on the spices, smoked it right, and today it's one of our best items."

Now that it's a major industry with big money at stake, the kosher delicatessen business is beset with intrigue, secrets and suspicions. Each manufacturer regards his own products with rapturous love and those of his rivals with distrust.

On a recent visit to a Brooklyn plant, I found the two owners and their foreman sitting as a three-man court in their shipping room. They wore long white coats and long, solemn faces. One of the bosses opened a fat new

salami, sliced off a few *noshes* (tasting portions), and passed them around.

The foreman chewed, winced and said: "Sour."

"Could make you sick," one boss said. "Spit out."

"Terrible," the other boss said.

Then all three smiled happily. One of the partners tossed the salami into a refuse can.

"That," my guide explained, "was another firm's salami. They taste their competitors' stuff once a week. If it's off, it makes them happy, like you just saw. But you should see them when they open up a product and find it real good. It spoils their whole day."

A constant war of nerves is also carried on between the manufacturers and the thousands of small delicatessen store owners who still remain their biggest buyers. The store owners, a moody, temperamental lot, watch with sardonic satisfaction as the moneyed salami makers vie for their business. The manufacturers must use eloquence, persuasion and concessions. Threats are out. If a man starts to threaten, the delicatessen owner snaps: "Take down your sign. Who needs you?"

The manufacturers and their salesmen must be most circumspect in dealing with storekeepers; they must follow certain definite rules.

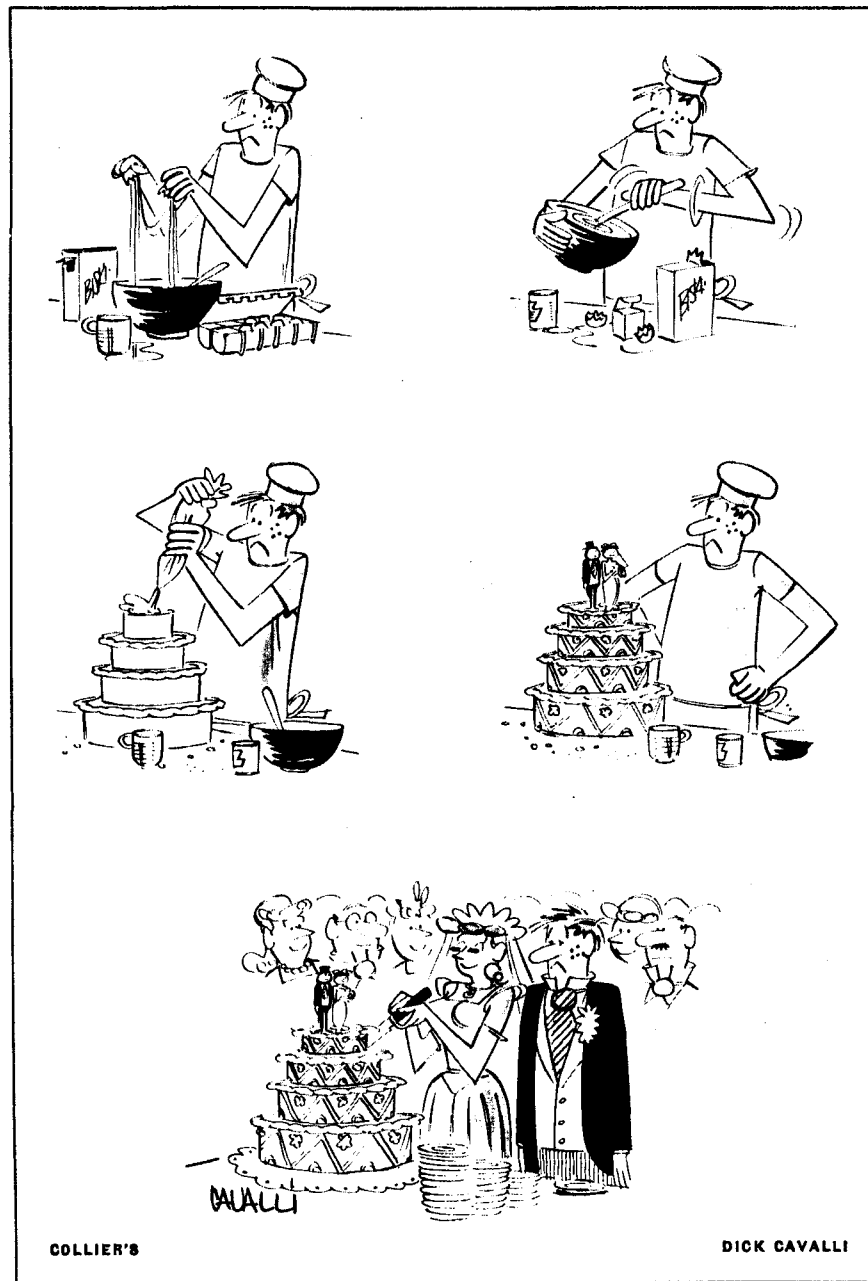
"You can't drive up to a store in a big new car," one sales manager said

recently," because if you do, the storekeeper gets sadder than ever. He looks at the car, looks at you and says to his salamis hanging on the walls like wallpaper: "He rides around in a big car. Me, I'm standing on my feet from morning to night." So you have to park your car around the corner. Same with clothes. I can't make the rounds dressed up. I got to wear old clothes or I'll get scolded. And trucks—send an order around in a shiny new truck and the storekeeper starts moaning: "His pastramis are riding better than me!"

The advertising campaigns carried on by the salami moguls since the Godfrey-powered spurt have not met with the full approval of the storekeepers either. "Money you're throwing away on advertising," is a typical beef. "If you got so much money, give me some. I could use it better than a billboard."

There are other headaches, too. "When you go to collect bills," Hy Trachtman of Manhattan Provision says, "that's when you have real trouble. Some women storekeepers even make you baby-sit before they pay."

In the never-ending tilting between manufacturers and storekeepers, the store proprietors can claim at least one signal victory. Some time ago, Hebrew National donated 1,500 plates of food for the performers and workers at a benefit show in Madison Square Garden. Pines had a Brooklyn delicatessen



Collier's for October 16, 1953

Result: America's first pastrami

owner who handles his product make up the order—and paid him retail prices.

"So what did he do?" sorrowfully asked Pines. "In every one of the 1,500 plates, he stuck his own business card, just like he paid for the stuff himself!"

Although the various brands of salami taste pretty much alike, each manufacturer had his own spice formula—and he keeps it a closely guarded secret. Coriander, cardamom, salt, pepper and the ever-popular garlic are among the usual ingredients.

Method of Making Salami

Salami is made by the same process as sausage. The meat is ground and chopped in batches—or "chops"—of from 300 to 700 pounds. Then it is cured and spiced, and the mixture is forced into casings by machines. Sheep casing is used for the smaller franks. The bigger specials and knockwurst take calf-gut casings called "rounds." Visking casing, a cellulose product which revolutionized the delicatessen business some 25 years ago, is used for salami, bologna and the newer "skinless" franks.

"Artificial casings," Ruby Schwartz of Barnet Brodie says, "made it possible to produce salamis uniform in size. Before, salami sizes were hit or miss."

One end of the salami casing is pretied by hand or machine. The salami knot-tiers are a proud group. Some, like Joe Skluth of Barnet Brodie, spurn the machine and continue tying knots with flying fingers at the rate of better than 400 an hour. A linking machine forms the franks as the sheep casing is stuffed, but no machine has yet been invented to tie a knot in the other end of a salami; the product is too bulky and the pressure under which the meat is forced into the casing is too great. It's a skilled manual job.

The next step in the salami process is smoking. The salamis, ranging in size

from the one-pound midgets, the one-and-a-half pound stubbies and the two-pound bullets to the five-pounders, are hung on salami trees and rolled into the smoke room. The floor, deep under a trestle, has gas burners over which are poured sacks of hickory sawdust. The door is closed and the salamis smoke in the rich aroma for six or seven hours at a temperature of 160 degrees.

When they are taken out, the salamis are a deep mahogany in color. Then the salami trees are rolled into a shower room to cool the "fruit."

Franks and bologna are smoked the same way. Pastrami is first cured, then spiced, and finally smoked on pastrami trees for about the same length of time as salami. Each pastrami manufacturer swears that his pastrami can be eaten without further cooking because it is smoked through and through. He's not at all sure about the other fellow's pastrami.

The elder Altman notes one big difference between smoking meats 50 years ago and today. "Now," he says, "we have smoke rooms where the meat smokes by itself. In the old days, we had to go right into the smoke room with the salami and pastrami to see that they didn't burn up and the fire didn't go out. You know how could you tell when a salami was smoked? When you were smoked, so was the salami, and you came out with a salami-colored face."

Most salami-lovers are content to munch the stock items, but occasionally a strange yen pops up. Some time ago, Hebrew National received a duckskin in the mail from a Catskill Mountains dandy. "Fill up the duckskin with salami," the writer ordered, "so it should look like a live duck." Hebrew National obliged, no questions asked.

And a few years ago, a Bronx cartoonist made a singular offer in a newspaper ad. It read: "Let me capture the caricature of a loved one on an individual hand-painted salami."

What higher tribute could you pay a loved one—or a salami? ▲▲▲

Next in Collier's

OCTOBER 30 ISSUE ON SALE OCTOBER 16

WHY SOME DOCTORS SHOULD BE IN JAIL



By
HOWARD WHITMAN

They are the fee splitters—the general practitioners and surgeons who attempt to cash in on our illnesses by trading us back and forth, padding our bills, performing unnecessary operations. Ethical doctors are trying to end these evils. What progress have they made?

Lovely

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Your Theater of the World

Winning pass combination. Los Angeles Rams.

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"You're always ahead with a winning combination—in football or in clothes."

A Winning Combination!
2 pairs of

HAGGAR

and a sport coat

Be better dressed for less with Hagggar Slacks. Mix and match two pairs with a sport coat and you'll have two complete outfits for the price of one! Hagggar Slacks are available in luxurious flannels, gabardines, sheens, and tweeds at better stores everywhere.

\$6.95 to \$15.95

Illustrated: Hagggar's Stanford model in Imperial all-wool flannel.

\$12.95

HAGGAR COMPANY, DALLAS



U.S. COAST GUARD PHOTO—JAMES E. WATSON

No Question About It

THIS IS ADMITTEDLY an odd baseball picture to publish around World Series time. But when we first saw it we were struck with the notion that even though the setting and equipment were somewhat unusual, it was probably as typical of the sport as the photographs of professional champions in action that we've been looking at recently.

The scene of our illustration was the northwest tip of St. Lawrence Island in the Bering Sea, not much farther from the Siberian coast than the length of a Mickey Mantle homer. The time was late January, the temperature 40 below, and the wind cruel. Yet the crew of the Navy icebreaker *Burton Island* challenged the crew of the Coast Guard icebreaker *Northwind* to a ball game. And they actually played three innings before the game was called on account of cold weather.

We offer this picture simply as evidence that active interest and participation in baseball is still a part of our national life. We have read considerable expert opinion to the contrary. Baseball is in a bad way, we are told. The kids have no place to play. Stores and houses are eating up the sand lots. Radio and television are killing the minors, and soon there will be no place for a youngster to learn his trade. Night games are shortening the professional lives of the players who make the grade. And so on.

Well, that may all be true, but somehow baseball persists. Perhaps it was better played in years gone by, or maybe it just looks better to older fans in perspective. Granted there aren't

any Ruths, Cobbs, Wagners, Hornsbys, Johnsons or Alexanders around. But somehow the modern, "dying" sport manages to come up quite consistently with a Musial, a Williams, a Roberts or Berra or Campanella or Mathews.

So we confidently predict that there's going to be baseball, and good baseball, as long as there is room between cars for city kids to play stick ball in the streets, as long as country kids can find a vacant lot where they can bat and throw, as long as the Little Leagues and American Legion teams keep going, as long as even sub-zero weather can't chill the enthusiasm for a pickup game.

There's life in the young men and the old game yet. No question about it.

Frankly, No

THE VENERABLE PRACTICE of franking government mail has come to an end, and we think it's high time. Under a new law, Congress will get its postal bill once a year from the Post Office Department, while other agencies with franking privileges will pay quarterly.

Of course the taxpayers, via the Treasury, will continue to foot the federal mail-carrying bill. But officials have pointed out that the frankless agencies will now have to account directly to Congress for their postal expenditures, come appropriation time, and, faced with this accounting, perhaps they might cut down on some useless mailing. And an economy-minded

Congress might keep a closer watch on how much is spent and for what. We believe any candid government official would admit that a good bit of the constant and mighty flood of mail that pours out of Washington is unnecessary. It is certainly possible to lower that flood level, and any saving will be most welcome.

In addition to some possible economizing, we think there is importance in the fact that the new law removes a large artificial item from the Post Office Department budget. With franking gone, Congress and anyone else who is interested will be able to see better what actually is going on in the mail departments of all these various agencies. It ought to help.

Don't Choose to Change

MRS. GRACE COOLIDGE, widow of the 30th President, is reported willing to give the country-store Coolidge birthplace in Plymouth, Vermont, to the state as a memorial, if Vermont will buy the land on which the building stands. But the last we heard, the state was having trouble in acquiring the site, mainly because the people of Plymouth (population 300) aren't very interested. It seems they want to leave the town the way it is.

We think that most people who can remember back to the Coolidge administration will agree that the late President would approve. He was a firm advocate of the *status quo*. He believed in frugality and was dead set against throwing money around on any foolishness.

It seems to us that Cal could have no more apt and fitting memorial than the perpetuation of his attitudes and philosophy by the folks in his native town.



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Don't wait for cold weather . . . have your Texaco Dealer put PT Anti-Freeze in your car's radiator NOW. PT is Permanent Type — protects against freezing — *all winter long* . . . won't boil away on warm

days . . . won't foam . . . and guards against rust and corrosion. Do it *now* — get PT! Get better anti-freeze protection from your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had.*



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brilliant new program,
"TOPPER"—on CBS-TV.

*Anne Jeffreys
AND
Bob Sterling
tell why they
changed to
CAMELS*



Anne: I CHANGED TO CAMELS YEARS AGO BECAUSE TO ME THEY TASTE BETTER AND ARE SO MILD. SMOKING CAMELS IS MUCH MORE FUN. WHY DON'T YOU TRY THEM?

Bob: SO MANY THEATRE FRIENDS SMOKE CAMELS, I TRIED THEM. I'VE BEEN THANKFUL EVER SINCE FOR CAMELS' COOL MILDNESS AND WONDERFUL FLAVOR!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels:

FIRST IN MILDNESS, FLAVOR AND POPULARITY

LATEST FIGURES* SHOW GREATEST VOTE OF
CONFIDENCE IN HISTORY FOR CAMELS!

CAMEL

2nd PLACE BRAND

Camel's lead over 2nd Place Brand

43%

3rd PLACE BRAND

Camel's lead over 3rd Place Brand

54%

4th PLACE BRAND

Camel's lead over 4th Place Brand

144%

*From Printers' Ink, 1963

MAKE CAMEL'S FAMOUS 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST.

*Smoke only Camels for 30 days and
you'll find out what you've been missing!*

● From coast to coast, more people prefer Camels than any other brand. Men and women, of all ages, in every walk of life are trying, testing and preferring Camels. What this *must* mean to you is that Camels' costly tobaccos give you rich flavor and genuine mildness—pack after pack. Yes—smoking Camels is more pure pleasure!

